

Th. sing. 1506 7

W. R. xxii 7. 1.



4228

EXLIBRIS



SA

DR. H. G. ROEDERSTEIN

<36618583320013 S

<36618583320013

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek

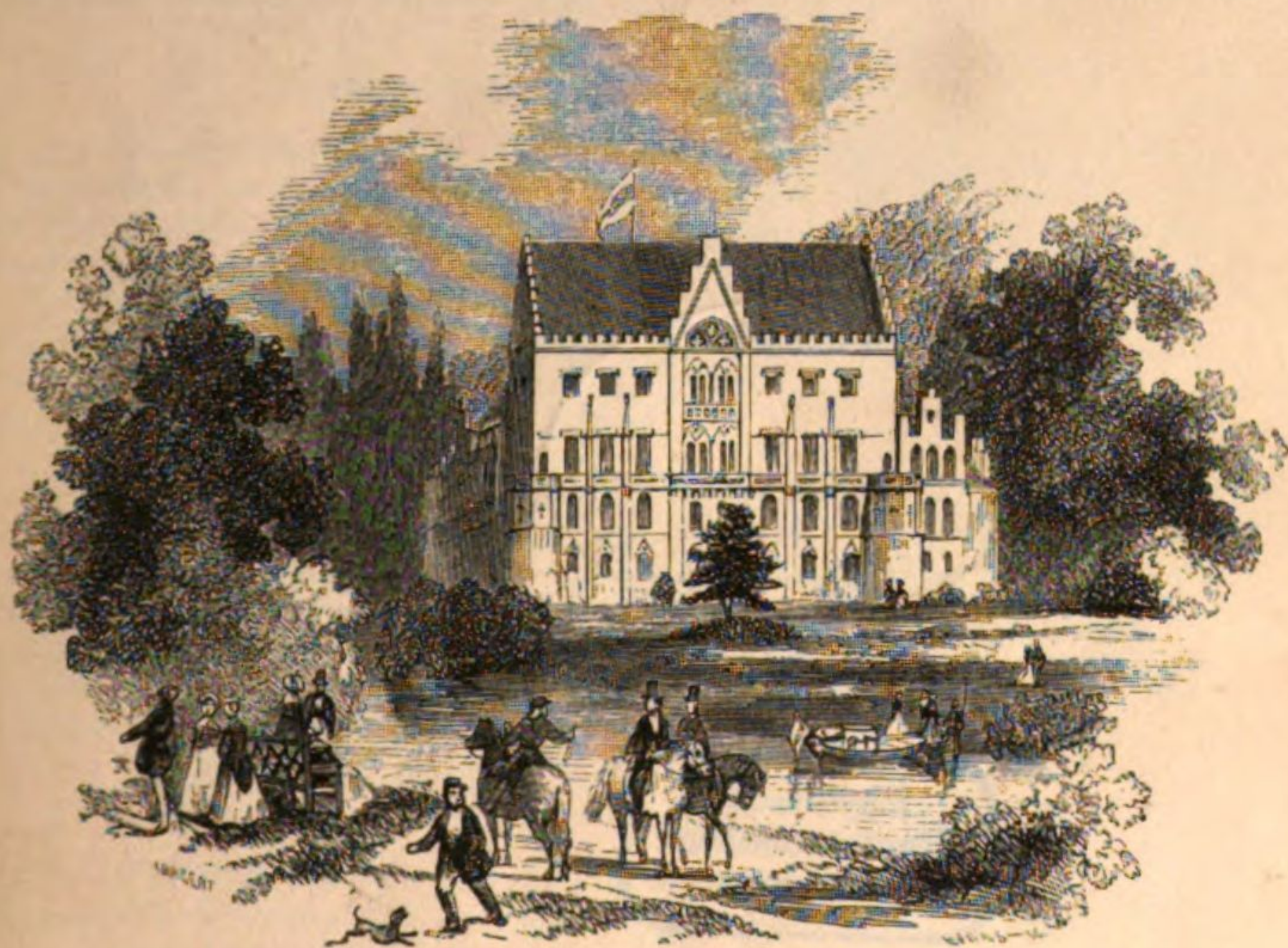
THE
RURAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE
OF
GERMANY.

07/92/450

THE
RURAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE
OF
GERMANY:

WITH
CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES OF ITS CITIES
AND SCENERY,

COLLECTED IN A GENERAL TOUR, AND DURING A RESIDENCE IN THE
COUNTRY IN THE YEARS 1840 41 AND 42.



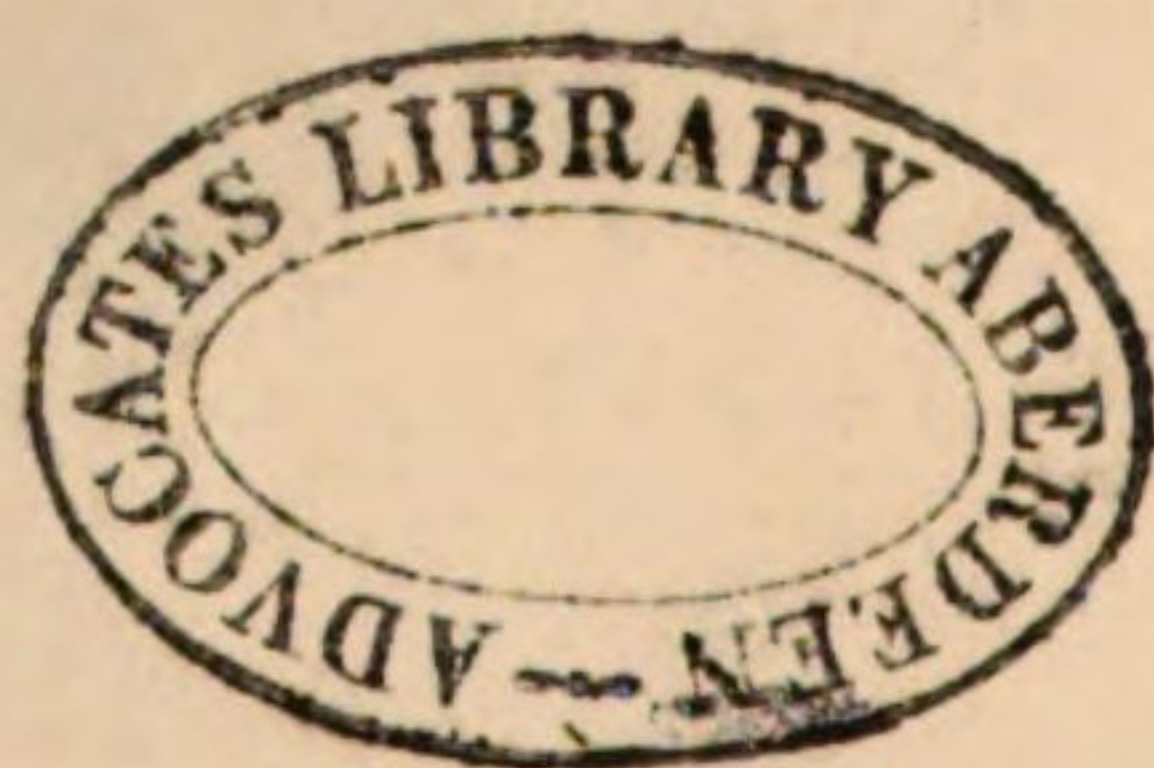
BY WILLIAM HOWITT,

AUTHOR OF "THE RURAL LIFE OF ENGLAND," "VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES,"
"THE BOY'S COUNTRY BOOK," ETC.

WITH ABOVE FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. F. SARGENT

LONDON :
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1842.



ERRATUM.

Page 473, line 7, insert, after "*men*,"—"the producers of, or."

CONTENTS.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

	PAGE
CHAP. I.—Fleeting nature of these—The Rhine—First impression of German Towns—Their permanent characteristics—The Inns—Peculiar character of the Country—Its contrast to that of England—The Villages—The Country People; their appearance, habits, wagons, and farming—No cattle to be seen in the fields—Grass-cutting for them in fields and road-sides—German carriages, and style of posting—Costume of Postillions—A summer evening's view of town and country—Fire-flies—Singular mode of Fishing .	1

GERMAN VILLAGES AND THEIR PEOPLE.

CHAP. II.—General aspect of a Village—The Brunnen—The Vines—The Churchyard; its peculiarities—The Old Castle—The Wine-press—View of Heidelberg—Peep into the Fields, with their various crops—Great growth of Tobacco—Hard labour of the cows in the wagons and at plough—Luxurious contrast of the life of English cows—Field Apparatus; its simplicity and advantages—Groups of Children—Agricultural Jews—Scenes in the harvest-field	17
--	----

PEOPLE IN THE WOODS AND VILLAGES.

CHAP. III.—Sunday stroll into the country—The Woods—Village of Guiberg—Dining in an orchard—Silence of the landscape from the absence of animals—Rookeries quite unknown in Germany—Affectionate reminiscences of the English rook—Petersthal, a specimen of a German valley: its industry, its seclusion, its brook-side washing, bleaching, mills, and woods—The little Catholic chapel	31
---	----

OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE.

CHAP. IV.—The Peasants chief possessors of the soil—Incessant labour of men, women, and children—Mode of Life—Heavy crops of fruit—Mainspring of German industry—Every thing converted to use—Effects of the Family division of lands—No Aristocracy resident in the country—Field-labours of the women—State of the interior of their houses—These compared with English cottages—Labours of the vineyard—Appearance of the vineyards in the Rhine lands—Progress of field labours in the summer—Hay and corn all housed—Costume and appearance of the Peasant Girls—Costume and appearance of the Old Women—Reapers marching home with music—Scenes in the autumnal fields—Fruit-gathering—Vintage—Goethe's graphic description of a vineyard—Renewed labours of the Peasantry after harvest—Signs of the approach of winter	40
--	----

OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE CONTINUED.—KIRCHWEIGH AND DANCE-RESORT.

CHAP. V.—The Wolfsbrunnen, near Heidelberg—Charming rural resort—Groups and scenes there—Its swarming trout-ponds—A Kirchweigh or Wake—Dancing of the common people—Contrast between an English and German Wake—Tilting, love-gingerbread and merriment—Burying the Wake	57
--	----

OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE, CONTINUED.—OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE OF THE PEOPLE IN GENERAL.

PAGE

- CHAP. VI.—Different circumstances have produced different out-of-door life to ours—German dislike of angling—German mode of riding—Hunting unknown—Different kinds of shooting—The Treib-jagd, or Battue—Sporting in Austria and Bohemia—Abundance of game in those countries—Amount of different birds and vermin destructive to game, killed in the preserves near Vienna in 1841—The preserves and pheasantries of Bohemia—Unparalleled amount of game killed in different years, from 1836 to 1841, in the parks and preserves near Vienna, from official documents—Preserves in Moravia, Bohemia, etc., of different noblemen—General enjoyment of sporting in these countries—The roebuck, deer, and wild-boars of the forests—Costume of a German sportsman—The Jägers, or keepers—The Forest-master, and his duties—The Forest Police—Curious mistake—The out-of-door pleasures of Germans in general found in their public gardens with concerts—Aspect of the people in these—Knitting in public—Grand advantage of all German towns in public walks and gardens—This extends to every country town and almost village—Old castles and fine scenes similarly appropriated—All royal gardens open to the public—The same absence of exclusiveness on all private estates—Intense enjoyment of parties to and in these places by the people—This enjoyment carried to its height in the large cities—The general autumnal pleasure-touring—Charms of German travelling 66

OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE, CONTINUED.—FESTIVE PROCESSIONS, ETC.

- CHAP. VII.—The Fasching, or Carnival—Procession at Mannheim in 1841—Cologne and its Carnival humours, 1842—Complaints of the decline of the old Carnival pleasures with growing refinement—Description of this change in Munich—The English mania—Other religious festivities—Fastnacht Pretzel—Customs and songs of children at this season—Summer-day, with its old customs and children's songs—Procession of Winter and Summer—Collection of Easter eggs, and accustomed songs 85

OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE, CONTINUED.—SYMPTOMS AND AMENITIES OF SPRING.

- CHAP. VIII.—Breaking up of the Ice on the rivers—A striking scene—Hunting March violets—Boys with their pipes of bark—Sylvan band of such, with their songs—Delicious state of the country in April—Children singing the old rhymes to the May-chaffer—Calling the stork back again—The Stork Song 95

OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE, CONCLUDED.—PILGRIMAGES.

- CHAP. IX.—General practice and picturesque effect of these Walfahrten, or Pilgrimages—Calvarien Bergen, or Hills of Calvary—Pilgrims on the way—Particulars of the grand Pilgrimage-day of St. Rochus on the Rhine 103

THE WANDERING HANDICRAFTSMEN, OR HANDSWERKSBURSCHE.

- CHAP. X.—The singular institution of the trade wandering—Appearance of these Wanderers on the highways—The origin of the practice—The Handicraft Guilds—Their funds and regulations—The Herberges, or inns, of the Wanderers—Advantages and disadvantages—Practices and dangers on the way 122

STUDENT'S FUNERAL.

- CHAP. XI.—Services rendered by Students to the cause of liberty—Description of a Student's Funeral—Commentaries of an Englishman thereon 141

CONTENTS.

V

CELEBRATION OF WEIGHNACHT, OR CHRISTMAS-EVE.

	PAGE
CHAP. XII.—Fondness of the Germans for Social Festivals, with garlands and poetical imagery—Christmas the festival of the children—Preparation of presents—Appearance of numerous preparatory things in shops and markets—The coming of Pelznichel—The arrival of Christmas-eve, and opening of the Christmas saloon, with all its glories, of Christmas-tree, gifts, and illuminations—What the Christ-kindchen really means—All classes set up their tree, from the Peasant to the Emperor—An old Carol—Beautiful Christmas Hymn of Rückert—Questions as to the effect of the fictions practised in this ceremony	152

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

CHAP. XIII.—Mode of celebrating it—Visit at midnight to the Professors in University cities—Domestic celebration of New Year's Eve—Dancing, glüh-wine—Salutation of "Prost Neu Jahr!"—Drinking to the New Year—Bringing in and reading the New Year's wishes—Old game of the season—The Gingerbread hearts—Midnight services in Catholic churches—New Year's gifts	175
--	-----

SLEDGING.

CHAP. XIV.—Various social unions in the winter—Serious preparations for the severity of the Winter—All the world on sledges—Children's sports with sledges—Gaiety and ceremonies of sledging-parties—The snow-plough—The story of the Gardener and the Steward—The solitary Apothecary—The Würtemberg Landlord and his Sledging-party	179
---	-----

SINGULAR MORAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GERMANS, AND ODDITIES OF ETIQUETTE.

CHAP. XV.—German phlegm—Extraordinary instances of it—Overturn in the Black Forest	197
--	-----

SOCIAL LIFE AND HABITS.

CHAP. XVI.—State of these before the War—Curious picture of these given by Kotzebue	214
---	-----

SOCIAL LIFE AND HABITS—CONTINUED.

CHAP. XVII.—These as now seen—Houses and domestic life of the Peasantry—Description of a German house in a town—Scene with a chimney-sweep—Early hours and mode of living—Knitting, spinning, cookery, and other accomplishments—Defect of Female Education—Social games and amusements—Social unions—German servants—Servants' balls—Domestic festivals—Birthdays, weddings, betrothals, anniversaries—Peculiarities of German lovers—The Language of Flowers, and use of garlands	224
---	-----

CHARACTERISTICS OF GERMAN CITIES AND SCENERY, IN A TOUR.

CHAP. XVIII.—1. HEIDELBERG TO CARLSRUHE.—Journey to Carlsruhe—Its silence—The palace, gardens, and old Forest of the Hardt—Grave of Stilling in the Friedhof	245
2. JOURNEY TO BADEN-BADEN—LA FAVORITE—Curious account of it—BADEN-BADEN—Beauty of the neighbourhood—Horrors of gambling—Gay scene at the Conversation-house—Out-of-door gaiety—Curious travelling family	251
3. JOURNEY BY WILDBAD TO STUTTGARD.—Scenery of the Black Forest—Castle of Eberstein, and the Mürghthal—Scenery of Wildbad—Costumes and beautiful wayside flowers—STUTTGARD—Its characteristics—Studio of Dannecker—Interview with the artist—Goethe and Schiller—The Christ—Visit to Gustav Schwab	263

4. JOURNEY TO MUNICH BY TÜBINGEN, ULM, AND AUGSBURG.—Tübingen—Visit to Uhland the poet—The Schwabian Alps—Visit to Lichstenstein Castle—Able decision of a village Bürgermeister in our behalf—Lodging in a German Dorf—Sublime view of the Alps—Shrines, images, crosses, and singular spectacles of a Catholic country—First view of the Danube—Peasants and their costumes. ULM—The splendid Cathedral and its curious history—The great Plains of Bavaria. AUGSBURG—Present appearance—Its ancient endowments—The Rath-Haus—Old Minster, with its quaint figures on the gates—Its numerous altars and monuments—The Weber-Haus, with its frescoes, and other traces of its once great prosperity—Its present state—The Inn of the Drei Mohren—Extracts from its *Fremden Bücher* 279
5. MUNICH.—The capital of modern German Art—Artistical achievements of the King—Consequences of them—Wonderful activity of Art in Munich—The boldness as well as beauty of its productions—The Theatre, Post-office, and New Palace, with their magnificent frescoes—Exquisite beauty of the Designs, from the Greek and German poets, and the Nibelungen Lied—Characteristics of the Munich school of art—Newer addition to the Palace—The Hof Capelle—The Ludwig's Kirche—Church of Maria Hilf—The Glyptothek, or Gallery of Sculpture—The Pinakothek, or Gallery of Painting—The Leuchtenberg Gallery—The Atelier of Kaulbach and Schwanthaler—The Hermann Schlacht—The Bronze Foundry of Stiglmaier—The Statues of the Electors—The gigantic statue of the Bavaria—Pleasure resorts of Munich—Folks Theatre—The Opera—Mass in the Frauenkirche—Singular variety of Costumes here—The Münchener-Tracht, etc.—Superstitious spectacles in the Theatiner Kirche 311
6. JOURNEY THROUGH SALZBURG AND LINZ TO VIENNA.—Tyrolean style of houses—Singular old wells—Plentiful shrines and crosses—Meet the Elector of Cassell—An old Bavarian inn—The pretty Kelnerins of this part of the country—Curious town of Wasserburg—Large Farms—Peculiar mode of drying the crops of hay and corn—Castle of the robber-knight, Hans von Stein. SALZBURG—Its magnificent environs—Splendid scenery of the neighbouring Alps—Extreme Catholic character of the place—Singular display of Skulls in the Churchyard—The Peasantry—Beautiful country thence to Ischl—Splendid wayside flowers—Curious churchyard—Exquisite colour of the lakes amongst the mountains—A Tyrolean dance—Kissing the hand—Scenery of the Traunsee—Horse-railway to Linz—Austrian difficulties at Linz—The passport—Dining *à la carte*—Bill of fare—Perplexing coinage—The Peasantry—The Gipsy Kessel-flicker—Descent of the Danube—Characteristics of the Danube—Rapid increase of steam travelling on it 340
7. VIENNA.—Fine situation of it—Variety of people and costumes in its streets—Life and gaiety—Superiority of its paving, lighting, carriages, etc. to all other German towns—Rapid driving, and danger of walking the streets—The people devoted to pleasure—Their public gardens and concerts—Strauss and Lanner's bands—The Volksgarten, the Augarten, the various Casinos, and dancing resorts—The fashionable round of the year—The Theatres—The pouring forth to pleasure-resorts in the country round—St. Stephan's Cathedral—The Palace—The Cabinet of Antiquities—The Cabinet of Natural History—The Imperial Library—The Arsenals—Hospitals of the Barmherziger Brüder and Schwester—The Belvidere, Lichstenstein, and Esterhazy Galleries—The Stock im Eisen—Visit to the Wild-boar Park at Hütteldorf—Social spirit of Vienna—Impressions of visitors—Characteristics of the Viennese 363
8. JOURNEY TO PRAGUE.—Singular train of market wagons at the gates of Vienna—Monotonous tract of country—Gipsy Children—Old Bohemian towns—Battle scenes—Picturesque processions on the Virgin Mary's birthday—Reminiscences of the horrible extirpation of Protestantism in the Thirty Years' War—The Unknown Student 386

CHARACTERISTICS OF GERMAN CITIES AND SCENERY—*continued.*

	PAGE
9. PRAGUE.—Fine general view—Historical interest—The Hradschin, with its palaces and recollections—Popular amusements—New chain-bridge—The Färber Insel	394
10. JOURNEY THROUGH THE SAXON SWITZERLAND TO DRESDEN.—A rough drive—Steam voyage of the Elbe—Characteristics of the Saxon Switzerland—Charming excursion to the Kuhstall—True mode of enjoying this scenery	398
11. DRESDEN.—Its quiet gentility—Its dinginess from coal smoke—The Gallery its great attraction—The Gallery of Canaletti—Splendid collections of jewels, china, etc.—The Opera and Schröder Devrient—Visit to the artist Retsch at his vineyard—Album of glorious Designs presented by him to his Wife—The Friedhof—Peculiarities of German inns	403
12. VISIT TO HERRNHUT.—General character of the scenery and place—Reminiscences of Count Zinzendorf, and the first settlers—Monument where the first tree was felled—Points of likeness between the Herrnhuters and the English Methodists—Profound silence of Herrnhut—Visit to the Brethren's and Sisters' houses—Their Church—Their mode of worship—Their love-feasts—Their wonderful Missionary labours—Marriage by lot—Their Cemetery—Tombs of the first settlers—Ceremonies at funerals, and on public occasions—The Hutberg—The Direction-house—Flourishing aspect of the settlement—Populous district of Weavers between Herrnhut and Schandau	410
13. JOURNEY TO LEIPSIK AND BERLIN.—The great feature of the north of Germany, its vast monotonous plains—These now intersected by Railways—Miserable appearance of the celebrated Saxon sheep—Horse-flesh-eating Society at Tübingen. LEIPSIK—General characteristics—Auerbach's and Eckerlin's cellars—Vast sandy plains between Leipsic and Berlin	426
14. BERLIN—Strange site for a capital—The sinks of Berlin—The Royal Family haunted by mills—Splendour of the best part of Berlin—The Palace and Museum—Unter-den-Linden—Public buildings and monuments—Picture Gallery—Schinkel, the architect—Potsdam, with its delightful Scenery and Palaces, the paradise of Prussia—Rauch's effigy of the Queen Louise—Sans Souci—Frederick the Great and the Miller—Frederick and Voltaire—Severe calamities brought by Frederick on his country by the introduction of French infidelity—Military and Literary character of Berlin—Singular uncourteousness of the shopkeepers and lower classes of this city—The Eckensteher of Berlin—Singular instances of German travelling regulations	429
15. THE HARZ COUNTRY.—CLIMBING THE BROCKEN.—Magdeburg and Halberstadt—The Cathedral—Beetroot sugar-works—Old Father Gleim—Wild and stormy ascent of the Brocken—Stormy night there—The host's accounts of sudden tempests and travellers' adventures, and fatal occurrences through them—Frequency of the appearance of the Spectre of the Brocken—Laughable anecdote of an experimental traveller—Magnificent view from the mountain	445
16. THE HARZ COUNTRY.—WEIMAR AND JENA.—Shiercke and Elend—Blankenburg and its scenery—The Rosstrappe—Alexisbad—Travelling without roads—WEIMAR, a little country town in a bleak district—Tombs of Herder, Schiller, and Goethe—The Dead-house, and its apparatus—Visit to the Goethes. JENA, its bleak and wild character, antiquated air of town and university—Musicians piping to the market-people. ERFURT—cell of Luther—Another instance of the extraordinary German travelling laws—The Thuringia Forest—The Wartburg—Luther's Room in the castle—Fulda, Hanau, Frankfort, Heidelberg	461

LITERATURE.

PAGE

- CHAP. XIX.—State of Literature at present—The living Political Poets—Hoffmann von Fallersleben, Anastatius Grün, Dingelstädt, Herwegh, etc.—Characteristics of the Poetry of Freiligrath—his translations from the English—German Prose works of imagination—Their Romantic school—Tieck, Kerner, etc.—List of Female authors 471

EDUCATION.

- CHAP. XX.—Working of their National Schools—Actual state of Education amongst the Burgher classes and the people—Results of English and German practice—A Posting anecdote—The German Circulating Library—The Literature of the Peasantry—The German book-stall—Specimens of the reading of the Catholic peasantry—The little Spiritual Fountain of Grace, with twelve pipes—The little Roman book—The contents of the latter—The romantic and popular Folks Books 485

RELIGION.

- CHAP. XXI.—Absence of Sects in Germany—Causes of this—Melancholy spread of Infidelity—The Germans philosophized out of Christianity—Schelling's lectures on the subject—Announcement of the Prussian philosophers of their renunciation of Christianity, and their resolve to form an Association under the title of "Die Freien." 502

CONCLUDING REMARKS; POLITICS AND PROSPECTS.

- CHAP. XXII.—New era in Germany—The physical tendency—Their rapid advance, with steamers, railways, manufactures, and commercial regulations—The Bund—The Zoll-Verein—Its aspirations after a fleet and colonies—Workings of the spirit of freedom—Aims of different Parties—Causes which operate against rapid Political change—General Prosperity of the Country 512

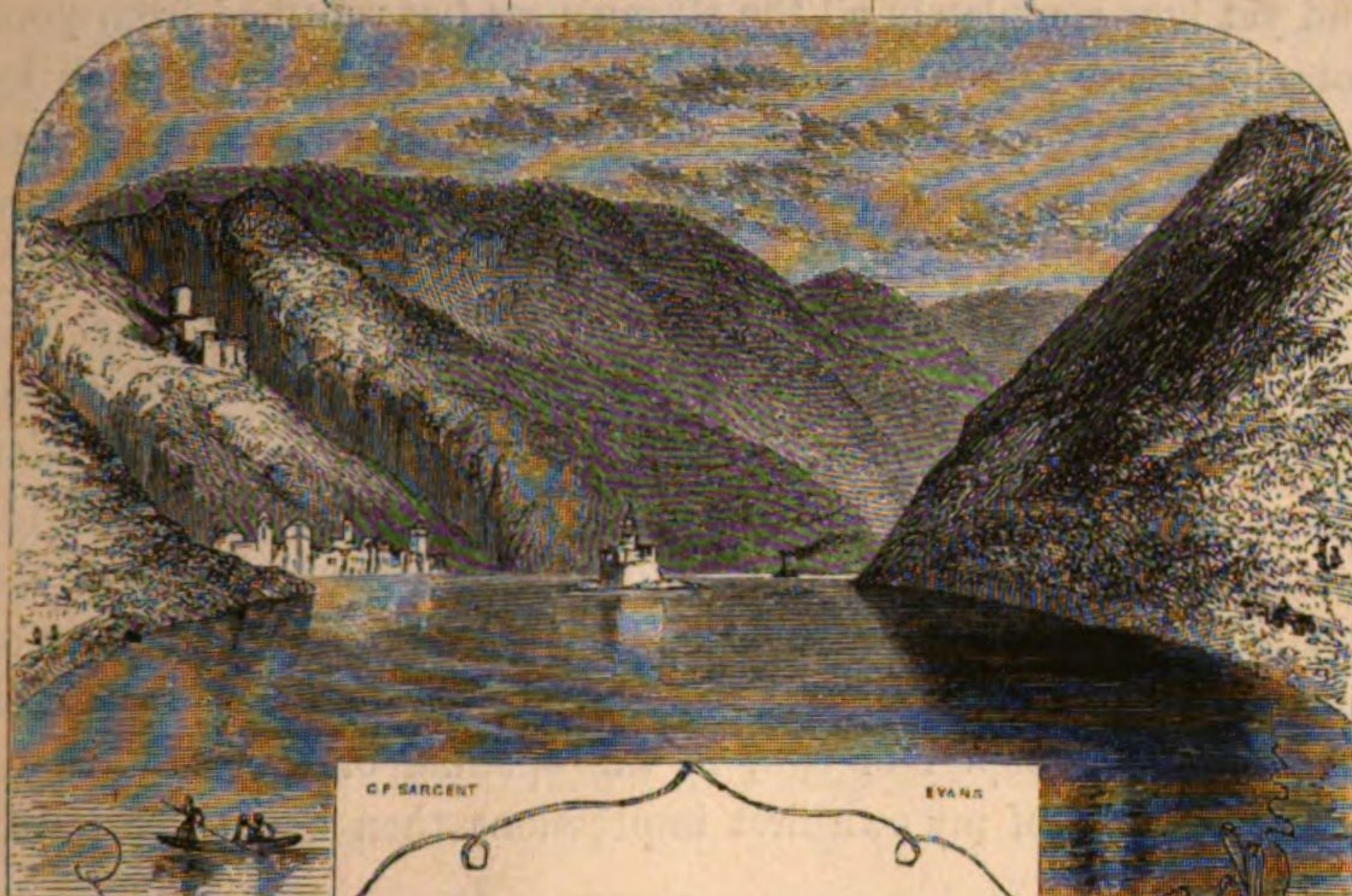
LIST OF EMBELLISHMENTS.

FROM DESIGNS BY G. F. SARGENT.

	ENGRAVED BY	PAGE
1. Reinhardsbrunn, a favourite Hunting Seat of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg	<i>Evans</i>	<i>Title</i>
2. Scene on the Rhine	<i>do.</i>	1
3. Old-fashioned Travelling Carriage.....	<i>do.</i>	12
4. Fishing on the Rhine	<i>do.</i>	16
5. Girls at the Fountain	<i>do.</i>	17
6. Peasant's Wagon	<i>Whimper</i>	23
7. Agricultural Implements	<i>do.</i>	26
8. Group of German Girls.....	<i>Evans</i>	28
9. Village Children	<i>do.</i>	28
10. Women Washing at the Brook	<i>do.</i>	31
11. Catholic Chapel in the Wood.....	<i>do.</i>	39
12. The Author's Residence at Heidelberg, with View of Vineyards	<i>T. Armstrong</i>	40
13. Women bringing Fuel, etc. from the Woods	<i>do.</i>	45
14. Peasants ascending the Vineyards.....	<i>Evans</i>	49
15. Girls at work in the Rhine-lands	<i>Whimper</i>	51
16. Apple-crushing.....	<i>do.</i>	53
17. Rural Dance	<i>Evans</i>	57
18. Wildboar Shooting	<i>T. Armstrong</i>	66
19. German Sportsman.....	<i>do.</i>	84
20. Celebration of Summer-Day	<i>Evans</i>	85
21. Boys Piping.....	<i>do.</i>	95
22. The Stork with Infant	<i>do.</i>	102
23. Religious Procession	<i>Whimper</i>	103
24. Wandering Handicraftsmen	<i>Armstrong</i>	120
25. Jolly Handworker	<i>Evans</i>	140

	ENGRAVED BY	PAGE
26. German Student.....	<i>T. Armstrong</i>	141
27. Celebration of Christmas Eve.....	<i>Evans</i>	152
28. Sledging.....	<i>Landells</i>	179
29. Pushing Ladies in Chairs on the Ice.....	<i>Whimper</i>	180
30. Boys Sledging down a Hill.....	<i>Landells</i>	183
31. Women carrying bundles of Leaves.....	<i>Evans</i>	214
32. German Churchyard.....	<i>do.</i>	224
33. View on the Neckar.....	<i>do.</i>	245
34. Old Castle at Baden-Baden.....	<i>Landells</i>	261
35. Hirschau in Würtemberg.....	<i>Evans</i>	268
36. Swabian Costumes.....	<i>Whimper</i>	269
37. Lichtenstein Castle.....	<i>Evans</i>	285
38. Bavarian Cross.....	<i>do.</i>	294
39. Wayside Shrine.....	<i>do.</i>	295
40. Isar-Gate at Munich.....	<i>Whimper</i>	311
41. Female Burgher Costume, Munich.....	<i>Armstrong</i>	337
42. Bavarian Costumes.....	<i>J. Armstrong</i>	338
43. Tyrolean Cottage.....	<i>Landells</i>	341
44. The Pretty Kelnerin.....	<i>Evans</i>	343
45. Hay-Giants.....	<i>Landells</i>	345
46. Peasant with hollow-sided Hat.....	<i>Evans</i>	346
47. Salzburg Helmet.....	<i>do.</i>	351
48. Convent of MÖlk on the Danube.....	<i>Landells</i>	361
49. View of Herrnskretsch on the Elbe.....	<i>do.</i>	401
50. Summit of the Brocken.....	<i>Evans</i>	451
51. The Snow-Plough.....	<i>do.</i>	520

CHAP. I



FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

It is only in the first moments in which you witness something which is entirely new to you, that you feel that novelty in all its vividness, and perceive really how widely divided is the nature and aspect of what you then contemplate from the objects of your former knowledge. Every hour that you continue to regard what strikes you with its newness, carries off that newness, and your impressions fade and bedim themselves in proportion. You are soon surprised to find how little there is to surprise you; how familiar all about you is become, as if you had conversed with it all your life. This is especially the case in regard to

the novel aspect and manners of a foreign country. It is only by noting down on the spot, and at the moment, what strikes you, that you can secure the force of these first impressions; and when you afterwards refer to these notes, you are often no little astonished to find amid what really curious people and things you are existing, and yet how completely all the strangeness has vanished from your consciousness. In our own country, how much are we struck by the views which foreigners take of us, our native land, and native customs. We seem to behold ourselves as in a magic glass, where expressions of our countenances actually made invisible by daily exposure, are revived and recognised as startling and true. It was this fact which gave such a charm to the Sketch-Book of Washington Irving, and caused the Letters of Prince Pückler Muscau to be read with such avidity.

As I wish to introduce my readers to Germany exactly in the manner in which I was introduced to it myself, and as they would first see it, and afterwards gradually grow acquainted with it, I shall devote a chapter or two, in the opening of this volume, to the description of my own first impressions then and there noted down.

My entrance to the country was by the Rhine, the way by which the great bulk of travellers enter it, and certainly the most beautiful and impressive of all. You are thus introduced, at once, to that class of its natural scenery in which its natural beauty lies, its mountains and its rivers. Amongst these again, you behold, considered in all points of view, its noblest river, and mountains which, if not on the grandest scale, are, perhaps, the fairest average specimens of its mountains that can be met with. They have no pretence to compare with those portions of the Alps which belong to Germany, but they are about as lofty as most other of the German hills; are more varied in their aspect; are full of tradition; of evidences of past history and commotions; and, as a vine-land, you shall find nothing so extensive, so perfect, or so picturesque in any other quarter of the nation.

Spite of all that has been written about the Rhine, from the glowing poetry of Childe Harold, which still remains the most descriptive, and most answering in the felicitous truth of its epithets to one's own feelings, down through the journals of hosts of

travellers, to Fennimore Cooper's elaborate comparison of it with his native Hudson, in his *Heidenmauer*, it is much to say, that though many visitors are somewhat disappointed on first approaching the Rhinegau near Bonn, yet there are few who are not thoroughly enraptured with the full course of this scenery from the Seven Mountains to Bingen, and the more so, if they remain a few days on its banks, penetrate into its hidden valleys, or if they view it a second time. The great want about it is that of full-grown and noble wood; but this is a great, common, and growing want in Germany, where wood is the almost only fuel with which forty millions of people have to cook the year round, and to warm themselves through their long and severe winter. But the loftiness and varying wildness of its hills; its sky-seeking pinnacles of crag, on which are often perched the most picturesque of ruined, or yet habitable castles; its black precipices; its splintered and naked gigantic piles of rocks; its miles and scores of miles of hanging vineyards, all in the neatest order of cultivation, and supported with terraces and walls on rocky and steep eminences, which bear testimony to the most incessant labour of ages; its wood-crowned summits; its delicious valleys opening right and left as you proceed; its green fields and gardens, full of happy-looking peasantry, on its river banks; its fine old ruins of castles and convents on the mountain heights; and towns, and towers, and villages strewn along its shores for scores and hundreds of miles, so quaint, so old-fashioned, so dimmed and darkened with the hues of antiquity, and yet so full of life and population;—it is impossible to witness all this without the deepest delight and enthusiasm; and, when you have seen many other and very glorious rivers, you shall still acknowledge that this is a true region of poetry and beauty.

The river itself is a most noble and glorious river. The Thames, from London to the sea, and upwards to Richmond, is the grandest spectacle of the kind which the world ever has had or has yet to shew. The mighty and most wealthy and populous city on its banks, with all its world-influences, and its irrepressible activity; its masses of ships lying for miles on its surface, or coming in from, and going out to every region of the earth; the life, the stir, the flying steamers, the sounds of business and cries of mariners—it is no wonder that it fills all foreigners with inexpress-

sible astonishment, and makes the Englishman proud of his native land and people. Then the beauty of the bordering fields and villages, and country mansions; and, as you pass above London, of these and of its princely gardens and delicious homes, is such as is nowhere else to be seen. But, for the river itself, its greatness lies in a comparatively short course. It is not for the river of an island to claim the extensive and continued size of a river of the continent, and which takes its source in the Alps. The island flood, though peerless in its lower course in all those attributes of greatness which a great people has heaped about it, soon decreases to a moderate though beautiful stream; and being accustomed to this circumstance, we islanders feel the same sentiment of admiration and surprise on ascending the Rhine for three or four hundred miles, which dictated those most expressive lines of Lord Byron—

But thou exulting and abounding river,
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow.

It is this “exulting and abounding” character which is the great character of the Rhine. Far as you go, for several hundred miles, it is still large, full to the banks, vigorous in its current, and magnificent in the affluence of its waters. No receding tide leaves a hollow and slimy channel. As the steamer ploughs its way, its swell rushes, in living ripples, amongst the grass and hanging flowers on its margin, or scours in curling silver the black adamant of its rocks. People in gay costumes enliven its smiling vineyards; and a life of boats, trade barges, and rafts, moves everywhere on its surface. The rivers of Germany are generally the great highways of its commerce, and its population gathers thickly on their banks. This is pre-eminently the case with the Rhine.

When you land in its towns you then become sensible of their peculiar character, and of the life in their hotels. The bustle that appeared upon the stream, its banks and quays, here has disappeared again. All is quaint, old, still, and none of the sweetest. You see, as you land, plenty of solemn custom-house officers, in half military dress, and well mustachioed. As you proceed through the streets, you find around you gabled and picturesque white buildings, old squares and markets, with avenues of limes, or of dwarf acacias; people, many of them in the garb of centuries ago;

and dreadful pavements. Coleridge has celebrated the six-and-thirty stench of Cologne, and the invention of Cologne water to cover them; but a wide acquaintance with German towns leaves me the conviction that Cologne can boast no more queer odours than any other of the towns of the nation; for in most of them, as we shall have to shew, every street, almost every house, and every hour, has its own appropriate, peculiar, and by no means enviable smell. The pavements, with a few exceptions, are of the most hobbly and excruciating kind. There appears no evidence of any systematic attention to them, or management of them. To pass through a German town or village in a carriage is one of the most rib-trying events in this life. But to walk through one is not much less hazardous. Russell, in his day, tells us, that to avoid being run over on the pavé by a barrow, you often step into the peril of getting your head split with an axe, or your arm torn off by a saw, from the people who are cutting up piles of firewood before the doors. This is pretty much the case yet. The pavés, where there are any, seem appropriated to every purpose but that of walking. There is a bit of pavement here, a bit there, or rather not a bit there. It looks as if the causeway was left entirely to the care, or want of care of the householders. Here is a bit of good pavement; in a few yards is a piece of the worst and most uneven pitching, evidently done ages ago. Here you go up a step, and there you go down one. If an Englishman, accustomed to his well-paved and well-regulated towns, were suddenly set down in a German town at night, he would speedily break his neck or his bones, put out an eye, or tear off a cheek. The towns, and that only on dark and moonless nights, are badly lit by lamps, hung, as in France, from a rope across the street. Here one twinkles, and at a vast and solitary distance glimmers another. Even Vienna is lighted up with oil; and Dresden, and one or two other towns, are the only ones where we have met with gas. All manner of trap-doors leading down into cellars are in the pavés, and none of them very carefully levelled with the flagging or pebbles. Their covers often cock up their corners, faced with iron in such a way that you strike your toes most cruelly against them. All manner of flights of steps, from shops and houses, are set upon the pavement, are pushed out one-third of the width across them, and sometimes

wholly across them, so that a man whom daylight and a few trips over them had not made aware of them would blunder headlong. As he fell, a strong iron bar, about a foot long, sticking out of the wall of the house, would probably strike his face and give him a desperate wound. These bars of iron are what the worthy shopkeepers rear their shutters upon in the day time; and at night when the shutters are put up, they stand out naked from the wall about the height of your face or shoulders, and give you the most horrid shocks as you inadvertently strike against them. Then, every hundred yards, you are stopped by a great wood-heap, and its busy sawers and cleavers, or by a wagon or a carriage which is set on the trottoir to be out of the way!

These nuisances, which would not be tolerated in the worst-regulated country towns of England for a single week, here remain for ages. The Germans, accustomed to them, avoid them as we should avoid walking into a fire or a horse-pond; and when you point them out, are not at all surprised that such things should be, but that you should think them anything extraordinary.

Such, and the overpowering smells, are the things which first arrest your attention in a German town; but of these towns we shall hereafter speak more particularly. The inns next become the objects of your notice. These are, for the most part, very large, and strike your mind with their great and naked-looking rooms; their great stone staircases, not particularly clean; their large *table d'hôte* rooms, with painted walls and ceilings, naked boarded floors, lots of smoking people, and muslin curtains with festooned hangings, of alternating colours, often of those belonging to the State in which they are. Their uncarpeted chambers, but with generally very cleanly scoured floors in panels of different-coloured wood, the main part, however, being mostly of deal; their little beds, or rather cribs, without posts or curtains; and their peculiar cooking, and serving of the table, are what first fix your attention. All these we shall, hereafter, speak more fully of; and therefore, now, we advance into the country.

Here you look in vain for anything like the green fields and hedge-rows of England, with their scattered trees, groups of beautiful cattle or flocks grazing in peace, and sweet cottages, farm-houses, and beautiful mansions of the gentry. It is all one

fenceless and ploughed field. Long rows of trees on each side of the roads are all that divide them from the fields, and in the south these are generally fruit trees. The beauty of Germany lies only, or with few exceptions, amongst its hills. There, its woods and green valleys, and clear streams, are beautiful; but from one region of hills to another extend only huge and open plains, marked with the road-side lines of trees. The population is not scattered along as in England, over hill and dale, in groups and single residences, of various grades and degrees of interest; while the luxuriant fences, the meadows and uplands charming with grass and flowers, old, half-hidden lanes, and trees standing here and there of the noblest size, and in the freedom of natural beauty, make the plainest part of the country enchanting. All here is open and bald; the people are collected into villages of the most prosaic kind, and no gentry reside amongst them. In fact, what we call country life in England is here unknown.

For ourselves, we became at once struck with this as we drove over the plain from Mannheim to Heidelberg. There is no part of Germany where the open plains are more richly cultivated, and which, with their way-side fruit trees, have a more clothed appearance, but even here how striking was the difference to the country in England! As there is one general character of country, of towns, of manners and appearances, throughout Germany, we shall here confine ourselves, where we are dealing with generals, to the neighbourhood of Heidelberg, for the reason given above, and afterwards, in various parts, point out specific differences and variations.

Far and wide the country, without a single fence, covered with corn and vegetables, as seen from the heights which bounded it, presented a most singular appearance to an English eye. Its predominating colour, at that time of the year, was that of ripening corn, but of different hues, according to its different degrees of ripeness, and the different kinds of grain. This is not planted in those vast expanses which you see in the corn-farms of Northumberland and Lincolnshire, but in innumerable small patches and narrow stripes, because belonging to many different proprietors. Some is also sown in one direction, and some in another, with patches of potatoes, mangel-wurzel, kidney-beans, etc., amongst it,

so that it presented to the eye the appearance of one of those straw table-mats of different colours which one has seen.

Here and there you saw villages lying in the midst of the corn plain, and large woods, but not a hedge, and few scattered trees; the long rows of those marking out the highways, being the only dividing lines of the country. As we passed these trees, we observed that they were principally apple, pear, plum, cherry, and walnut trees. One could not help feeling how these trees would be plundered in England, being set, as it were, by the very road, for that purpose; and, indeed, here thorns fastened round the boles, and stuck between the branches of the cherry trees, where the fruit was ripening, spoke clearly of marauders. Fruit of all kinds was in abundance, and the heavy crops that are common here were indicated by the contrivances to prevent the branches being rent off. Some had their main branches held together by strong wooden clamps, others were propped with various poles; others, especially the plum trees, had their boughs tied up, and supported by ropes of chestnut bark. Some of these slips of bark were so low that mischievous urchins, if so disposed, could easily have cut them.

We passed through several of the Dorfs, or villages. They had a primitive, heavy, and thoroughly agricultural air. The houses are built of stone, large and heavy, and each having a great round-headed gateway leading into a sort of inner court, or farm-yard. We observed numbers of women at work in the fields, without shoes, stockings, bonnets, or caps. They were healthy, contented, sun-burnt creatures, many of them picturesque enough for any painter of primitive life. What, however, riveted our attention quite as much, were the country wagons and horses. The wagons are the oddest old jumbling things imaginable. What a contrast to the jolly fat horses and ponderous painted wagons of the English farmer! The set-out of a first-rate English farmer or miller, to say nothing of the wagons and drays of the London brewers, cannot frequently be of less value than 300*l*. Most of these vehicles may be worth from five pounds to five shillings, and are drawn by two or three horses a-breast; the horses of a lightish bay or black, of a slouching look and gait, and harnessed in ropes; if there be four, the two foremost a long way a-head of the other two.

The general construction of these wagons may be said to be that of a plank for the bottom, and a good wide ladder for each side, sloping outwards in the form of a V. There is, however, a good deal of variety amongst them: some are rudely boarded up at the sides; some have a lining, or inner body of wicker-work; some are larger, some smaller; but all are unpainted—the colour of the earth, or of old wood. They have a piece of wood for a drag; their wheels are kept on by a crooked pole, the point of which passes through a hole in the end of the axle; and they have often a flat wicker-work basket, or wooden box, hung under them for hay. They come rattling and jarring along in the oddest disorder imaginable. Here comes one wagon with one horse, of course, on one side of the long great pole, with nothing on the other; here another with three horses abreast, and straggling so far apart as to fill the whole road, and make you look about to see how they are to pass without your being run over. They are generally on the trot, driven by a Bauer, in his proper and peculiar costume;—in Baden, a large black cocked-hat, a long blue coat or blue jacket, a pair of blue hempen trousers, and strong boots. They sit in front of their wagon, and, with pipe in mouth and heavy whip in hand, go on smoking and cracking their whips over their horses' heads. All the drivers, in fact, in this country, whether of wagons, eilwagons, coaches, omnibuses, stage-wagons, or of the indescribable variety of odd vehicles that you see, keep up an eternal smoking and cracking of whips. The postillion with his four or six horses, setting out with some nobleman's carriage, goes off making the street resound with the thunder of his whip, which is only exceeded in noise by the clatter of his horses and the rumble of his vehicle over the rough stones.

But we must not yet leave the Bauer and his wagon for the postillion—of him more anon. The Bauers come trotting along to the market-town with all kinds of country loads; bags of corn, hampers of fruit and vegetables, straw and hay. Often, but more frequently in returning, they have loads of country people, presenting the most varied groups and dresses;—women, old and young, smart and homely, without caps or bonnets, or in the little close things which are cap and bonnet both; and men of all sorts are seen in these wagons, sometimes from the gentleman to the sunburnt

labourer. The postillion, returning with his horses, ties them to the tail of the wagon, gets in, and, with his miscellaneous companions, sits laughing and chatting. Every one, or nine out of ten, has in his mouth his long pipe with a large earthenware head, and all are smoking and merry. Hood, in his "Up the Rhine," has not in the least exaggerated the use of the pipe, as he says, here "wir alle rauchen"—we all smoke! Every man you meet, gentle or simple, carries his pipe or his cigar, "and smokes along the plain," as Homer describes the horses of his heroes to do. The student, the shopkeeper at his door, the sawyer at his saw, the man who breaks stones on the road, the fisherman in his boat, the postillion, the coachman, the wagoner, the bauer, every one carries a pipe in his hand; or, if he have not a hand at liberty, it hangs in his mouth as if it had grown there with his teeth. Nay, the big boy sports his pipe often; and the pipe-shops are amongst the most conspicuous in the towns. The windows are filled with them, having heads gaily painted, chiefly with female portraits, so that the smoker may at once feast his eyes with beauty, and his other senses with tobacco—a perfect German Elysium.

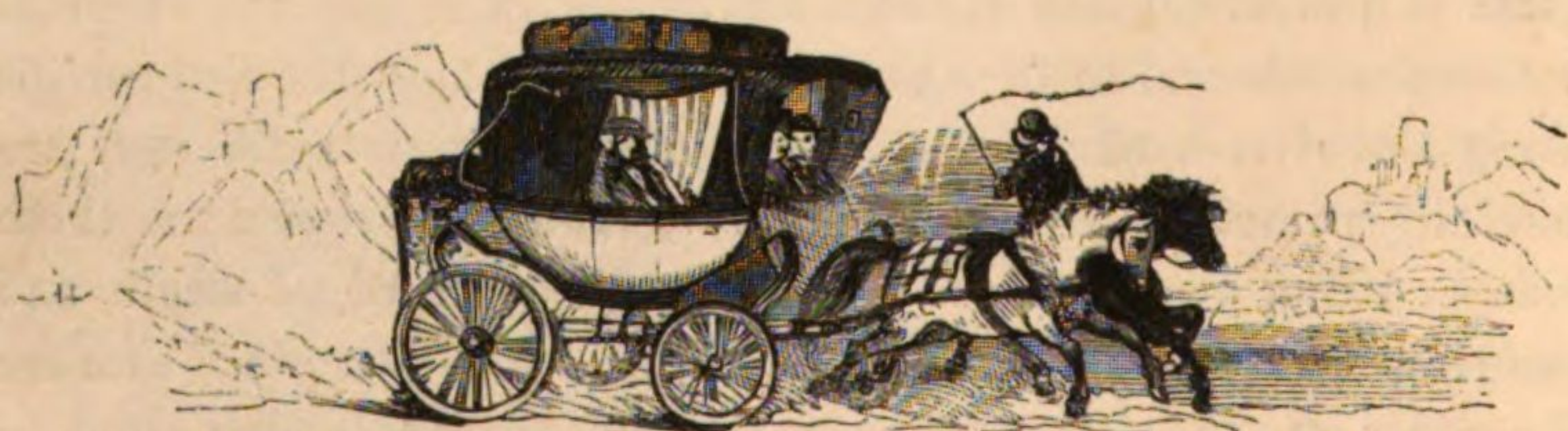
But we have got lost in the cloud of national smoke; we must return to the Bauers. Some of their wagons are drawn by two bullocks, or by two patient cows, which are yoked by the head. Some of them are yoked by two short yokes, which allow their heads some freedom, but more commonly by one yoke, which, going over the backs of their necks, generally with a little quilted pad under it and a band in front, keeps their heads fast and as steady together as if they were screwed to their yoke. These patient animals are generally fawn-coloured, and strongly bring to your mind the chariots and cars of the ancients, which were drawn by just such cattle, just so yoked. These, by the bye, are the only cattle that you see. In Holland or Belgium you see cattle in the meadows; but as you advance up the Rhine you begin to wonder at the silence of the landscape. Not a sheep, a horse, or a cow, is to be seen. The mountain tops are covered with wood, instead of flocks, as in England. The slopes are covered with vineyards. You ask where the cattle are? You are answered, in the stalls. Where are the sheep? Under the care of shepherds, somewhere—heaven knows where! you never come across them. It is only on

the great plains of the north that you afterwards find large flocks and herds, under the care of keepers, kept close together; for as they have no fences, they are under the momentary peril of their making ravages on their neighbours' crops. We looked from the tops of the mountains about Heidelberg into the Odenwald;—all there was woody hills, without the apparition of a sheep or ox, except such of the latter as were at work in the wagons. We felt astonished at the silence of nature. Not a horse, a cow, a sheep, a goat, and, what is more singular, rarely a bird to be seen. In England you see and hear birds everywhere. Nothing gives so much life to the country. Large flocks of rooks spread themselves on the plains, or raise their hoarse din round the mansion of the nobleman and the gentleman. Numbers of pheasants and partridges are seen running here and there, by wood sides and in corn lands. The wood-pigeons dart out of the trees as you pass, or are seen coming in flocks from the fields. Here, you see none, or next to none, of all these; and we suspected, as it proved, that the peasants, who are the proprietors of the lands, keep down these creatures for fear of their crops.

The keeping up of the cattle presents you with a new feature in rural life. As the quantity of land left for grass is very small, the grass is proportionably economised. The little patches of grass between woods and in the open parts of the woods, the little strips along the river-banks, and even in gardens and shrubberies, are carefully preserved for this purpose. You see women in these places cutting grass with a small hook or smooth-edged sickle, and carrying it away on their heads in baskets for their cows. You see the grass on the lawns of good houses, on grass-plats, and in shrubberies, very long and wild; and when you ask why it is not kept closer mown, the reply is, that it is given to the milk-woman, often for a consideration, who cuts it as she wants it. You see other women picking the long grass out of the forests, or under the bushes on the hill-sides where the slopes have been mown, for the same purpose. Nettles, chervil, cow-parsnip, which in England are left to seed and rot, are all here cut for the imprisoned cow. You go down to the river-side to fish, and a peasant is soon with you, chattering and gesticulating, pointing to your feet and to the grass. It is to let you know that you are not to angle there, because

it treads down the grass; and accordingly, in Germany, with rivers full of fish, you seldom see an angler; if you do, he is pretty sure to be an Englishman.

In this chapter of miscellanies, we must not, however, omit what strikes every English eye very curiously, and that is the condition of the general run of carriages that you see. Except in the chief cities, never were such a multitude of shabby conveyances seen—such ancient, rusty, and dusty affairs! Their eilwagons, or coaches, which run stages, are huge and lumbering, as if built for everlasting endurance, and not for speed. Their private carriages, and those for hire, such of them as are closed, have glass doors and fronts in mahogany frames, and are capable of being thrown open. The hinder side of the entrances are so sloping, that you give your heads some hearty knocks every time you get in, till you get used to them. Many of these seem as if they had never been cleaned since they were made. They are dashed, worn, and covered with layers of dust, so thick that they seem to have been travelling through all the pothery roads of the continent. You are surprised to see the odd, old-looking phaetons and other vehicles, in which well-dressed people are going about, swinging and jarring along



with their slouching horses and rope traces. Mr. Montague Thomas, a Dorsetshire gentleman with whom we became acquainted on our journey, said, humorously, that he never could persuade himself that they had ever been new, but had been built out of old carriages at first. The servants driving, or sitting behind, are as odd looking. Everywhere you miss the neatness, brightness, and completeness of appointment of English carriages and equipages.

The style in which post-horses are furnished by government to

the very highest personages, struck us most singularly the very first day that we arrived at Heidelberg. There was a cry, "Make way! make way! the Duke of Brunswick and other nobles are coming!" Three carriages drove smartly up to the hotel, two with four horses, and that containing the Duke with six. But with what a ludicrous air of mingled meanness and pretence! There was a sudden scuffle and running amongst the waiters, and the people in the inn all rushing out to the gateway. There was a great lashing and cracking of whips, and trampling of horses, and in came teams of shaggy animals in ropes, with yellow postillions and stout carriages, out of which leapt several very tall men with caps and sticks, who looked sufficiently consequential, and rapidly mounted up stairs. How strange it was thus to see Dukes dragged in with ropes and slouching horses with long manes and tails; such a set-out, that had it appeared in London, would have had all the lads of the streets after it. You may imagine the knowing urchins of London, how they would point to the harness with grinning faces, and cry, "Look, Jack, look! what a go! ropes to carriages! ropes to carriages! And see at those yellow fellows, with the red cauliflowers hanging at their backs!"

These were the postillions in the Baden post costume; a bright yellow jacket, cut like a foot-soldier's coat, turned up with red, and with red seams. Under their left arm a horn, and at their backs, the tassels of the horn-belt, exactly like two great cauliflowers dipped in a red dye, which go swinging and bobbing at their backs as they drive. When it is wet or cold, and they are obliged to put on a great coat, you see these red cauliflowers pulled up and sticking out at the side of their neck. They wear besides great jack-boots, a black glazed hat with a broad white band, and carry a heavy whip. Such, only arrayed in different colours, as scarlet, blue, white, etc., according to the colours of the different states, are the postillions pretty much all over Germany.

We may close this chapter with an evening scene, which gave many new impressions, and those of a more poetical and southern character than I had anticipated; and yet all such as are sure, amongst those more ordinary and ludicrous ones already noticed, to present themselves to the stranger, and agreeably to affect him.

The first evening of our arrival being very warm, I walked out through the city, and some little distance into the country beyond it. Heidelberg is surrounded by high woody hills. It consists of one long street, the Hauptstrasse, or High-street, and short narrow streets which run off at right angles on each hand; on one side bounded by the river, on the other by the feet of the hills. The scene, as you move along, is novel and beautiful. The houses, as in all German towns, are mostly built with large gateways in their centres. Over these are balconies, generally filled with flowering shrubs. The houses are all white, or of light shades of colouring, as of green and grey. The windows are all furnished with lattices, which are so contrived as to serve various purposes; they may be closed, and shut out light and much cold. When the weather is warm they may be thrown open, or may be closed, yet with raised bars, and admit light, without too great a glare or too much heat. Or if it be very bright, by means of hinges inserted between the outer and inner frame, they may be elevated at the bottom, and form a projecting shade.

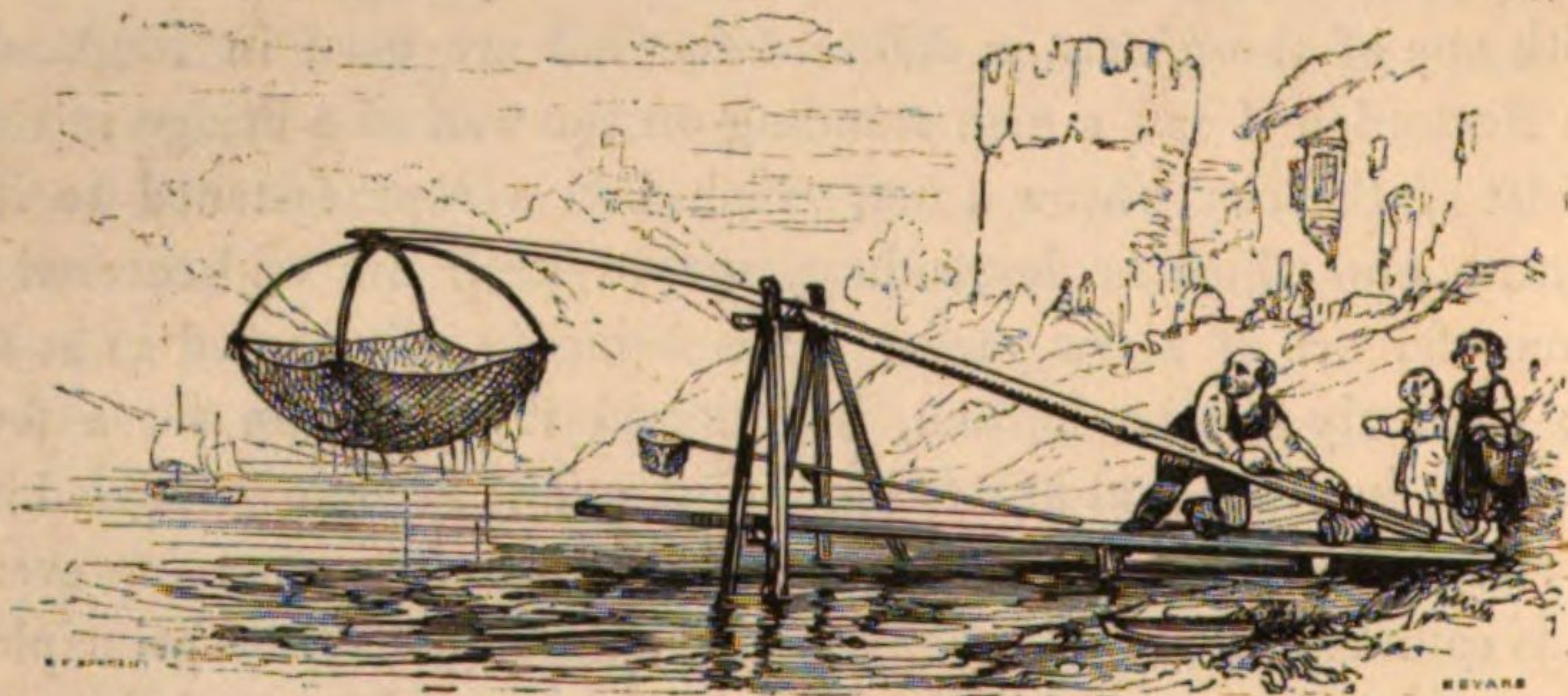
As I advanced up the street this evening, these lattices were all thrown open, and numbers of well-dressed and handsome women were seated at them. Music came from numerous houses, accompanied by occasional voices of great sweetness. Though it was ten o'clock, people swarmed in the street, walking up and down, especially the students, whose swaggering air, open frock-coats, little caps, like common travelling caps, with a leathern shade in front; their bush of hair, their inseparable pipes, their stout sticks and numerous spectacles, left no doubt about their identity. This street is their great promenade, and was filled with them.

As I passed the cross streets, the high hills at their terminations had a striking aspect, appearing with their woods to overhang the city; and many picturesque dwellings shewed themselves, perched in their glens and leafy sides. The huge ruins of the ancient castle towered aloft on the right. I passed one or two little squares—one the Museum Platz, in which the Museum, or place of general entertainment, and the University stand; another, the Karl Platz, surrounded by those engrafted acacia trees with round heads, so much admired in this country. The whole scene, with its shops and people, had a thoroughly continental and very southern

air. As I advanced into the suburbs along the side of the Neckar, the southern character became more striking. Houses of an old-fashioned kind stood at the foot of the high rocky hills. In their orchards and beneath their trees sate various parties enjoying themselves, with lamps and wine-bottles on their tables, and the smoke of their long pipes curling up around them. But what was to me the most novel and beautiful feature of the scene, was the host of lovely fire-flies soaring about on every side, with all the emerald light of the glowworm, illuminating the dusky way, and floating amongst the trees, and up the hill-sides to the highest steeps. I had never seen them before, and was not expecting to see them there, and the surprise and pleasure were proportionably great. Groups of children were coming towards the city singing in chorus, and the whole scene had a character, new, beautiful, and poetic.

Even at that late hour an old man was fishing in the Neckar, with one of those nets so different to what are used in England. In Rotterdam I saw a man standing on the wall of a bridge in the midst of the city, throw a net, which had a rope fastened to its centre, and which in descending, spread itself out and covered a circumference of a few yards. This being heavily loaded so as to go suddenly to the bottom, he allowed it to remain for a few seconds, in order that any fish under it might become entangled in it, and then drew it up with wonderful success. This man, however, as is common all over Germany, was fishing on a different principle. Those who have ascended the Rhine have seen, here and there, a solitary man standing by the river-brink, with a long stout pole supported on a boat, or on a frame set in the water, and moved by a swivel at the top of the frame, so that he could elevate his pole or depress it at his pleasure by leverage, that is, by weighing on its end, while he had a rope to this end, by which, when it ascended into the air, on the withdrawal of his pressure, he could pull it down again at will. At the other end of his pole he had a flat square net of a few yards in diameter, suspended by two bows from this pole, and this net he let go to the bottom, and there lie till any good-natured fish came and laid themselves upon it, when he hoisted his net out of the water and took them. *A priori* one would never have imagined fish so obliging, or so abundant, as to be taken in

quantities by so simple a means,—but no fishing is so common as this throughout Germany. In the smaller streams the pole and the net are so light that they are lifted entirely by hand, and are dropped into the water from boats in all directions. Thus was the old man fishing in this evening's walk, giving another peculiar feature to the dusky but delightful scene.





CHAPTER II.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS CONTINUED.—GERMAN VILLAGES AND THEIR PEOPLE.

AMONGST those things which make a vivid impression on strangers in a new country, the abodes, habits, and pursuits of the country people are not only some of the very first, but the most interesting. You have there simple nature in the character which it has worn for ages. You speedily penetrate, unobstructed by forms and conventional novelties, into the whole circle and system of their existence, and feel a lively sympathy with those who make so large a proportion of the people of the land, especially as you compare their form of life and comforts with those of the same class in your own country. Here too we cannot help admitting the idea that we behold a picture, no doubt much refined and improved, comparatively rude as it yet remains, of the life of those Saxons who emigrated in such swarms into England, and have left us so many

traces in our laws, speech, and opinions, of their once lordship there.

Early in July, soon after our arrival, we walked to Handschuhsheim, a farming village about two miles from Heidelberg, on the Darmstadt road, at the foot of the hills, and on the edge of the great corn plain. This village affords many glimpses of the rural life of this country; and it and the others which follow, with all the scenes and people belonging to them, may be taken as specimens of tens of thousands scattered through Germany, many of which, in all parts, we have since seen.

This village is built in the same massy style as the others we passed through, and, indeed, as German villages in general. Almost every house has its great round gateway, as if bearing evidence of the Saxon love of those round heavy arches which are the distinguishing feature of the ecclesiastical architecture of their ancestors; and most have their ample farm-yard. All German houses are large; space seems no object. Through the whole place there is a curious mixture of rudeness and attempt at ornament. Most houses are heavy and rude, and weather-worn; but others, again, bright, neatly painted, and their upper windows filled with gay flowering plants. Here an old framed house painted up in the most tawdry flaunting manner, in imitation of yellow and red marble, and of Corinthian pillars. Here quantities of little funny children sitting in the dust, with bare legs, and the girls with plaited tails of hair reaching down their backs. The village is wonderfully supplied with streams of water, which, like all their villages at the foot of hills, are furnished with fountains in the shape of ever-running pumps, and large stone troughs or receiving-basins, on which are painted boards, warning every one against muddying or defiling the water. At these fountains, or brunnens, the women, as they always are, were plentifully congregated. In fact, they are the great gossiping places of the village. Accordingly Goethe, the great painter of German life, brings Gretchen, in his "Faust," there in her trouble and impending disgrace, and makes her hear news which strikes sensibly home to her own condition. She and another damsel, Lieschen, appear at the brunnen with their jugs. Here the conversation which fills her with so much trouble, commences in true gossip style: thus—

Lieschen. Hast thou heard nothing about Bärbelchen?

Gretchen. Not a word. I go so very little out of doors.

Lieschen. 'Tis fact: Sybilla told it me to-day.

She's played the fool herself at last—

And so end all her fine and lady airs!

These streams are also made to turn mills, whose large wheels were revolving in the street. Both women and men were very civil; the latter doffing their caps, and all, as you passed, saluting you with "good-day."

Everywhere vines were trained. They are grown on the sides of the houses, and at the upper story are carried out in the manner of a verandah, by large iron stays. They are carried by frames of wood over narrow lanes, and entrances to yards; over sheds and hovels; every possible spot is made useful. They are grown even on the walls of the church, and those of the churchyard were lined with them.

We entered this churchyard, and though I shall give a particular notice of the characteristics of German churchyards, we may here take a passing view of this, as forming part and parcel of a German Dorf. It exhibited the same mixture of rudeness and adornment as the rest of the village. At the head of almost every recent grave stood a slight wooden cross, the triangular ones being catholic; and, indeed, these black crosses stand thickly in all such places. On many were planted roses and other flowers. Some were fenced round with a trellis, and planted with carnations. But at the same time the bones of the dead lay about in a shocking manner. Where graves had been newly made, fragments of bone, numbers of teeth, and even skulls nearly whole, remained on the surface. We observed, at the base of the church, a large hole, descending into a vault, which had a strange appearance.



Some of the epitaphs were curious. There was one written on a paper which was framed and glazed, and set upon a slight strip of wood, which might altogether have been carried away very readily in one's hand. One epitaph in its general use appeared to be the parallel of that universal one in England, beginning—

Weep not for me, my parents dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here.

I copied this specimen of it from a little oval tablet, surrounded by a sprigged border, on a carnation-planted grave.

Magdalena heis ich
 von dieser Welt abreis ich,
 ich sag meinem Vater, Mutter,
 und Schwestern, gute nacht;
 Ich will sehen was Jesus macht.

That is, "Magdalene I am called. From this world I travel. I say to my father, mother, and sisters, good night; I will see what Jesus does."

The orthography and grammar of this and the rest are exactly on a par with those of our country churchyards. They do not strike us with any splendid evidence of the effects of modern popular education in Germany. Here is another.

Fruh, zu fruh, bist du von uns geschieden
 Fruh umschlost dich stille grabesnacht
 Schlummre sanft bis zu dem Evigden Frieden
 Einst mit uns dein frommer Geist erwacht.

"Early, too early, hast thou departed from us; early did the still grave-night enclose thee. Sleep softly, till one day thy pious spirit shall awake with us to the everlasting peace."

This was to Anna Barbara somebody, who died in her youth.

Near the east end of the church we observed a tombstone with a large heart-shaped escutcheon, and on it an outspread hand. On the church door, and again on a door in the village, we observed the same. This was, we found, the crest of the ancient lords of the place, a glove or handschuh, from which the place takes its name. At the farther end of the village are the remains of the old castle of the lords of Handschuhshheim, or in English, Gloveham, where, some time ago, occurred this singular circumstance. The clergyman was walking in the ruins with the proprietor, when striking upon a wall with his stick, and remarking that it sounded hollow, workmen were sent for, who broke into the wall, and found a narrow cell, in which was seated the skeleton of an ancient knight in his armour, who, in some former age, had probably been taken captive by his mortal enemies, the owners of the castle, and there built up alive. The armour was complete, and is now preserved at Carlsruhe, but the bones soon crumbled to dust.

In an outbuilding we saw a most ponderous wine-press of oak, where probably the wine of the village has been prepared for generations, from the picturesque vineyards on the hills above the village. These hills form part of the celebrated line of the Bergstrasse, so much admired by travellers from Frankfort to Heidelberg. Heidelberg lies in the opening of the valley, where the Neckar, after a course of thirty miles of beautiful scenery, amongst the hills of the Odenwald, pours out into the plain. These hills crowned with woods, and their sides clothed with richest vineyards overlook the town on all sides, except on that next the plain. On the sides of these hills, and amid these terraced vineyards, and beech and chestnut woods, the inhabitants have very pleasant orchards and gardens, and garden-houses perched aloft, themselves in green and leafy nooks, yet giving extensive views over the town, the river, and the plain below, to the distant Haardt mountains. Right and left of the city, on the highest points of the hills, the traveller sees two towers standing on high, as the watch-towers of the place. One is the ruin of St. Michael's chapel, the other a lofty look-out, called the Kaiser-Stuhl, or Emperor's-seat, to each of which, through the woods, ascend delightful walks.

The hills, where the Neckar, just below the town, issues to the plain, extend right and left in a pretty direct line, still clothed with vineyards. Along the plain, at the foot of these, turning our back on the village of Handschuhsheim, of which we have just spoken, towards the end of July, we walked to the village of Rohrbach, about two miles from the lower end of Heidelberg. The people were busy in the corn, and the scene was very animated and very curious. It was a splendid morning; and the plain was full of sunshine, which brought out all the lights and shades of the vine-clad hills on our left, and all the different colours of the crops and the costumes of the peasantry. The yellow expanses of corn were scattered with groups of reapers, and with ploughmen ploughing up with their teams, mostly of a couple of cows, the land the moment the crops were removed from it, for turnips. Wagons, drawn by cows and bullocks, were standing in other places ready to be loaded, and others came slowly along with their loads towards the town. The whole scene reminded us of the reaping of scriptural times, and must be much of the same character. As in Judea, there are

no fences, but merely landmarks—stones set down at the termination of every man's property. The land divided into its little lots must be much as it was in Judea, where the family property was inalienable, and subject to constant divisions and subdivisions. You therefore see no jolly teams of horses, drawing ploughs of the last and most approved construction, as in England. The ploughmen leisurely "whistling o'er the lea," and other men finishing the cultivation of the wide field, with all the scientific apparatus, scarifiers, rollers, drills, etc., as with us; but peasants, chiefly with their cow-teams, and ploughs, harrows, and wagons, of the most primitive construction, clearing their crops from their little lots, and ploughing up the same in all directions.

All amongst these lie those green crops which I have mentioned, and which, as you approach any town or village, become so predominant over the corn as to produce the effect of a market-garden. These are chiefly mangel-wurzel, a German name, oddly enough unknown in Germany, but here called dick-rüben; hemp, of which great quantities are grown and spun by the women in winter, for sheeting, shirting, and the blue stuff for the summer jackets and trousers of the men, and various garments for the children; great plots of poppies, chiefly for oil, which, when in bloom, as then, make a beautiful show, in great expanses of mingled purple, red, and lilac. Besides these are plots of hops, cabbages, rows of kidney-beans, potatoes in plenty, and hundreds of acres of tobacco. It would have been wonderful, indeed, if in Germany, where there is almost as much smoke from tobacco as from the chimneys of their houses, this were not the case. It flourishes, indeed, most beautifully; and with its rich green colour and luxuriant leaves, makes to the eye one of the most pleasing portions of the crop. It is said to be as fine as any in the world, and that much of it goes to Spain and Holland, to be manufactured into cigars, which not only go thence to England, as Spanish and Havanna cigars, but actually come back hither dubbed with those commendatory titles. A great portion is bought by the Emperor of Austria.

Indian corn is also grown in great quantities, but chiefly for feeding of swine and geese, being seldom or ever used for household purposes. It appears to flourish here as well as it possibly can in

America. You see very little of the dwarf kind, cultivated in England under the name of Cobbett's corn; and that in gardens. The prevalent kind is large, is of the richest green, and five or six feet in height. It is planted out about three feet asunder each way.

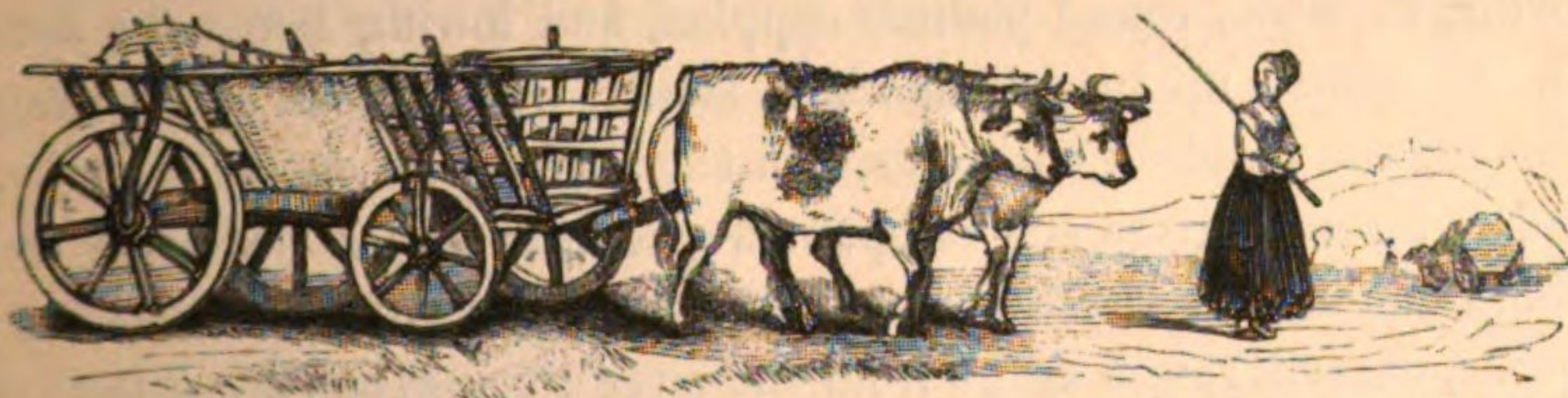
We have described the wagons of the peasantry. They are much of the same kind as prevail in Italy and France. Primitive and simple as they are, they are made to carry a good load of corn home. As the wagon is of this shape V, the load is also topped



up in the same way, so as to form in a front or hind view a diamond figure. The load is secured by a pole along the ridge, which is held down tightly by ropes at back and front, and often by two pieces of upright wood at the back.

Thus secured, their two milch cows, yoked by the head, draw home their harvest.

It must be remarked that these wagons are very light and elastic; and, especially as they are cheaply constructed, might be introduced in England to the great advantage of small proprietors, as well as for general use, where the country is hilly and the roads rocky. They will bend in an uneven way like a snake, and their lightness makes them far more fit for many purposes than our heavy and unyielding, and much more expensive, carts. For such districts as Scotland, Wales, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and the hilly tracts of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, they would be admirably adapted.



It is quite repulsive to our English feelings to see the manner in which the cows are worked in this country. An English lady observed to a German one, that of all things she would not like to be a German woman of the common class, or a German cow, for they were both unmercifully worked. The German lady thought it a good answer to say, that she certainly would in this, as in any

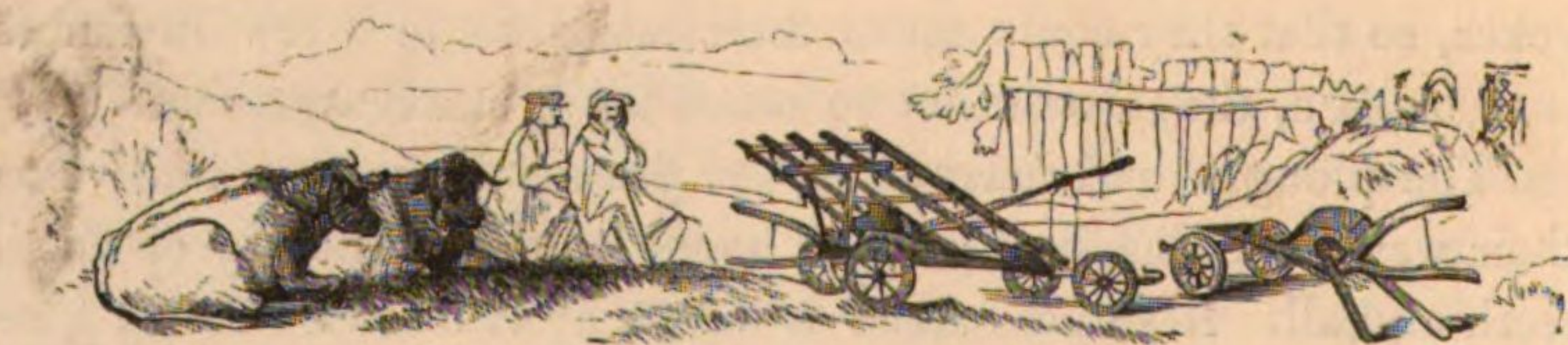
other country, prefer being a lady to an ordinary woman, and that she should not choose to be a cow at all. The English lady here again rejoined, "but of all cows, not a German cow." In England, that paradise of countries, the cow is a privileged and most luxurious animal. She lies down in green pastures, and by the still waters, at perfect leisure. In summer, she is half buried in plenty. In beautiful herds,—fair as those herds of Apollo, which fed in the meadows of Trinacria or of Asphodel,—they graze the most famous pastures in the world, and present to the eye of the lover of the country, one of the most lovely spectacles which the country can shew. They slowly rove from one portion of their extensive bounds to another, or lie down amid a blaze of golden and purple flowers and greenest grass, pictures of plenty, images and indicators of the farming wealth of England, which nothing can surpass. They stand in company, beneath the shade of drooping willows and polished alders, in the glittering passage of the brook at noon-tide, in groups rich enough to raise a Cuyp or Ruysdael from the dust. O Devon, or Hereford, Durham, Northumberland, Chester, or Gloucester, what country on the face of the earth can shew meadows like yours, with cattle like yours! What has this planet to exhibit of fat and milky like yours; enough to make the jolly heart of the English farmer proud, and big, and buttery, as it is? And what would you say, did you see the life of a cow in Germany? Here, for the most brilliant portion of the year, she is shut up in close prison. There are no green meadows, no running streams; no roving in sleek, round-bodied, dappled, and lowing herds for her. She is cooped up in a little dark stall. Old women and young women, and children with creels on their backs, go out with hooks, and cut rough grass and rampant weeds from under bushes in the woods, along the roadsides, and in the corners of fields, for her. Docks, chervil, rough sedge from the river's brink, anything that is green and eatable, is piled in baskets on old women's heads, and brought home to her. Shut up there, the very smell of aught green is enough to make her devour it. In summer, the lower leaves of the dick-rüben are stripped off for her; lucerne is grown for her, and odds and ends of cabbage, carrots, and turnip leaves fall to her share. She cannot rove in fields, for there are none. She cannot climb the hill-sides, for there climb the vines; and the plains are

full of corn, green crops, and tobacco, without a hedge to keep her from picking and stealing. When she comes out, it is to labour. With a fellow slave she is seized by the horns; a yoke is clapped on the back of her head, one end of which rests on hers, and the other on the head of her fellow: this is strapped fast, and secured to the pole of the wagon or the plough, and thus with her meek forehead fast in the stocks of labour, she is driven a-field, or to market, to perform all the work of her peasant-master. It is a pitiable sight to see a couple of these mild and gentle animals coming along with their heads hung down, and immovable in any direction, "for they must move together, if they move at all;" while behind comes the driver, whipping and bawling, "wisht! wisht!" or "yisht! yisht! oot! oot! oot! woa! woa! ah! uhoo!" and such like sounds. While she lives, this is the lot of the German cow! She has not the satisfaction of her milk flowing in warm and foamy streams into union with that of a score of her fellows, and thence arising piles of rich golden butter, and the splendid masses of Stilton or double Gloucester—such glorious productions as Stilton, Dunlop, or double Gloucester, never enter the region of a German peasant's imagination: on the contrary, her isolated stream goes to furnish only a butter, meagre, pallid, and poor, or cheeses formed in the palm of the hand, and dried on the outside of the window-sill, more like hens' eggs than anything beside. When she dies, too, miserable cow! she has not even the satisfaction of dying fat!

Yet the poor things do not, after all, look so much amiss. In his way, and according to his notions, the German farmer is, no doubt, kind to his cattle; and if he would but give them separate yokes, so that they could move their heads, as in a few instances is to be seen, they would not so much move our compassion.

The ploughs and harrows of the peasantry are as primitive as their wagons. The harrows are, many of them, entirely of wood, teeth and all. A single harrow is drawn by two cows. A boy goes before the cows, directly before their heads, and holding the middle of the yoke, leads them in the right line, while the man with a rope to the back part of the harrow, goes behind, shouting to the cows, and every now and then lifting the harrow by the rope, to clear the teeth of clods and rubbish. The plough is of the most

simple construction. A rounded pole of about two-thirds of the length of ours, for the beam; a pair of stilts, made out of a forked branch, and set very upright; a wooden mould-board, and a very simple flat share, and a pair of little wheels, on which the plough-beam rests in front, and there is the plough of the German farmer! The whole is so simple and so rude, that any farmer brought up in a working agricultural school, and taught to handle his tools, could construct much better for himself. But these answer the purpose of the peasants. They are simple, they are cheap, and they are conveyed to and from the field without that lumber and cumber with which ploughs and harrows are taken to the field in England. There needs no cart to take them; the peasant takes off the little frame supporting the two front wheels; he then lays his plough sideways, and fastens the fore-end of the beam on the frame of the wheels; he then takes a prop formed of a forked bough thus,  which he lays over the thick end of the beam near the stilts; and one of the stilts on one side, and the foot of the plough on the other, resting on his prop or drag, fixes it firmly. Others, instead of this forked bough, have a little frame with a pair of wheels to put behind. A sort of carriage is thus formed, and the peasant lays his harrow on the top and drives to the field. When there, he has only to take off his harrow, remove the prop, turn his plough right way up, hook the beam to the little frame of the wheels, and go to work. When he has done, he takes his implements away in the same manner, with scarcely any trouble at all. This plan of conveyance of ploughs and harrows to the field, might also be adopted with advantage in England.



In those parts of Germany where large farms are common, especially in the north, of course both the apparatus, the horses, and the workmanship, are superior. Agricultural societies, as in

England, have promoted good tillage; and in many places, as in the plains of Brunswick and Weimar, you will see curious cyphers and flourishes on the new-ploughed lands, which the ploughmen have made with their ploughs, to shew their dexterity. Here, with this humble apparatus, the ploughing, of course, is not so deep, or so artistical. It would, by English farmers, be reckoned often poor scratching, and certainly would not win the prize at a ploughing match. Yet the peasant harrows and clears his land till it is in the nicest order, and it is admirable to see the crops which he obtains. It is true that his green crops are well hoed, and laboured. The wheat grain on the Rhine plain is an exception. It is thin, and of a very light kind. The ear has commonly only two rows of corn, and the finest heads do not weigh more than thirty-six grains, chaff and all; each naked corn about one grain. This, I imagine, is not more than one-third of the average weight of English wheat; and, as the crops are thin, they probably do not yield more than one-fourth, if so much, as the English crops.

The village of Rohrbach presented to our eyes a singular aspect, and may be taken as a specimen of a German dorf in general. The houses had the same heavy look which the houses of the German dorfs commonly have, with plenty of old, tall roofs, and leaning gables turned towards the street; and great round-headed gateways in the farm-houses leading into their yards. The streets, as is usual, were long, and paved with huge uneven stones. One side of the street was left unpaved for a little brook to run down it, and over this bridges of great stones were laid to the houses. Down the other side of the street ran another little stream in a gutter, and in this the geese were sitting and forming dams with their bodies, in which they nibbled, and ducked, and washed themselves. The whole long street, from bottom to top, was full of these geese. Some of them, in flocks, were flying up and down, and making no little clangour. As usual, there were the brunnens spouting out their never-ceasing water into their great troughs, and women collected with their tubs about them, in full gossip; and the cows, released at this the peasant's dinner-time, half-past ten, from their yokes and labour, also crowding round the troughs to drink. Plenty of funny-looking children, and some other grown-up people completed the scene.

The children are odd little objects; thick, well fed, and with plenty of hair, in German fashion; the little girls, in bodices,



which seemed ready to burst with plumpness, and all, however small, with their hair in tails. The larger having their tails hanging down their backs, and the smaller, having theirs brought from the sides of their heads in hanging bows to their ears, over which they pass. Most of them were without shoes and stockings. The boys were going in groups, with creels on their backs, to the plain to collect grass for the cows.



One picturesque group, having amongst them a lad with his father's cocked hat on, we prevailed upon, by the offer of a kreutzer, the third of a penny, to stand and be sketched. The lads were wonderfully delighted at the idea of having their pictures taken, and the grown-up people not much less so. We had soon the greater part of the village out, and all very merry watching us, as we sat on a tree lying in the street. While this was going on, a bauer or

two, passing along, in fun turned the lad's cocked hat hindbefore on his head. The old women, as they passed, had some jibe or other with the lads. "So, white head, are you having your

picture taken? Ah! you there in the hat, you'll make a grand picture shant you?" At length another came, and cried, "haste! haste away! after your grass boys!" and each receiving the mighty sum of a kreutzer, went off in highest glee, crying to every one they came near, "See! see! a kreutzer! a kreutzer!"

There was a considerable air of poverty, and a greater air of slovenliness in this dorf. Their yards, as is usual, were chaoses of litter; heaps of wood for fuel, the little old wagons, ploughs, wheelbarrows, and children playing in the dust, besides the endless swarm of geese. These geese they cram with Indian corn, and that to such an extent that they sometimes all but choke them. They also artificially enlarge their livers, which they never eat themselves, but sell, as great dainties. Many of these people are said to be Jews—agricultural Jews—of all anomalies, according to our notions, the greatest; and their villages are said to be always distinguished by an extraordinary degree of dirt and slovenliness. Still, many of their houses, in their front windows, have flowers, particularly balsams and carnations, of the latter especially the pale yellow ones, so very rare in England. Some of these were very fine. From the upper windows, as a general and regular summer exhibition, hung out beds and mattresses of a gay red stripe, and bedside carpets to air. Here and there might be seen a smarter new house, in the peculiar style of this country; and thus you have a pretty good notion of one of the country villages of Germany.

The church had a more old and neglected air than the one we noticed in the other village, and in the churchyard scarcely a stone to mark a single grave. Slight wooden crosses of mere lath, about two feet high, stained of a red colour and dotted with black spots, were planted on a few new-made graves, and round them were lying the remains of garlands of box and ivy, intended, no doubt, as emblems of immortal greenness and unfading freshness; but all their greenness and freshness were gone. The graves themselves were heaps of dust, and a little time would remove any vestige from them of those slight memorials which these rustic people give to their departed friends.

As we returned we saw large groups of peasants dining under the trees in the fields. Women were bringing from Heidelberg

large baskets on their heads containing provisions. The dinners seemed principally contained in two large pans or dishes; one of soup, and one of small puddings called noodles, floating in sauce, or something of a pudding kind in a fluid state. Some of these puddings were little balls of flour and potatoes, dotted with little lumps of fried black bread, and which to a too fanciful eye looked like raisins.

The people lay or sat, men and women, round the large dishes, all eating together out of them with long spoons. They formed picturesque groups. The men stripped; the women, many of them, in bodices of red-striped linen, of which the Germans make their bed-ticks, and which look very lively. Many of the girls too, bronzed with the sun, looked all health and solidity. About stood boots, which the men had pulled off to cool their feet as they lay at rest, baskets, and stone bottles. Two boys were dining under a tree on brown bread and little pears, which they drew from a bag, and seemed to divide very carefully between them. These boys had nothing to drink, and said they were accustomed to have nothing to drink to their field dinners, not even water. The homeliness of the fare of these peasants would no little astonish the stomachs of our bean-and-bacon devourers of our harvest-time in England.



CHAPTER III.

PEOPLE IN THE WOODS AND VALLEYS.

WE have now led our readers into the first acquaintance with German external life and scenery, up the great western river, through its plains, its dorfs of the plain, and into the towns; we will now make one more excursion amongst the woods and valleys, where the other great features of its country and country-life lie, and then dismiss our first impressions for a more intimate acquaintance with the land and its people, in all their various conditions and relationships.

It would shock the religious of England to see how, on a Sunday, the Germans of all classes are flocking off into the country, as on all other leisure occasions, in the summer. To see, early on Sunday mornings, families of sobriety and of high standing, and

even those of grave professors, setting forth for a long day's excursion. By seven o'clock you will see them going out, having not the least idea that to resort to some distant village amongst the hills, perhaps to go to church there, perhaps not, but at all events to proceed to some rural inn, and there, or in the woods, spend the day in social enjoyment, has anything at all amiss in it. Nothing is more common; and on these, and on all such occasions, they will do what would never be thought of in England. They will take tea and sugar, and if necessary, fine bread; and eating and drinking of their own, will pay the good-natured landlord for his attendance and the use of his house.

Being invited to join such a party, after attendance of Divine service at nine o'clock, we steered away with them up into the hills. It was the 2d of August, and splendid weather. From the top of the Kaiser-Stuhl above the town, a tower already mentioned, at an elevation of 1800 feet above the sea, we enjoyed a most glorious prospect. It included a circle of seventy miles or more in diameter, with the forest hills of the Odenwald in one direction, and the great Rhine-plain in another; bounded by the hills of Baden-Baden, and the Vogesen mountains in France. The towns and villages within it, it would be difficult to enumerate, but they were in scores, including Mannheim, Speir, Worms, etc., amongst the largest; the Rhine shining in its mazy windings here and there, through a vast extent of plains.

At the foot of this tower we made a lunch of fruit and bread, with a bottle of beer, and sugar-water, procured from the old man who attends at the tower with a spy-glass, and who had erected a sort of Robinson Crusoe shed, with moss walls, and mossed seats under the trees; and then steered our way through the summer woods, towards the village of Guiberg, and through Bommerthal to Neckergemünd. The ramble through the forests was one of the most delightful things that we ever enjoyed. The weather was so sunny and beautiful, yet breezy enough to prevent its becoming oppressive, but, on the contrary, to diffuse through the solemn woods a feeling of life and of poetry. There was a sense too of being in a new country and amongst a new people, that gave its charm and its novelty. Green tracks of turf, as we advanced through the forest, went branching off right and left, presenting lovely,

embowered vistas; and here and there the woods expanded into sylvan regions of much taller and mightier trees than are seen on the hill-sides, and threw the most profound silence and solemn gloom. Then again, we came out into open tracks, where the sun showered down his full splendour; where deep wild grass and new flowers, and bees and gaudy butterflies, and grasshoppers and grilli, singing their husky summer songs, and lizards basking on the hot banks, and dragon-flies, blue and green, darting with their long filmy wings here and there, filled up the feeling of summer and woodland life to the heart's brim. There were young people, all happiness and gay chatter, rambling along; and those of riper years not a whit less happy; and children running in eager speed after every new object of nature's wonders; and who shall not say that it was one of those scenes and days that must long linger all sun-bright in the memory? At one moment we plunged again into close and steep-descending wood-tracks, where the green boughs had to be bent down to make way; at another, on an open height, were hills and valleys around us—the hills all covered with woods, the valleys and intervening plains with corn.

As we approached Guiberg, we saw it standing amid its corn-plots, its garden-plots all unfenced, its green sloping fields, and its scattered fruit trees, having a very sweet but very German look. When we entered the village itself, of course it was like all German villages—the same scene of heavy houses, most of them having their lower story occupied by their cows; of heaps of wood, ploughs and wagons; but around it lay delightful old bowery orchards, and in one of these belonging to the Wirthshouse, or inn, we dined. With a bottle of the country wine, some roast beef, and plenty of cherries, for which this village is famous far and wide, we made as merry as if we had been dining with Joe Miller himself. The children from the neighbouring orchards came about to look on, to whom we gave bread and meat, which they were at first too shy to take, but when we turned our backs it vanished with a wonderful velocity. Two boys were set by a gentleman of the party to see which could soonest devour a piece of black bread for three kreutzers—one penny—which they did to their own danger of choking, and great merriment of the spectators. Others were set to hop for a kreutzer, and watching this, and a set of bauers playing

at nine-pins, the time soon fled by. We went on, and took tea at Bommerthal, where the hostess, a village belle who had probably never seen tea before, for the party took it with them, boiled it in a dirty pan, and made an awful and untouchable mess of it. The bauers were in the public-houses in this village, singing and drinking in a manner that would have horrified Sir Andrew Agnew, and made us think that for a serious and sentimental nation, the Germans had the least show of being a religious one imaginable.

We proceeded in a fine calm and shining evening to the last village before our return, Neckergemünd, down a green valley, at the feet of steep old beech-woods, and past old water-mills of a primitive character. The whole country in itself was charming, but was like a country in a dream,—a country without animals. There were neither cow, horse, sheep, swine, hare, pheasant, partridge, or scarcely any bird to be seen. In such a country in England we should have seen flocks and herds; and, towards evening, the hares and pheasants would have been seen feeding on the outskirts of the woods in scores, and we should have heard the partridges calling each other together for the night. Here was nothing, even of a winged nature, except a few small birds and one solitary crow.

In this country you never see the large flocks of rooks sailing homeward in the evening, full, and uttering their satisfaction in a quiet caw, now and then, as their dusky legions pass over your head. You do not see them as with us, spreading themselves at noon on the meadows and hill-sides, or hear their clammering at morning, and all spring in the lofty trees about the country halls. When the German prince, Pückler Muscau, was in England, nothing surprised him more than the rookeries, and he could not comprehend what music our country gentlemen could find in notes so hoarse, nor what charms in the society of such flocks of black and sonorous birds. He knew not, in fact, how many pleasant associations are connected with rooks in England.

Who that has been brought up in the country has not been accustomed from his infancy to hear the cawing of the rookery; to witness the active labour and cares, and schemes of these birds in spring? Has not stood by his father, or other old friend, while the young have been fetched down from the lofty elm by the cross-

bow? Has not run to fetch it as it fell? Has not clambered into the green tree in which it has, perhaps, lodged in falling, and hooked it down? Has not helped the keeper to carry to the house the black feathery bunch of young rooks, thus shot, for the cook to convert into the most savoury of country pies; or to be dispatched in different directions as presents to friends? Who has not, in bright summer days, when the young have got abroad, seen them in almost every green oak, or on the turf of every green meadow, when the country was all flowers and sweetness, with fluttering wings demanding food from their busy parents? And in the still, broad, quiet sunshine of summer evenings, as he has sate in garden arbour or at open window, with the dear old friends of his youth, has not often seen them come soberly homewards from their day's wanderings, in a rustling and jetty array, from whose wings the light of the setting sun glanced, seeking those ancient and towering trees which had overshadowed the hall for ages? Who, in the days of warm feeling and expanding affections, when life was a long summer of happiness and gaiety; when, perhaps, the attachment of a life was growing, as he has ridden home in the sweet dusk of a June midnight, has not heard them in their lofty rest, half roused by the horse's tread, give a rustle, a caw, and then all quiet again? Or when he has looked out in the profound quiet of such a midnight from his chamber window, and felt, as it were, the unseen odours of mingled flowers floating up to him from the garden below, from beds made beautiful by the fair hands of sisters—then more beautiful than their flowers; and now, perhaps, dead, or dispersed into wide countries, or pulled down, and all their loveliness gone, like a dream of such a night, with heartless husbands and luckless children,—and has not heard from the tree-top some faint mutter, some drowsy cry, as if the side-by-side nestled rooks were talking in their sleep, or were complaining of being crowded by some heavy old fellow on their bough—sounds which provoked laughter at the moment, but are preserved in the memory for long years? In short, what Englishman recalls the dear old home of his birth and his youth, with all its affections and delights, and transactions; who recalls its garden nooks, its beehives by the sunny wall, its fields, its woods, its friends, its favourite animals, its sorrows and its merriments, its gay meetings and its partings, to

meet there no more, every thing which makes that spot what no other spot on earth besides ever can be by any magic, even the most powerful magic of love, and does not find the English rook a part of his retrospect, uttering his joyous rough John-Bullish caw, or his laughable midnight muttering, insignificant as he is in himself, an indispensable dweller in the paradise of the past? Nay, the very blue air of a summer's afternoon does not seem right to me without the high-soaring, solemn wing of the rook; the fairest landscape is not complete without the rook; the flowery, deep, grassy full fields of most glad spring would be melancholy without the rook. The rook, with all his attendants of pert jackdaws and circling starlings, who love his sedate and judge-like company, is dearer to an Englishman than he is aware of. But in Germany, the rook, the grave, the sober, the knowing and social rook, is so little known that he has no other name than "Krähe mit dem weissen Schnabel,"—the crow with the white bill. He is neither loved, known, nor wanted there, for he would grub up the springing corn in quest of his prey, and would find none of the grand old pastoral meadows he finds in England to supply his demand for slugs and worms.

But let us quit our rook, and the solitary landscape, where neither he nor his feathery compeers greet us, and dropping down the Neckar from Neckergemünd, enter a valley on the other side, which shall give us another peep into German country life. This is Petersthal, or the Valley of Peter, and is one of those innumerable valleys in Germany lying amongst the hills, which swarm with human life, and present one of the most picturesque lively scenes of German industry;—industry still in the midst of quiet, and surrounded by the slumber of mighty woods. It is a long and winding valley, having very little breadth in the bottom, and yet enough for a clear stream to bound along, and hollow water-meadows of the richest green to slope down on each side, and numbers of ancient-looking water-mills to be seated upon it; and cottages to be scattered in one continual string for miles all along the foot of the hills on both sides. These mills are largish buildings in the true heavy style, with large farm-yards attached; plenty of heaps and great piles of fire-wood; old mill-stones and old wagons lying or standing about. The millers are generally the

most substantial men of the place. They, some of them, manufacture flour, and some oil from the rape and linseed, the poppy-head, and walnuts of the country; and the bumping sound of their stampers—beams moved by the machinery perpendicularly, and by the cogs of the wheels raised, and let fall on the seeds placed in flannel bags in a proper receptacle below, is one of the most characteristic sounds of these valleys. Often at a distance when buried in the woods, you can find the direction of a village by the sleepy sound of these bumpers. These mills, and the cottages, stand amid a world of old fruit trees, which, in autumn, are so loaded that they are obliged to be propped and tied up. In all directions, on the hill sides, extend their cultivated fields, full of their crops of corn, and vegetables of various kinds; their little vineyards often shew their trelliced plots, and all above extends the thick and shady region of forest.

Everywhere in these valleys you see the people busy in their possessions. Men and women and children are at work in the fields. Down the hills come women and children from the woods, carrying on their heads loads of fuel, or dragging great bundles of boughs down the narrow hollow ways after them. Others are cutting grass for the pent-up cattle;—women are mowing much oftener than the men. Below are groups of women, with bare legs, washing by the clear stream. Quantities of linen are spread out to dry and to bleach; and round the houses are stalking plenty of fowls, while a large dog barks at you from his kennel as you pass the mill, or little poodles, with cock-a-side tails, bark at you from the cottages, and geese clap their wings and clangour in the brook.

This Petersthal is a great place for bleaching and washing, and all along lay the white patches of linen on the green meadow grass, and groups of the stoutest and most healthy-looking girls stood washing by the doors as we passed; while numbers of children ran about, many of them with nothing more than a shirt on. Here was one holding two cows by a rope tied to the horns, to graze by the wayside, and here another holding a goat. It was harvest time, and hot weather. The women were cutting their harvest, the men being gone to the greater harvest of the plain.

The Catholic character of the valley was obvious by the little images of the Virgin in niches in the front of the cottages as we

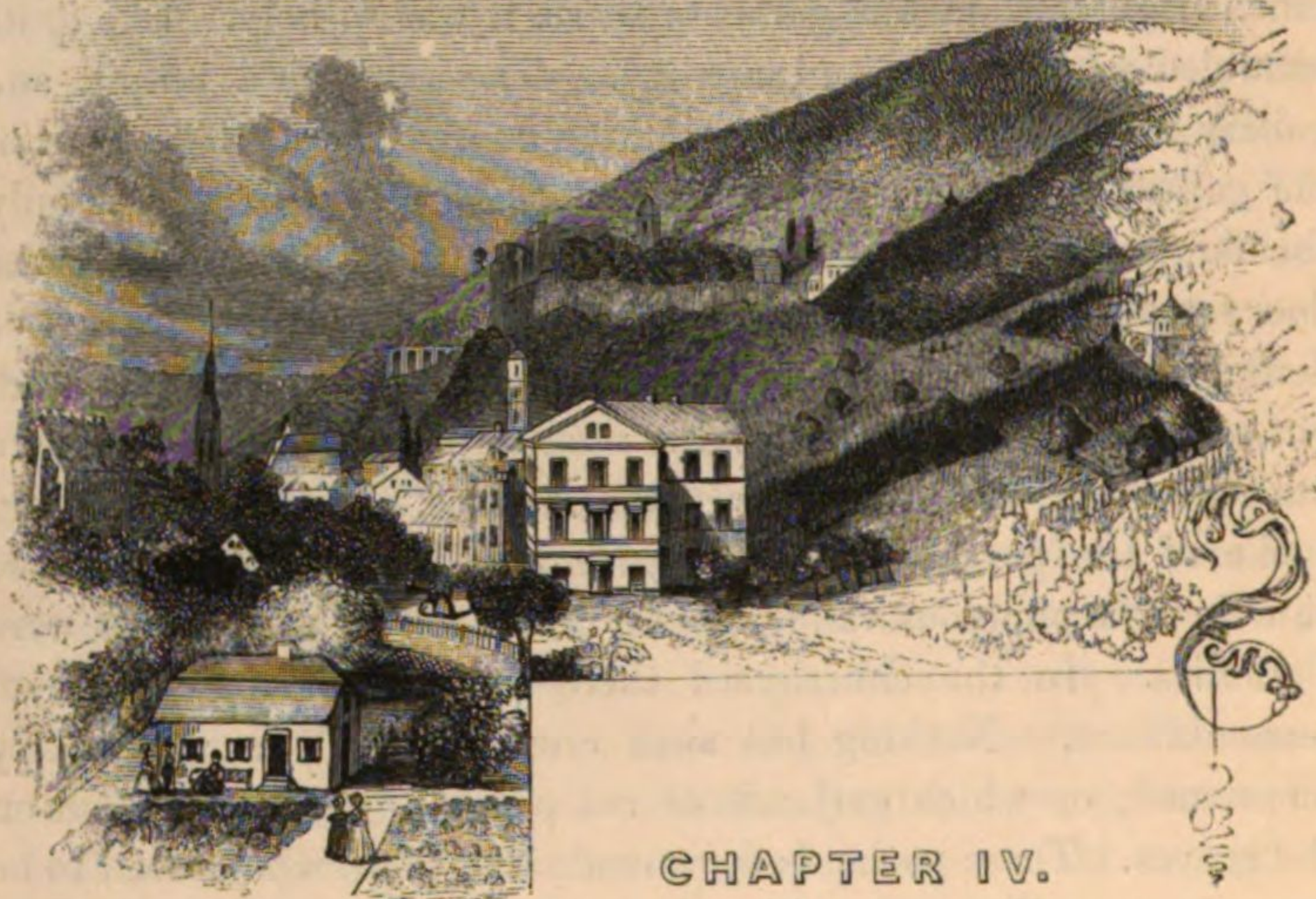
passed. These images are of the most wretched kind; little things of gaudily-coloured plaster, bought of the wandering Italian dealers. But at the head of the glen stood a little chapel, which is a perfect specimen of what you find so commonly in Catholic districts, at once indicating so much devotion and so much poverty. This little chapel had a very simple and ancient appearance, standing at the head of that retired glen, and surrounded by the solemn woods. The altar was painted in gaudy colours of red and yellow, with its front panels papered with wall-paper. On it stood two pyramids or obelisks painted black, covered with white death's heads, decreasing in size upwards to the top of the obelisks. Above were little images of cherubs' heads; and one side of the crypt, where the pix is kept, was a saint, looking as if he had fainted, and on the other a Virgin looking round at the saint in great curiosity. The censer and cups were of the commonest metal; pewter, iron, or brass. The walls were covered with the most paltry pictures. On one side of the altar hung one intended to represent a Madonna, on the other that of St. Wenceslaus, the patron of cattle, standing on a cloud in the middle of a field, and peasants and peasantesses kneeling and praying to him; while below ran, in all directions, cattle, horses, sheep, and swine, as if filled with extraordinary rejoicing at the presence of the saint. The frames of these pictures were hung with garlands of leaves.

Behind the altar was a little sanctum; a scene of dirt and poverty. In a sort of cupboard lay the remains of leaden images of saints and cherubs, in a chaos of decrepitude,—some without an arm, and some without a leg. There was material for making the incense in miserable pots and boxes, leathers and dusters, giving a most deplorable idea of the means for the preparation of those ceremonies in which the church so much delights, and in which the people believe so much efficacy to exist. A more woful exposure of the nakedness of the land, and unweaving of the enchantments of the mass, could not be. There was also the little confessional chair, with its lattice; the priest's robes of the plainest and commonest stuff, with a coloured print or two of the most ordinary character; a book of the Catholic faith, and a registry of the marriages, births, christenings, and so on, of the people of the valley.

The little girl who attended us, was astonished at our walking

into this place. She entreated us to come out, as she was very much frightened at our going in there, it was so holy. She quite trembled with terrors and anxiety. The seats, and pulpit, and gallery were all of the most primitive construction. The front of the gallery had once been painted, but there now remained only the faintest traces of its adornment; and in its centre, over the door, stood an organ with tin pipes, most of which were broken or deranged. A lady of the party went up and tried to elicit a sound, but in vain. The little girl said it used to play, but a man came to put it in order, and it had never played since. In short everything spoke of the poverty of the congregation, or the neglect of the church in a populous valley, where nearly all the inhabitants were Catholics. In the churchyard there was not a single *stone* of remembrance. Nothing but such crosses of lath as were lately mentioned, on which garlands of cut paper hung, or were laid on the graves. These garlands were made like those which used to be hung in our village churches at the funeral of a young maiden. Flowers were also, as usual, planted on the graves; and on these little lath crosses, were nailed leaves torn out of their books of devotion, having rudely-coloured pictures of the Virgin, or some favourite saint or other.





CHAPTER IV.

OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE.

IN describing the out-of-door life of Germany, we must again begin with the peasantry, because it is their out-of-door life which is continually around us, and presses upon our attention in all forms and in all directions. We shall then proceed to that of the higher classes, which consists of their amusements rather than their business.

In Germany the peasants are the great and ever-present objects of country life. They are the great population of the country, because they themselves are the possessors. This country is, in fact, for the most part, in the hands of the people. It is parcelled out amongst the multitude; and wherever you go, instead of the great halls, the vast parks, and the broad lands of the nobility and gentry, as in England, you see the perpetual evidences of an agrarian system. The exceptions to this, which I shall afterwards point out, are the exceptions; they are not the rule. The peasants are not, as with us, for the most part totally cut

off from property in the soil they cultivate, totally dependent on the labour afforded by others,—they are themselves the proprietors. It is perhaps from this cause that they are probably the most industrious peasantry in the world. They labour busily, early and late, because they feel that they are labouring for themselves. The women and children all work as well as the men, for it is family work; nay, the women often work the hardest. They reap, thrash, mow, work on the fallows, do anything. In summer, without shoes and stockings, clad in a dark blue petticoat and body of the same, or in other colours, according to the costume of the neighbourhood, and with their white chemise sleeves in contrast with their dress, and with their hair burnt of a singed brown, or into different hues, with the sun, they are all out in the hot fields. Nay, you may even see women driving a wagon, in which two or three men are sitting at ease smoking. They take the dinners to the fields, frequently giving to the lesser children a piece of bread, and locking them up in the cottage till they come home again, the older ones being at the school till they join them in the afternoon.

This would be thought a hard life in England; but hard as it is, is not to be compared with the condition of labourers in some agricultural parts of a dear country like England, where eight or nine shillings a week, and no cow, no pig, no fruit for the market, no work in the winter, but dependence for everything on a master, a constant feeling of anxiety, and the desperate prospect of ending his days in a Union workhouse, is too commonly the labourer's lot. The German peasants work hard, but they have no actual want. Every man has his house, his orchard, his road-side trees, as we have seen, commonly so hung with fruit that he is obliged to prop and secure them all ways, or they would be torn to pieces. He has his corn-plot, his plot for mangel-wurzel, for hemp, and so on. He is his own master; and he, and every member of his family, have the strongest motives to labour. You see the effect of this in that unremitting diligence which is beyond that of the whole world besides, and his economy, which is still greater.

The Germans indeed are not so active and lively as the English. You never see them in a bustle, or as though they meant to knock off a vast deal in a little time. You never witness that scene of stir and hurry that you often do in England; that shouting to one

peasant-
another and running, where the need of dispatch rouses all the life and energy of the English character. They are, on the contrary, slow but for ever doing. They plod on from day to day, and year to year—the most patient, untirable, and persevering of animals. The English peasant is so cut off from the idea of property, that he comes habitually to look upon it as a thing from which he is warned by the laws of the large proprietors, and becomes, in consequence, spiritless, purposeless, and at once the terror and the victim of the capitalists. The German bauer, on the contrary, looks on the country as made for him and his fellow men. He feels himself a man; he has a stake in his country, as good as that of the bulk of his neighbours; he is content with his black bread, because his labour has at once created it and sweetened it to his taste, and because no proud man can threaten him with ejection or the workhouse, so long as he is active and economical. He walks therefore with a bold step; he looks you in the face with the air of a free man, but of a respectful one; and he knows that when he dies, he shall not be buried between the vile boards of a pauper's coffin, threatening to fall asunder before they reach the grave, nor be consigned to the knife of the surgeon; but his children will lay him by his fathers, and plant the rose, the carnation, and the cross on his grave—*Zum Andenken des frommen Vaters*—to the memory of the good father—and will live the same active and independent life, on his native soil, or seek it in America or Australia.

Hence his continual activity and content. He has no ambition to be other than he is; he wears the costume which his fathers wore; the long coat, and cocked or hollow-sided hat, the bauer's costume, and he turns everything about him to account.

We have already seen how perseveringly the women and children gather grass and weeds everywhere for the cows. Nothing that can possibly be made use of is lost. The children may be seen standing in the stream in the villages carefully washing weeds before they are given to the cattle. As we meet them and the women with large bundles of grass on their heads tied in large cloths, one cannot but call to mind the immense quantities by our highway sides, and great green lanes in England, and by wood-sides, which grow and wither, which might support many a poor man's cow. But with the German peasant it is not merely grass, it is every

thing which is collected and appropriated. The cuttings of his vines are dried and trussed for winter fodder. The very tops and refuse of his hemp are saved for the bedding of his cattle; nay, the rough stalks of his poppies, after the heads are gathered, serve the same purpose, and are all converted into manure. When these are not sufficient, the children gather moss in the woods; and in summer you constantly meet them coming down out of the hills with their great bundles of it. In autumn they gather the very fungi out of the woods to sell for poisoning flies, and the stalks of a tall species of grass to sell for cleaning out their long pipes. Nothing is lost; the leaves in the woods are raked up as they fall, and are brought home before winter for bedding for cattle. The fir-cones, which with us lie all scattered in the forest, are as carefully collected to light their fires, or are carried in sacks and sold in the cities for that purpose. The slop from their yards and stables is all preserved, and carried to the fields in water-carts to irrigate their crops. The economy and care of the German peasant afford a striking lesson of utility to all Europe. Time is as carefully economised as everything else. The peasants are early risers, and thus obtain hours of the day's beauty and freshness which others lose. As they herd their cattle and swine, or as they meet to chat, the everlasting knitting-needles are at work, and the quantities of stockings which they accumulate are astonishing.

These are things which for the benefit of our beloved country, and the advantage of our labouring fellow-men, one would wish to see more introduced into our own land. One would wish to see the English peasant have more individual property, however small, to excite a spirit of activity and economy as well as of self-dependence. This want has been felt by many gentlemen, and the allotment system introduced with excellent effect. The farther this can be carried, the more shall we see a return to the contented spirit of past days. On the other hand no state is perfect, and while we are in one extreme the Germans are in another. The perpetual subdivision of property amongst children has, in many parts, brought so much poverty on all, that it has been found necessary to check the effect of this by making the land, in some states, descend to the eldest son, in others to the youngest, by a law of what is called the Majorat or the Minorat, of majority or minority.

The general possession of the soil by the peasantry has, moreover, driven the higher and more refined classes almost entirely into the towns; and thus that beautiful mixture of society which prevails in the country in England, is here altogether lost. Those varied houses and estates which embellish the whole landscape in England are here unknown. That wealth and taste and intelligence which the residence of all classes in the country diffuse over the whole of rural life, are here withdrawn, and the peasantry are left to their unmixed native rudeness and ignorance. They all are educated to a certain extent it is true, and to what extent we shall hereafter shew; but all example and stimulus, which spring from a more educated and refined class, are removed from the observation of the vast country population. They must for ever remain pretty much what they are, in every sense,—plodding labourers. As such, we will now see how they employ themselves through the circling year.

There is not an hour of that year in which they do not find unceasing occupation. In the depth of winter, when the weather permits them by any means to get out of doors, they are always finding something to do. Of their in-door employments we shall speak elsewhere. They carry out their manure to their lands while the frost is in them. If there is not frost, they are busy cleaning ditches, and felling old fruit-trees, or such as do not bear well. Such of them as are too poor to lay in a sufficient stock of wood, find plenty of work in ascending into the mountainous woods, and bringing thence fuel. It would astonish the English common people to see the intense labour with which the Germans earn their firewood. In the depth of frost and snow, go into any of their hills and woods, and there you find them hacking up stumps, cutting off branches, and gathering, by all means which the official wood police will allow, boughs, stakes, and pieces of wood, which they convey home with the most incredible toil and patience. The women and children carry on their heads, or drag after them, or wheel in barrows, or trail on sledges, great bundles of these sticks down the most steep and stony hollow tracks in the hills. It is one of the characteristics of German scenery, to see all these roads and steep foot-paths out of these hilly woods harrowed with the scratching of these perpetually descending bundles. The married

women and the smart country damsels of England would stand aghast at meeting such objects of slavery, as they would call it, as we meet here continually—women, old and young, dragging and toiling under these bundles in the severity of winter or the intense heat of summer—and would bless their coal-pits, with all their black diamonds, though they sometimes buy them “plaguey dear.”*



The English of the working class can indeed form no conception of the hardy, unceasing, out-of-door labour of Continental women the year round. How would married women with large families complain, and how would young ones blush, to be seen sweltering in these labours, more like ponies and patient asses than according to our notions of women and their work; and would ask how, if they were to do all this, they were to have their cottage hearths so neat, and their husbands' and children's clothes in nice order? But then they would not have them so. It is in England only that the cottages of the peasantry are so clean, so neat, so sweet, so picturesque, and even poetical. It is impossible that the German women, old and young, can at once be out of doors and at home; at once working all sunburnt and dusty in the fields and woods, and in their houses washing, scouring, mending, and making all domestic and attractive. In fact there is nothing which so at once extinguishes all the poetical preconceptions which you may have imbibed from German *Märchen* and popular literature of the peasant

* Recent Parliamentary inquiries, however, have shewn that in these very coal-pits we have scenes of worse slavery than the woodlands of Germany, or than any scenes of any country of Europe can parallel. British humanity must surely speedily determine that this shall no longer be.

life as going into any of their houses. What a contrast to those sweet little peasant-nests which are scattered all over England, thick as flowers in a summer field! Those little huts, which, however poor they may be in themselves, stand in summer in their lovely little gardens, and are clothed to the thatch with roses and vines, and have their flower-beds sending their odours into them with the sound of bees, and within are as clean and bright as nice hands can make them; and have in winter a cheering fire blazing in the chimney, and the mother, neat as the house itself, sitting at her sewing, or making wholesome household bread that a prince might eat and thank God for it; and with its little chambers and clean linen all so fresh, that it fills the mind of the beholder with a spirit of cheerfulness.

Many sad inroads, indeed, have the pressure and poverty of late years made into these rural paradises in some parts of England; but yet, even as they now are, what a contrast are they to the houses of the German bauers! These houses are generally their own. They are strongly built; for the most part, of stone, and it is probable that they have less real anxiety in them than those of the English; but, in all else which makes our humble homes attractive, what a contrast! Outwardly, there is little of the picturesque or of neatness about them, except their orchards and vineyards; inwardly, how dingy, and dirty, and cheerless! In winter, instead of the blazing fire casting its pleasant glow on all the walls, a black iron stove in a corner seems to make the gloomy place gloomier. There are troops of children, none of the cleanest, often seeming to have their large heads set on as large bodies, with very little neck, and with very unkempt hair; and the smells which proceed from one thing or another are inexpressible, and often almost stifling. This want of cleanliness and neatness, and these repulsive smells, meet you in all the houses of the common people. In country inns, where the English have not been accustomed to go, you find it a most difficult matter to harden yourselves to the endurance of passing a night. In the houses of the burgher class it is too often the same. A sense of want of cleanness, a feeling of grit and dust under your feet on the naked floor, fill you with disgust to everything; but how the pungent and peculiar smells of common German houses are compounded it would be difficult to

say. Even in good houses in cities, where suites of rooms are let, especially where there are shops below them, you have such overpowering odours as make them intolerable. With this nuisance, no doubt, sour-kROUT, sour paste—with which, spite of the superiority of yeast, they still persist to leaven their bread, and which therefore stands long fermenting in their kneading-tubs—a sort of sour curds, and soft cheeses, with which you see the children's faces often smeared from eyes to chin; their tobacco, their oils and vinegar in their perpetual salads, have pretty close connexion. Into such houses as I have had occasion to enter, as into country inns, bauers' houses, and those of tradesmen, many of them carrying on much business, I have seldom or never been surprised by an air of neatness and cleanliness, but have often been so nearly stifled as to be obliged to make a speedy retreat. One cannot conceive how these people can live in it; but custom has made them entirely unconscious of all this, and probably these "aromatic gales" and rich atmospheres may even to them have become charming. Let *us* step again into the fresh air.

We left the women and children on the steep roads from the hills trailing their loads from the woods; the men, too, on larger sledges, will bring down larger loads, tugging, toiling, and moiling in a most extraordinary manner. They have then plenty of work to chop this up and dry it, and to look after their cattle. The moment, too, that the weather relaxes its severity, they are abroad. In all their vineyards, the steep hills of the Rhine, the Neckar, the Main, the Elbe, the Danube, and in a thousand other valleys all over Germany, Hungary, and Bohemia, in February, and while the frost yet lasts, they are swarming, cutting their vines—which they do very close—removing all the side-shoots, and leaving only the one main stem, of which they also shorten the last year's shoot to three or four joints. They lay the vine-cuttings in little bundles to dry; or if the weather be not yet warm or dry enough for that, carry them at once home and dry them for fuel, except such as they plant for young vines. They are busy, too, everywhere pruning their fruit trees and the trees which are planted along their public walks, markets, and squares. The moment the frost gets out of the earth, they are as busy carrying up manure into the hills, and digging it in below the vine-rows. There is nothing

so extraordinary as their endurance and indomitable patience in this work. The summer tourists who sail up the Rhine, or other rivers, may admire the beautiful neatness of the vineyards, but they probably think little, and if they do, can form little conception of the enormous labour by which such neatness and fruitfulness are obtained.

They see miles and hundreds of miles of vineyards hanging on the steepest mountain sides, supported by walls and terraces of stone. Here and there the stones have been gathered from the surface, for, at first, these terraces must have been rather wildernesses of bare stone than anything else; and they see them thrown in long ridges, almost mountains of themselves, between the different rows of vineyards, and descending the slopes in long piled heaps. They see, in other places, where soil has been carried up to the very pinnacles of the rocks, and laid in stony hollows and on hanging declivities, where it seems to stick by miracle, and these vines planted in it, and laughing as it were in triumph over the frowning cliffs below. They see over all these heights, terraces, and slopes, and again over vast breadths of receding hill-sides, the vines all growing, green and full of fruit; and if it be not the most picturesque, it is certainly one of the sweetest sights in the world. There are no vineyards in Germany so thoroughly neat as those of the Rhine country and its neighbourhood. In most places the vines, which are about a yard high, are each tied to its separate stake; but, in the Rhine lands, these stakes, which are of neat split wood, are driven down all over the waste plots in equal lines, about a yard each way from each other. Along their tops are then bound with withes, rods of wood, first along the lines lengthways, and then others crossways, so that they form a firm and square framework of two or three yards wide, and of the length of the plot, to which the vines are all bound with little straw bindings. The whole is most compact and neat. It defies the gusty winds, and holds the fruit out of the dust, and earth that is splashed up in heavy rains. Between these beds of a few yards wide the vine-dressers can approach; and when, as usual, the spectator sees, above these green and exquisitely neat vine-plots, scattered fruit trees of various kinds rear themselves, the whole scene is most delightful.

But then, let the observer reflect on the labour which accomplished and which maintains all this. All these stone walls have not only been built up with great pains, but every year the frosts and torrents of water undermine and throw many of them down. When these frosts are over, everywhere you see these quiet and undisturbed men clearing away the rubbish, building up again the walls, and carrying up again on their backs in tubs called *butté*, the earth which has been washed down. In February and March, men, women, and children, are thus everywhere on the alert. They remove all the decayed posts and rails of their *espaliers*; put down new ones, and make all fast and tight again. And then to see eight or ten of them in a row, each with a heavy *butté* of manure or earth on his back, ascending slowly to the very tops of these hills, often up little ascents of steps for the purpose, which reach from the valley to the very summit,—they look like so many great beetles, and are, in fact, the most striking examples of invincible, plodding perseverance in the world.

Then they are as busy digging or harrowing whole fields on these heights for corn, and even dragging the harrow themselves where horses could not get, or could not readily work, till the whole is as neat as a garden. They are turning the streams of water which come out of the forest heights above, through their little strips of intervening meadows. They are digging, or rather hoeing with their great hoes between the vine rows, and delving in the manure; and of this the women and children do much. It is amazing in what a little time, by these means,



they will turn the face of a whole country over. If you descend the Rhine early in April in a regular year, you will see all these labours completed, and the vineyards awaiting in order the progress of the season. But while these labours are going on, it is quite animating on a spring day to see the mountain sides all alive, and to hear cheerful voices sounding from place to place.

On the plains, too, they are equally busy in ploughing and sowing; in digging circular pits amongst the roots of their hops for the poles, piling soil over the roots themselves, and setting down the poles which have stood on the ground all winter, reared in conical piles. In fact, from this time till that of harvest, the peasants, by their peculiar system of agriculture, of such various crops, of water-meadows, and stall-feeding, are kept as busy as bees. In England, with its great quantity of grass lands and its large farms, so soon as the grain is in, and the fields are shut up for hay grass, the country seems in a comparative state of rest and quiet. But here they are everywhere, and for ever, hoeing and mowing, planting and cutting, weeding and gathering. They have a succession of crops like a market-gardener. They have their carrots, poppies, hemp, flax, saintfoin, lucerne, rape, colewort, cabbage, rotabaga, black turnips, Swedish and white turnips, teasles, Jerusalem artichokes, mangel-wurzel, parsnips, kidney-beans, field beans and peas, vetches, Indian corn, buck-wheat,* madder for the manufacturer, potatoes, their great crop of tobacco, millet—all, or the greater part, under the family management in their own family allotments. They have had these things first to sow, many of them to transplant; to hoe, to weed, to clear off insects, to top; many of them to mow and gather in successive crops. They have their water-meadows, of which kind almost all their meadows are, to flood, to mow, and reflood; watercourses to reopen and to make anew. Their early fruits to gather, to bring to market with their green crops of vegetables; their cattle, sheep, calves, foals, most of them prisoners, and poultry to look after. Their vines, as they

* This corn affords a curious instance of how we sometimes translate the names of things. In Germany it is called buch-weizen, which means beech-wheat, because the grains are three-cornered, or shaped exactly like the nuts of the beech. We have retained the name buck, which in English gives no meaning, or a wrong one, as though it were called after the buck or male fallow-deer.

shoot rampantly in the summer heat, to prune, and thin out the leaves where they are too thick; and any one may imagine what a scene of incessant labour it is.

We have described the harvest. It is surprising in what a little time, and with what a little bustle so vast an extent of corn-lands as Germany presents will be cleared. The greatest portion of the open country of Germany is corn-land; and when we take into consideration the little old wagons and cows with which many of the peasants draw home their crops, and what a way those who farm more largely, and have good teams, have to carry theirs, the farm-houses not being scattered about, but collected into dorfs, often very distant from each other, and then add to this that they house all their corn and hay too—you never see such a thing as a rick—it is wonderful! You may see, for instance, the Rhine-plain cleared in fine weather in a fortnight of all its corn, the greater part of the ground where it stood again ploughed up and prepared for turnips or green food for autumn; and the girls in their great straw hats busy hoeing the tobacco.

These girls, as I have said, are very picturesque; most of them bare-legged, and, according to the part of the country in which they live, in the quaint and showy costume of the district. In one place, in those great broad straw hats, wide as umbrellas; in another, in little white caps or little black ones, covering just the back of the head; here with a black handkerchief thrown over the head in the form of a hood; there with a red one in the same style; and in a third district with a white one. In one part they have the head tied in a red handkerchief, much in the French style; in another, with broad black ribbons hanging from the back of their high-peaked bonnet down their backs; in others, a black hat, much like the Welch women; and in others, with nothing at all on their heads, but having them exposed to the full blaze of an intense sun. Everywhere they are as healthy-looking as possible; and as they go from the field with their hoes on their shoulders, you cannot



avoid remarking their upright figures and their free gait. Few of them are of more than the middle size, most under it; but they are built broad and strong, like little towers; and yet, spite of modern notions, have a most wholesome, heartsome, agreeable, and good-natured look. In fact, they far surpass in general the ladies of the educated classes, who, owing to the absurd system of swaddling in their infancy, and to tight-lacing and little exercise afterwards, present frequently the most lamentable spectacles of high-shouldered women imaginable. It is well for the beauty of the rising damsels that this swaddling system is now falling into disuse; but the grown-up young ladies are so strikingly marked by it, that you may almost to a certainty know a German girl from an English one, by only looking at their backs at a distance. The after laborious life of the country girls, and their freedom from stays, have remedied in a great measure this evil in them, and they look fifty per cent. better for it.

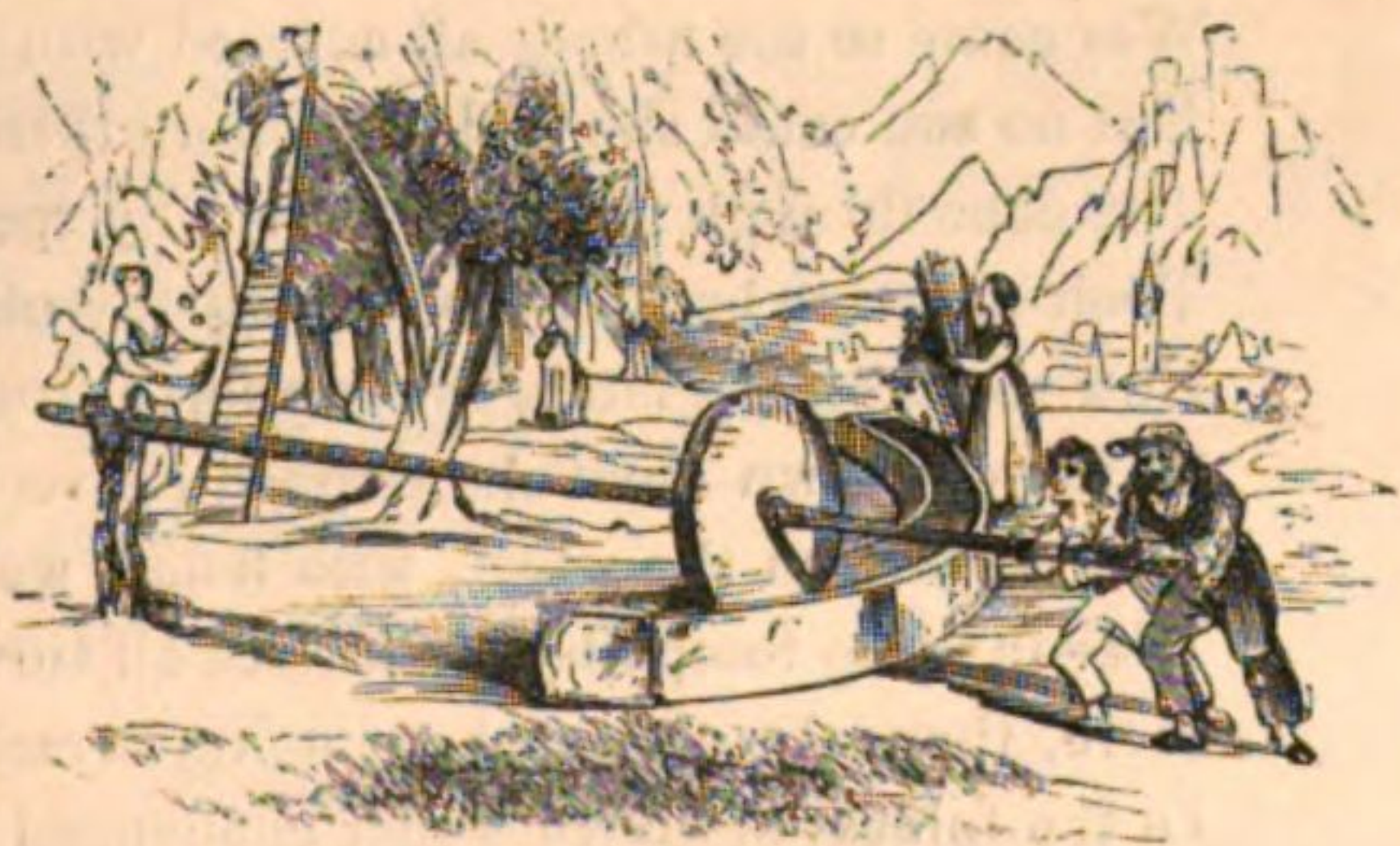
If we are to judge from the old people, they must be long-lived; for no country, not even Scotland, can present a greater muster of the most extraordinary old women. With little caps on, or none at all, and bare legs and feet in summer, you see them in the markets and in the villages, and wonder how they could ever have been anything like what the young are. The plumpness, and sunburnt freshness of youth gone, then, indeed, the out-of-door toils of the women tell upon them; not in premature decay, but in a long-enduring toughness of deformity. Wrinkled, lean, grey, and stooping, they realize all our personal ideas of witches, but without their malignity or insanity. They are humble, still plodding, and often light-hearted creatures, full of good-nature, and useful to the last.

Groups of reapers, marching homeward from the great plains, announce the close of harvest. The women have bags of gleaned corn on their heads, and their great straw-hats slung like shields on their arms. The men carry their bundles and their reaping-hooks, while one with a ribbon in his hat goes before playing on a pipe; and the whole troop follows singing.

The latter part of the year, of course, is fully employed in gathering in their various crops. Pulling their hemp and flax, which you may sometimes see them beating the seed out of, in the

fields, into an outspread sheet; getting their tobacco, and drying it in the upper parts of their houses, where they have contrivances for lifting up the tiles with little pegs to let in as much air as they want; or by hanging it to dry in open sheds, and on the walls of their houses, under shelter of the projecting roofs. In gathering and pitting their turnips, potatoes, mangel-wurzel, and other roots; and in their fruit gathering. About the end of October the walnuts are battered down with poles, and the leaves all carefully swept up for manure. There are ladders everywhere reared into the trees. Those fine blue plums which hang by such millions by the waysides, and would tear the trees to pieces if they were not carefully secured, are gathered and converted, some into prunes, some into brandy, and others used for those nice large plum tarts or cakes, of half-a-yard wide, which they bake on tins, with the plums cut in halves, and stuck with the split side upwards all over them. Wagons are standing under the road-side apple trees, with their patient cows, awaiting their loads. The families are all abroad, father, mother, and children, collecting their stores. Baskets full of ruddy apples are standing about, and showers of golden apples are lying in the green grass. A great portion of this fruit is intended for cider, or as they call it, apple-wine, for their own consumption. You see the

millstone and long axle at work out of doors, crushing the apples in a long oaken trough made for the purpose, and the presses at work in their outbuildings pressing out the juice. As



you pass their cottages, you see the cellars, which generally open to the front, with doors set wide, and the huge tun which holds the family wine. The cider, which would be excellent if properly kept, and bottled at the right time, so as to be sparkling, must become dreadfully flat as drawn out of these monstrous tuns; but this flatness is probably much to their taste. It is the same which prevails generally with a good share of acidity in their wines, which might, if they pleased, be brisk as champagne; but it was not till lately that they acted on

this idea, and established German champagne breweries, where now much is made of a very tolerable quality.

But the great and crowning harvest is the vintage. This generally commences about the 12th of October, and is announced by the firing of guns, and ascent of rockets at night in all directions in the vineyards, which echo, and reverberate, and gleam amongst the hills, mingled with the shouts of old and young. This shouting and shooting are kept up, more or less, during the whole vintage. As every man begins his own vintage, he has a volley fired from his vineyard, the people shout, and others shout back to them.

Goethe, in his "Hermann and Dorothea," has introduced a graphic description at once of a German housewife, a garden, a vineyard, and the vintage, where the mother of Hermann goes through the premises to seek him.

So traversed she nimbly the long and the twofold court-yards through ;
Left the stables behind, and the barns all so handsome with wood-work ;
Stepped into the garden, which far as the walls of the town stretched ;
Passed through it, rejoicing in all that was growing around her ;
Set right leaning props 'neath the boughs of the apple and pear trees,
Which weighed on them heavy with loads of their beautiful fruitage ;
Cleared insects away from the strong swelling heads of the cabbage—
For a managing wife makes no step of her daily course useless ;
And so she was come to the end of the far-reaching garden ;
Was come to the arbour all covered with clustering woodbine ;
But no son could she find, any more than she found in the garden.
The door through the wall, which, by speciallest favour permitted,
Their ancestor broke once, the worthy old Bürgermeister,
Now stood on the latch, leading forth from the green shady arbour ;
So the dry town-moat she stepped conveniently over,
Where close on the street, with fences well guarded, the vineyard
Rose in steep footpaths, its surface all turned to the sunshine.
Here, then, she ascended, rejoicing herself even while climbing,
In the fulness of bunches that challenged the leaves to conceal them.
Shady and arched was the high middle path all with trellis,
Where she mounted by steps all of Nature's unchiseled rudeness,
While over her hung the Gutedel and Muscadel bunches,
Redly-blue near each other, and all of the noblest greatness,
All cultured with care to pleasure the guests at their table.
But the rest of the hill was with vine-stocks all openly planted,
A smaller grape bearing, yet whence the most racy of wine comes.
So climbed she, already rejoicing herself in the autumn,—
In the festival day, on which the nation, exulting,
The grape gathers and treads, and the must into barrels collected,
Fireworks, at evening, from every spot of the country
Lighten and thunder, and thus is the vintage most honoured.

People are seen in all directions descending from the hills, with their tubs on their backs filled with grapes; carts are seen standing at the bottom, loaded with tubs in which to carry them away to the press; the people are discovered in all quarters in the vineyards, where they are gathering the grapes, and their laughter and voices come from afar to you. There is a general spirit of gladness and activity abroad. It is in this feeling of gladness and general activity that the charm of the vintage is to be found; for in other respects our poetical notions of a vintage are not very highly realized. Even in this slowly changing country, much of the old mode of the wine-making is altered. The treading of the grapes is generally done away with. They are crushed in the tubs with wooden mallets, or are put through a sort of mill set on the vat, and are ground by turning a handle. You see wagons loaded with large barrels going from the press to the owners, each barrel having a plug of a foot long stuck into the bung-hole, and a green sprig of the vine; and for the rest, the pressing, and the tunning, and all that, is no more than the work of any ordinary brewing, and goes on under cover, and where it is little seen. More is seen, indeed, of the casks, often enormously large, which are in preparation turned out of the cellars, and stand about in the streets of all the villages and towns, to be sweetened and repaired. Of much of the must, in many places, especially in bad seasons, they actually do not attempt to make wine, but convert it at once to vinegar. The vine culture is not considered a profitable one, and the growers are for the most part, poor. Here and there a celebrated tract is a valuable property; but the small proprietor of an ordinary vineyard, like the small proprietor of corn-land, is compelled to rush into the market at the very earliest day with his produce, and receives but the jackal's portion of the profits. They are the dealer and capitalist in this, as in everything else, who make the golden harvest. They who know how, not only to buy, but to hold, to mix, to give fine and fashionable names to the growth of nameless hills, in short, to impose cleverly on the credulous world.

The vintage over, the simple peasantry, who have pouched only a lean price for the harvest of all their labours, are busy again carrying up fresh manure into their vineyards, and dig and work there till winter stops them, which, indeed, now strides on apace.

In November you see the Germans, men and women, envelope themselves in their great cloaks whenever they appear abroad, which they never lay aside again till spring. Those of the men are of blue cloth, huge and wide, with capes reaching half way down them. They are generally furnished with fur collars; and many of them are lined with red, especially those of the students. Wrapped in these huge cloaks, three or four Germans will fill the greater part of a narrow street; and they can go dreaming along in them much to their own delight. On a cold or snowy day they will fling the cape over their head, and as you meet them, a hairy face peeping from a small opening in this great moving mountain of cloth, and a pipe hanging out of it, present you with a queer enough object. There is not a more characteristic mark of the different dispositions of the Germans and the English than these cloaks. Englishmen can seldom endure them; they prefer great-coats, as less cumbrous, leaving their arms free, and altogether as more thoroughly adapted to their more active habits and quicker movements. The ladies are as well wrapped in their cloaks, often lined throughout with fur; and the boys are seen running with their great fur gloves dangling on each side from the cord over their shoulders.

But if any one thinks that the peasantry have finished their out-of-door labours, he is mistaken. You have only to take what you may anticipate as a solitary walk in the woods when the leaves have fallen, and you will find it anything but solitary. The woods swarm with men, women, and children, raking up and carrying away their great bundles of leaves; and the fall of a deep snow will only effectually drive them thence.



CHAPTER V.

OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE CONTINUED.—THE KIRCHWEIGH, AND DANCE RESORT.

THE working classes of Germany have not only their out-of-door life of labour, but of pleasure too. In town and country they have their dances, balls, and concerts, which will come under the head of their social life; but in the country they have places of resort, often in common with the more educated classes, but where they alone dance in the open air, and their Kirchweigs or wakes are eagerly attended; and in the summer, are falling out pretty frequently within the circuit of a few miles, whither they resort in crowds. To these we must afford a few pages.

The Wolfsbrunnen, about a mile out of Heidelberg, is a place of great popular resort, and may be taken as a specimen of such places, which are to be found all over Germany. It is a little woody glen, running up into the hills from the valleys of the Neckar. The valley of the Neckar is surrounded with fine woody hills, the lower slopes of which are occupied in the national manner, with vineyards and cornslopes, while along the banks of the river lie cottages and villages, with their gardens and orchards about them. A higher road from Heidelberg leads you along the mountain side, a road said formerly to have been a favourite walk of Schiller's. It takes you past many cottages nestled in their orchards, in little sequestered hollows and green slopes, while above you are heights covered with woods, full of rocks, heath, and bilberry plants.

The Wolfsbrunnen is a brunnen or spring, which is poured out into a fountain, and also with little streams from the hills, supplying a pond, clear as crystal, and various reservoirs for fish, where perhaps one of the most plentiful stocks of fine trout is to be seen in the world. Here, tradition says, that Jetta, a sorceress, was wont to live, and was torn to pieces by a wolf. You may imagine it, in old times, a dark and shaggy hollow enough for such inhabitants, and such a tragedy, but now it is all that is delightful. There is an inn built by the fountain. It is of wood, with outside galleries, so that spectators, on days of particular festivity, can stand in great numbers in them and witness what is going on below, as well as get a very sweet view across the valley of the Neckar. Trees overhang the house and fountain. The pond below is overhung with alders. Fine acacias, chestnuts and other trees, render the whole scene bowery and sylvan; and under them, and under sheds, stand tables and seats for parties, as in and about all such places, and all the country inns of Germany, and pretty much as in similar places and tea-gardens about London. Around rise lofty hills and solitary woods. On most days in summer, but especially on Sundays and holidays, people flock hither both from the town and the country. Groups are found sitting at the tables, under the trees and sheds, with wine, beer, and pipes, curds, coffee, and other refreshments. Some are strolling about the private walks in the woodlands; some are lying on

the dry turf of the hill-slopes; and others are looking in admiration at the fish in the fountain, the pools, or the little brook beyond.

And surely to a fisher's eye never did a more transporting sight present itself. In the fountain itself you will sometimes see more trout, and such trouts! than you have seen in your life besides. In the depots, in the pool and brook, you see again hundreds of noble and beautiful fish floating about in the water, which is so clear that you see the whole pool in a good light at a glance, though some parts of it are deep. The first day that I walked there with my two elder boys, they were almost beside themselves with delight. The men were weighing out fish for some distant market. The fountain was filled with trouts of six or eight pounds each, such as we had never seen in our lives, for there they are fed to this size. They were shovelled up in a hand-net from the fountain, as a man would shovel stones, weighed in a net hung on a post by the piazza, and were then conveyed in tubs to a cellar near, to be kept fresh for sending off. For half an hour or more they kept weighing out these beautiful trouts, which flounced about in the net in a manner which a fisherman would no doubt think very attractive, though to themselves not very agreeable. I saw them reckon up one lot in chalk on the post to more than a hundred weight, and the whole must have been several hundred weight.

On Tuesday the 12th of July, was one of their wakes or kirch-weighs, at the village adjoining, and it was of course a great day at the Brunnen. As we dressed in the morning, we saw crowds of people going out that way; young people in their best, and musicians with their books and instruments. In the evening we walked thither, and a gay scene it was. All along the way parties were going and coming. They were of all classes, but chiefly of those from the tradesmen and their families down to the working classes. All were well dressed; the young shopmen and mechanics, of course, imitating the students in dress and manner as much as possible; the young women very well dressed, but all without caps or bonnets, as is the universal custom of those of the ordinary class. They have generally very well-shaped heads of dark glossy hair, which is dressed in a very nice and graceful manner, and nothing can be more pleasing than their appearance, as they thus walk out

into the country, having on nothing more than they wear in the house, except a shawl. Many of them are pretty, and all, from their simple and out-of-door habits, have a clear hue, and tone of health and glad-heartedness about them, which is a beauty itself.

As we approached the Brunnen, we saw a dense crowd there. The sheds and tables were all occupied. There were groups of fierce-looking, whiskered, and smoking students; other groups of families, with their choppin or glass-measure of wine, and bread and butter, or cheese, and sundry cakes, enjoying themselves in quiet as they looked on the gaiety around them. The upper outside galleries of the house were filled with gay spectators. Donkies were standing ready saddled for such as chose to hire them for the young women returning to the town, and music announced that dancing was going on near. This we found was in a large shed close to the inn. Several of the trout reservoirs were planked over to prevent people walking into them, and a throng of gazers surrounded the dancing scene. There was a sort of orchestra at one end, at which twenty couples were waltzing. It would have looked strange in England to see shop-boys and girls, nay, shoemakers' and tailors' apprentices, joiners, smiths, boots, or anybody, waltzing with their smart-dressed girls in the shed at a country wake. It would want but this to put waltzing out of fashion with all the other classes of our countrymen. But Germany is the country of waltzing; the waltz is the universal and almost only dance of the people, and they could just as well live without tobacco as it. From the highest saloon in Vienna or Berlin, to the lowest shed in the village, or to the village green, round spin the Germans, and are as happy as if they were in Paradise; nay, what would Paradise be to them without a long pipe, a tall glass of beer, a smart girl, and a brisk waltz? The dancing indeed, here, would not have disgraced a splendid saloon. The dancers were, for the most part, people under the middle size, and had nothing remarkable in their appearance; but some of the girls were very pretty, and this exercise gave an attractive glow to their naturally fresh cheeks. Here and there was a student in the circle, dancing with some pretty girl of Heidelberg; and we could not avoid being reminded of Goethe, as he describes himself in his life, mixing in such scenes at Frankfort, with the fair girl destined afterwards to

figure as Margaret in Faust. Indeed what writer of Germany has so completely transferred to his works the popular life of his country as Goethe has? His descriptions, both of the country and its people, come before one continually with a delightful surprise.

The dancing here was not carried to that pitch of mad velocity which you see in the popular cassinos of Vienna, especially at Sperls in the Leopoldstadt, or the Goldene Birne in the Londstrasse, where the same couples will often dance in an enormous saloon every tour from seven o'clock in the evening to two or three in the morning, at the most amazing rate; in fact, whirling away like the figures in the hall of Eblis. Different parties here went in, danced moderately for awhile, and then went out to the tables near, to rest and refresh. Amongst these dancers there were occasionally some who could not be seen without a smile. One little fellow especially, in a greyish coat, and with a mass of hair which completely hid his face, who waltzed in a way that would have made even Job in the midst of his potherds laugh. He stuck out his left elbow, and held out his partner's right hand in the oddest manner, while he spun about like a penny-piece turned on a table, more than a man dancing with a young woman.

We were told that the gaiety would be kept up till two or three o'clock in the morning; and, in fact, we had evidence of it in numbers returning as late as that past our house in full chorus; but great numbers were retiring at the early hour of eight o'clock; and it was a beautiful sight to see them in their gay colours streaming along the road, which ran between the walnut and other fruit trees, and between the standing corn, now brightening for the sickle. The students who had been dancing, were now sauntering back in groups, and a number of handsome girls had also mounted the asses, and came galloping them past us, all laughter and fun. The whole scene was one that might have given a good lesson to the same class in our country on similar occasions. There was no drunkenness, no quarreling; but the Germans, famous in all ages for drinking, were gay with wine and youth, and yet steering off home in full, though cheerful decorum, to an early bed.

These kirchweighs, or as they are in many places corrupted to, kervies, or kermes, arrest your attention in every part of the country. As you approach a village, you see a tall pole, like our

May-pole, erected in the centre of the village, hung with garlands, and hear a hum of music, and the bustle of waltzing feet. The general features of a village during this merry-making, I can give from what we soon afterwards witnessed on the other side of the Neckar, at the dorf of Ziegelhausen. A boat went up the river, with a band of musicians gaily playing, and all hung with banners and garlands. Wagon-loads of people, all singing together, were seen advancing on the opposite bank. The ferry-boats were all congregated opposite to the village, with garlands hung on poles at their prows, busy carrying over people. When we got across, we found the whole place alive. Parties were sitting in the orchards under the trees, drinking wine with their friends, and, of course, smoking. All the public-houses had banners and garlands hanging out from their windows; their rooms, or temporary booths, erected for the occasion, were decorated with festoons and garlands, and were filled with parties whirling away in their everlasting waltz. The street was filled with streams of promenaders, with here and there stalls of toys, gingerbread, etc., as in England at a wake—but how different in themselves!

Though the same sort of attractions were provided for the children and feast-goers, yet every article was so totally foreign and queer. There were trumpets, and wooden horses, and rattles, and swords, and such like, but they would have made the children of England stare at their oddity. Some stalls were covered with drinking-glasses, stained of various bright colours, and with mottoes on them in gilt letters, as, *Zum Andenken Freundschaft*—a token of friendship; cups, and such things. The toys were very odd and very cheap; hussars on horseback, birds, dolls, etc.; not Dutch, as ours are, but German, and of a most primitive German air too. You had a gay toy for nine kreutzers, or threepence, which would have cost a shilling in England. But the gingerbread stalls would have amused our young folks the most. The gingerbread was all made up into heart-shapes, except a few pieces in the form of little pairs of shoes. These hearts of different sizes were painted of different colours, and ornamented with a sort of garland-work of some material, to imitate flowers, leaves, and gold. On every heart was printed a verse in German, more remarkable for the variety of the sentiments than for elegance or grammatical correctness. Most of

these verses, of course, are expressive of love and friendship, and may be presented to young damsels very significantly. We may give the two following ones as specimens, one of which is full of wise saws, only intimating that the variety is endless.—

Freundschaft und Libe ist ewig verband,
Es knüpfen sie beide ein himmlisches Band.

“Friendship and love *is* ever united : together, they knit a heavenly band.”

Viel bedenke, wenig sage ;
Deine Noth nicht Jedem klage ;
Höre viel, thu nichts antworten ;
Sei behutsam aller Orten ;
Dich in jedes Kreuz wohl schicke,
So machest du ein Meisterstücke.

“Think much, say little ; don’t complain of thy trouble to every one ; hear much ; give little answer ; be on thy guard everywhere. In every difficulty carry thyself discreetly ; so makest thou a masterpiece.” This lesson may, indeed, be styled a masterpiece of German caution, which they inculcate, and act on, on all occasions.

There were games of chance, on a similar principle to those at wakes and fairs in England, but played with apparatus to us of a very queer and uncouth construction, which, nevertheless, lured the kreutzers out of the pockets of lads and men most unmercifully. A sort of diced ball, having numbers up to ten marked on its different sides, was dropped into a rude wooden cylinder cut spirally in the inside, and went revolving down till it fell on a board marked with similar figures. The hazarder named the figure he cast for, dropped in his ball, and if it came with that side up which had that number on it, he had a prize. There lay purses and similar tempting things, but not once in a hundred times was one carried off. It seemed as if it was the only business of the players to drop in the ball, and of the stall-keepers to pick up their money.

There were also roundabouts of wooden horses for the children, but even these were different to ours. Every little funnyhorse had a little rod stuck by the saddle upright, and every rider had a short iron rod with a wooden handle given him, with which, as he rode round, he tilted at a curious piece of machinery, which, in the end

of a board, contained wooden rings. These rings, on the iron rod passing through them, easily detached themselves, and were carried away on the boys' little spears, who then took them off, and placed them on the upright rod by their saddle. As one ring was detached, another rolled down the machinery and took its place, and so the roundabout revolved till all these rings had been carried off, or thrown out on the ground by the tilters. The boy who had the most rings had the privilege of riding again for nothing; and if he were very dexterous, might continue to ride all day if he pleased.

This addition of tilting to the roundabout gives it a great advantage over our English ones, and so attractive is it that even grown people will engage in the sport, as may be seen by any one who visits the place of popular amusement in the Prata at Vienna. There the roundabouts have their own regular houses, where they continue permanently, and where, all summer, especially on Sundays and holidays, numbers of children, nursemaids, and young men and women, may be found on the horses or in the chairs, going round, and tilting at a sort of quintain, while one or two musicians play.

It would astonish the good people of England to see the stalls set out on a Sunday at these wakes, this gambling going on, and the public-houses filled with dancers and drinkers; but nowhere on the Continent, not even in Protestant Germany, is the keeping of the Sunday regarded as in England. Shops remain in a great measure open, all sorts of theatres and places of amusement are open, and the people look on the strictness of England as a species of gloomy ascetic severity, which makes no part of real religion. It is, however, to be hoped, that while we steer clear of Agnewism, we shall still maintain our own sacred notions of the Sunday, and especially make it rigorously a day of rest for the servants, artisans, and shopmen, as far as possible. It is melancholy to see young men who have been confined all the week, dangling about in the shops, where they have seldom anything to do, leaning with their shoulders against the door-posts, when they should be in the free air, breathing health of both body and mind.

Every public-house, at a kirchweigh, has its cheesecakes, where people go to eat them to their wine; and in-doors and out, people

are eating, drinking, dancing, playing, and all is music and merriment. Every private house, too, has its feast, its visitors, its merriment. The poorest then make a cake, if they do not make one through the year besides, and the people from the city walk out and fill the houses of their acquaintance, eat and drink with them, and then walk back to supper. Monday and Tuesday are feast days, but the great holiday is the Sunday. On Tuesday they bury the *weigh*; that is, all the garlands which had been hung up with much shouting and drinking and singing, and then close the feast.

This burying of holidays is a general practice. Traces of this custom are yet to be met with in some of our own villages. They meet in some of them, as in Northamptonshire, "to bury the wake;" and though this phrase merely means to finish it up with a good drinking bout, it is a sufficient testimony to the old Saxon custom once existing there. They bury the carnival, *fast-nacht*, or Shrove-tide, in the same way.



CHAPTER VI.

~~~~~  
OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE CONTINUED.—OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE OF THE  
PEOPLE IN GENERAL.  
~~~~~

IN England the out-of-door life of the educated classes presents its most prominent features in field-sports, racing, pleasure-touring, and visiting of watering-places. Racing, hunting, shooting, riding, and driving fill up the bulk of the out-of-door life of the gentry. They are integral and inseparable parts of the life and pleasure of these classes, and are carried to a pitch of perfection and of science of which the like is not to be found in any other part of the world. This arises out of the peculiar character and circumstances of England, in which it differs from all the world beside. Its wealth, its activity, its high refinement and luxurious style of life, its opulent nobility and gentry, all tend to produce this description of out-of-door exercise; but still more than this, the singular and unique character of the country in England, which again exists nowhere else.

As we have repeatedly remarked, the enclosed condition of the country in England has made every man's estate his paradise there. It has given rise to the erection of the most beautiful and luxuriously furnished country seats everywhere. It has scattered them, not into grouped towns, but amongst the villages and flowery fields the whole island over. Wealthy farm-houses and picturesque cottages are dispersed amongst them, and amongst the woods and meadows from one end of the country to the other. The traveller, when he emerges from the hill-tracts, does not find alone a ploughed field, and stretch his eyes in eager anticipation of the next far-off lying village; but he travels forward amidst a perpetual series of beauties and attractions. Around everywhere are richest fields, whose dividing hedges of hawthorns, and hedgerow trees are full of a poetical beauty. Herds and flocks fill the fields and hills with a rich variety. Old lanes hang their dewy boughs, and their wild-roses and elder-flowers over him. He passes through villages, where all is so neat, so reposing, so picturesque, that every house looks like a home to be coveted; and by ancient parks, where the old oak of England stretches its sturdy boughs over the ruddy herds of deer. These things all have tended to create the country life of England, and to give it its peculiar charm.

Different circumstances have produced a different taste and consequent out-of-door life in Germany. The open country presents none of those attractions which ours does. The educated classes reside almost wholly in towns, and acquire more exclusively town habits. Racing, which can be as well pursued in the outskirts of towns as in the country, though it is not of native growth, has of late years been introduced, and is practised in some of the larger cities in the English style. Angling, on the contrary, has never acquired a thorough hold of the Germans, and is not in the least a national practice. If you see an angler, he is almost sure to be an Englishman. One would have thought that the dream-loving and contemplative German would have found something particularly to his liking in angling; but there you soon perceive that he finds no dreamy retirement on the banks of his streams. The larger ones have their banks lined with houses and villages, and swept with the towing-ropes of ever-passing boats, so that they afford none of those hidden nooks and overhanging bushes in which the fisherman so

much delights. If he get out to the lesser streams in the plain, there all is bare and unattractive. Probably, too, were other circumstances favourable, the German might fall into reveries and day-dreams, and forget his line till the caricature was realized, and he found that a spider had made its web in the angle of the line and rod, and already caught several flies since he sate down on the bank. However, the Germans are no anglers, and scarcely more of horsemen. As is the general practice on the Continent, they seem to ride rather for parade than pleasure. Their horsemanship is, in fact, the most uncomfortable thing in the world, and makes one's back ache to see it. They sit as erect as posts, and jolt along without springing in the saddle in a way that must make every joint of their back-bones, as well as of their limbs, undergo the most cruel of martyrdoms. They tell you that the English are the worst riders in the world, because in a sharp trot they lean forward and rise in the stirrups. But knowledge of anatomy and the common principles of mechanical philosophy might shew them, that to sit perpendicularly, as they do, converts all the bones in their bodies into pestles to pound each other to pieces, and makes their whole weight come bump, bump on their horses' backs, most painfully and detrimentally to them; while the Englishman, on the contrary, throwing the pillar of his bones out of the perpendicular, brings his muscles and tendons to act as springs, and by that gentle, and, in a good rider, almost imperceptible rising in the stirrups, he accords his motion harmoniously to that of his horse, and both go together at any speed with a delightful smoothness and elasticity, which give a spur to the animal spirits, and make rapid riding one of the most genuine luxuries of life.

The consequences of the two different styles of riding are obvious enough. In England horse exercise is a universal passion. The wild rush of the hunt becomes an intense excitement, which makes even the damage done to crops, and other attendant disadvantages in so richly cultivated a country as England, disregarded; and horseback becomes to the ladies a source of great health and pleasure, and no doubt of increase of personal beauty, while it gives by their graceful participation in it an additional charm and ornament to out-of-door existence.

On the contrary, in Germany the ladies may be said not to ride

at all. It is one of the rarest of sights to see a German lady on horseback; nor do the gentlemen seem much to affect it. They seem to learn under the guidance of a mustachioed Rittmeister to ride, rather to discover how disagreeable it is than ever to practise it. You see them go jogging along like a troop of pokers stuck into their saddles, behind their rittmeister, and then you seldom see them on horseback afterwards; and when you do, it is always at a most considerate pace. In fact, I never see a German on horseback but I feel very sorry for his uncomfortable situation, and wish him well at home again. For the most part, however, they take care to seat themselves, not on horseback, but in easy carriages, where instead of racking their bones, they may smoke their pipes and think.

Hunting, of course, is out of the question. If a man were to ride in this style in a regular stiff fox or stag hunt, he would be pounded to a jelly, and be floored about as often as he had occasion to leap. But, besides this, there are a dozen insuperable objections to hunting in this country. In the woods, where the game chiefly lies, they cannot ride. In the plains there could be no fun in scampering for ever over a ploughed field. Deer, or hare, or fox, would there take speedily to the wooded hills, if they were near, and if they were not near, a thousand bauers would be, who would raise a fiercer outcry against their galloping over their green crops and springing wheat, than ever was heard in a year of rebellion. The popular division of the land is a dead hindrance to hunting. It has been here and there attempted; and English packs of hounds have been imported by the princes; but the peasants put it down wherever it appeared, in a very little time. The German bauers and farmers have no faith, and it is quite impossible to persuade them, as it has been attempted to persuade the farmers in England, that it does their corn good to have it in winter ridden over and torn to pieces by a troop of horsemen. On the contrary they insist on *wild-schaden*, or damages done by game, wherever deer, hares, or other game are encouraged by the nobility to the injury of their crops; and the laws support them strongly in this, and give them damages strictly, so that many nobles and princes have yearly large sums on this score to pay.

All field-sports, therefore, in Germany resolve themselves into

shooting. What they call the Jagd, or hunt, is mere shooting; in fact, hunting they have none. Of this, the Treib-jagd, or battue, is the most striking and animated; where they get a number of bauers to encircle a considerable portion of woodland, and drive all the animals within that circle to a central point, where the sportsmen stand and shoot down the flying creatures as they come. An odd medley sometimes makes its appearance: hares, foxes, deer, roe; and sometimes again, the people of the neighbourhood, not wishing to have the game thus thinned out, have in the night driven the woods as diligently outwards, so that the anxious sportsmen stand in eager expectation, and, finally, see nothing but the bauers who are beating the bushes.

To many of these observations, however, there are great and remarkable exceptions. In Germany the property in the game may be, and very generally is, held distinct from the property in land. The general case is, as we have observed, that the land is parcelled out into small family allotments; and where this is the case, and the bauers holding the land, and caring little for the property in game, it is not to be expected that they will either encourage it to the damage of the crops, or allow damage in its pursuit by the owner of the game, without speedy and strict compensation. But, as in all countries, here and there, however rarely, lie large estates, especially in wood, where the game is preserved by the wealthy owner for his pleasure; and in Austria, Moravia, Bohemia, etc., where the estates are large, and rather in the hands of the nobles than in the people—where, in fact, over vast extent of lands the people are serfs and property themselves—here game reaches the very acme of its abundance, and the love of field-sports is ardent and universal. These are the great countries of game and of battues; and my readers will peruse with pleasure, and many of them with surprise, an article, given by a qualified hand, and from the most authentic sources, in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, on the Field Sports of Austria, to present, as he says, a tolerable conception of the inconceivable wealth of game with which that empire is blessed. “We deduct from these statements,” he observes, “the unusual appearance of lynxes, bears, wolves, etc., which in individual instances and in particular provinces only present themselves. We speak not of the elk or the ibex, which are totally

extinct. The last ibex, so far as I know, was shot by the French Marshal Marmont, in the hostile invasion of 1805, in Illyria. Since this period the writer has not been able to discover that a single one has been met with throughout Austria. We shall here, also, confine ourselves to the very heart of the hunt in the centre of the monarchy, that is, of Austria, Moravia, and Bohemia, because it is only out of these provinces that positive and indisputable documents for the purpose lie before me; and will not even refer to Hungary, with its myriads of water-fowl, nor to the quail catching of the Bannat. Yet must we not pass without a thought the alps of Styria and Upper Austria, on whose sun-bright ice-fields the chamois, now in most quarters grown scarce, yet draw together in herds, and look down into the blue mirrors of lakes which roll their waves at their feet. The Archduke John, a celebrated mountain hunter, and like all the princes of his house, an excellent shot, has in his preserves alone more than three thousand herd of chamois, of which three hundred are yearly shot. Wild swine, in the hereditary states of the monarchy, are found only in close preserves, but here in multitudes. Deer of all kinds are for the most part in the open forests; and they are especially the wide thick grown meadows of the Danube, the March, Taja, and in Bohemia, the vast open mountain woods, that are stocked with them.

“The little complaint of damages from game which occurs even in those provinces where agriculture is the most flourishing, is a testimony of the small occasion for such damage in the field where proper care is taken to fodder at the necessary seasons. Such damage, of course, is done here as everywhere; but the Austrian game proprietors make immediate compensation to the full amount of the injury sustained, and no one ever hears of legal actions for its recovery. The income derived from game is such as to allow of this compensation without niggardliness, and the proceeds still remain sufficiently important without reckoning the pleasure itself of the chase. There is scarcely a passionate lover of the chase, even of the common rank, who, if he be a worthy fellow, does not find occasion enough to satisfy his fullest thirst of sport, though he may not possess himself a single yoke of land. The great proprietors do not find it possible, either without or with

their friends, to hunt out sufficiently their game tracts. The extent of these tracts, especially of hares in winter, makes often a hundred and more shooters necessary; and thus, besides the most distinguished guests, nearly all the people of good standing—the clergyman, the physician, the surgeon, the shopkeeper, the postmaster, the innkeeper, in short, every really respectable sportsman, all are bade right welcome. As in military life, here the rank of a sportsman ennobles every one that belongs to it; and it is hardly conceivable with what amiability the representatives of the noblest blood in Austria conduct themselves in such cases, and what a general gladness smooths out every distinction of ranks, without, on that account, any one forgetting the position which otherwise he is called to fill in life and in the world. So becomes the passion of field-sport in Austria a universal, and, as I have already remarked, a really national one. To this end nothing is neglected which is conducive to the increasing and to the supporting of the game out of the season, and to the rooting out of everything that is injurious to it. For instance, the extirpation of destructive animals in the four court-preserves in the neighbourhood of Vienna, the Prater, Auhof, Wolkersdorf, and Laxenburg alone, not in the combined state and family possessions, according to extracts now lying before me, amounted in 1841 to the following numbers:—Foxes, 1181; martins, 1187; weasels, 4689; polecats, 4321; hedgehogs, 1283; dogs, 3319; cats, 5583; eagles, 35; large hawks, 4902; small hawks, 4917; owls, 1725; crows and magpies, 26,491. Total, shot and captured, 59,633 head. It is clear that it is only by such a system of thorough extermination of destructive creatures on the one hand, and of the greatest possible attention to the breed and to the carrying of the game well through the winter on the other, that such a mass of game can be yearly shot, and yet the stock yearly renewed.

“In respect to the abundance of game Bohemia may stand first, then Moravia, then Lower Austria, and after these the other provinces, although the management of the game and economy of the hunt in the first three appear pretty much the same. To give in some degree a conception of the quantity of game in these, the following notice may serve. According to the shooting lists of the four already named imperial hunting-grounds, the Prater, Auhof,

Wolkersdorf, and Laxenburg, which have been obligingly laid before me, there were shot in the year 1836—stags, 784; fallow deer, 60; black deer, 709; roe, 109; hares, 12,680; wild rabbits, 215; badgers, 6; pheasants, 4731; partridges, 6805; snipes, 327; sundries, 27—total, 26,483. In the year 1840 the total amounted to 20,559; and in 1841 to 23,075 head. According to the shooting list of the Prince Lichstenstein at Feldsperg, furnished to me by the forest-master, there and in the adjoining preserves, were killed by the Prince and a few guests in the autumn of 1839, 14,054 head, and in 1840, 18,934. From similar documents furnished by the forest-master, it appears that there were delivered from his office, of red, fallow, and black deer, and roe, in 1822, 1182 head; 1825, 1419; 1827, 1228; and 1828, 1280.

“If we now make, according to these data, a moderate average for the whole country, there will stand forth an amount for Austria, Moravia, and Bohemia, which exceeds all belief; and yet this is really the case; and when some particular circumstances lower the product of one year, that of the following year is sure to be proportionably high. The hunts we have noticed are certainly amongst the very best in Austria and Bohemia, but they are by no means the only ones. The hunting-grounds of Graf Hardegg, of Graf Breuner, the stag-hunt of Prince Dietrichstein, in the open meadows of the Herrschaft Nicolsburg, are celebrated. There are hundreds of preserves in Moravia where from 1000 to 2000 hares are shot in a single battue. Pass thence to Bohemia, and we must use a much more liberal calculation. There we come at once on the immense number of pheasant preserves, in number and in amount of produce perfectly unequalled in Europe. Thus the Herrschaft Posselberg, belonging to Prince Schwartzenberg, delivers from its preserves its annual tale of more than 7000 head. Through this alone a striking amount of overweight is thrown into the scale of game product. It is with the fame of pheasants as with that of Merinos, every proprietor boasts to have the best. Now they are the pheasants of Prince Colloredo, now those of Prince Trautmansdorf, to which the game dealers give the preference; then they are those of Prince Dietrichstein of Loboschitzer, where also the very best roes are claimed to be produced; then those of Graf Schlick, of Graf Klebelsberg, and so on. The truth of the matter is that,

on the whole, the pheasantries in the centre of Bohemia are more productive than those on the borders; but again, amongst those particular years make a particular difference; and sometimes this, and sometimes that locality is attended with more auspicious circumstances. But here also partridge and hare shooting exceed even that which Austria and Moravia could shew in rivalry of it. Hunts, wherein half-a-dozen shooters in one morning bring down their 600 and 800 birds, are by no means uncommon. Six or seven persons, who a few years ago spent the season with Prince Trautmansdorf, shot by the middle of January, about 15,000 head of all kinds. At a great battue with the Prince Schwartzenberg, where about forty shooters were present, were 6000 head of hares, partridges, and pheasants, killed. These hunts, as well as those of Prince Auersperg, Lobkowitz, Kinsky, the Grafs Waldstein (descendant of the celebrated Wallenstein), Elam, Schlick, and numberless others, stand pretty much in the same category, according as they are situated more or less distantly from the border mountains.

“ Before these results vanish all the game products of all the countries of Europe; even of the expensive parks of the wealthy English. These results are the more striking, because, as already remarked, this game is chiefly raised in the open country, and the parks are scarcely brought at all into the calculation. Even the pheasantries, which in Bohemia yield a by-no-means contemptible rental, are for the most part wild, and on these the customarily early drawings have by degrees contracted.

“ If it be asked by what means these provinces have arrived at so extraordinary a wealth of game, we can only give the following reasons. The possessions here are seldom parcelled out, but hang in great well-compacted masses together. As much value is attached to the hunt, and the passion for it universally diffused, of course something is expended upon it. Pheasants and partridges are caught in great numbers, and kept through the winter in chambers, that they may be let loose, undiminished by the severities of winter, strong and healthy, in spring to rear their broods. In severe frosts and deep snows the deer are foddered, and corn is scattered for the feathered game. Finally, the very large and close-kept game covers, in the middle of extensive tillage

plains, where hares, partridges, and pheasants find the most admirable brood spots, and every possible protection from every destructive influence, constitute the most effectual of the means of their flourishing and abundance. As the game draw into these in winter, this lightens essentially the labour of winter feeding, and secures gardens, vineyards, and avenues from the damage which hares in winter do to trees. Of course the cost of all this is no subject of regret, because the product and the sale of game are richly proportionate. If damage is done, the compensation is made readily, and without compelling the complainant to have recourse to the office of the district to enforce his claim; all goes quietly, justly, and in good humour. On this point we appeal to those numerous lovers of field-sport who from different countries annually draw hither; their experience and inquiries will enable them to say whether we state the fact or not. Finally, there are many advocates amongst us who are lovers of field-sports, and who partake its pleasures; but there are none amongst them who have been found in the predicament of endeavouring to persuade their excited hearers in court, by groundless declamations on game oppressions and game injuries, that a flock of partridges is just as bad as an army of locusts. The hunt is not yet with us systematically cried down; it is yet a people's pleasure—

The solemn war-god's joyous bride;

and still with us is many a peasant a hare-roaster, while in many other countries, scarcely a game damage is paid, and therefore there, cats instead of hares have long been twirling on the spits."

Roe and deer, however, are the chief game, and give the greatest interest to the sportsman over the greater part of Germany. The good old wild-boar hunt is now, in most places, extinct, and where it remains is generally a battue of the most harmless description. This is in the parks of the princes and nobles. The drivers beat up the woods; the wild swine run till they come in contact with a fence, often a fence of boards stretched across the park for the purpose. About the centre of this fence, at an opening in the wood, is raised a sort of stage, where the sportsmen stand and fire at the swine as they run past in face of the fence.

The ordinary sportsman of Germany cuts a totally different

figure to that of England. He has seldom such an air about him; seldom is attended by dogs of such breed, or goes to the field with such a finish and style of apparatus. He, as well as his dogs, seems to belong more to the wildness of woods and thickets, and he is equipped in a homely mode more adapted to that purpose. A rough surtout, strong boots, and his trousers turned up three or four inches at the bottom to keep them out of the mud and the wet grass; a little cap, that as much as possible may avoid contact with boughs, and receive from them as little injury as possible; and a game-bag at his side, often covered with a net-work, with long dangling tassels, or with a hairy cover like a great pouch,—these present a general description of his appearance. He carries his gun in a manner totally different to the English shooter. Instead of hanging it on his arm with the muzzle depressed, or throwing it on his shoulder for a change, he hangs it by a strap on his back as he goes to or comes from the field, or suspends it by the strap, which is an indispensable appendage to his gun, on one shoulder, putting his elbow on the barrel, and letting the butt swing behind. Throughout the vast woods of Germany much and intense sport is enjoyed everywhere, though little of this is seen by the general observer.

The Jägers, or keepers, are prominent characters in all the tales and poetry of Germany; as much so as the knights and robber-knights. In former times the jäger was generally both ranger and forest-master—guardian, as we say, of both vert and venison, both wood and game; and German fireside stories, romances, legends, and popular poetry, are full of jägers, solitary jäger-houses, and skirmishes between the jägers and robbers and poachers. Of late years, much of this romance has been annihilated by the advance of civilization and order, as well as by the offices of jäger and forest-master being separated. The one, with his under-keepers, looks after the game; the other, with his workmen and wood-police, looks after the wood. All public woods, whether they belong to the state or particular parishes, are put under public administration. A forest-master is appointed to each district, and in each large town is the *Forst-Verwaltung*, or wood office, where all the affairs relating to the woods and forests are transacted. A police is appointed for the woods as for everything

else, who wear a particular costume and badge, and go out daily to their rounds in the forests, armed with a sort of tomahawk.

With this tomahawk is connected a laughable incident, and one which shews how easily cursory travellers may pick up the most absurd ideas of the institutions of a foreign country. One of my boys one day, soon after our arrival in Germany, asked me if I had not observed these men with their tomahawks; I said, yes. Do you know, said he, the face of one of these tomahawks is hollow, and that in the hollow stand two projecting capital letters (F. F.) Forst Frevel, or Forest Crime. That when a man is caught by these police stealing wood, and is convicted before the magistrate, he is stamped in the hand with this tomahawk, and the letters cutting into the flesh mark him for life?

Thinking this too savage to be true, the first time that I met one of these men I asked him, as well as my then small stock of German would allow, if this were the real use of the tomahawk? He replied, "ja, ja!" "yes, yes!" And what then do you with the little sharp axe edge at the back of it? He scraped the palm of his left hand with it, and then struck it with the face of the hammer, as to intimate that they first pared off the skin and then struck the blow. The thing seemed clear enough. There could be no doubt of the matter; and I went away quite satisfied of it, and that it was a most barbarous practice. To the first Germans of education that I met with, I expressed my abhorrence of this savage custom, at which they burst out into a laugh, and informed me that I had made one little mistake. It was not the man who was thus marked, but the wood that he had stolen, and which it then became felony for any one to remove. Had I been merely passing through the country, so clear did the affair seem, that I should not readily have been convinced of the error.

But we must come to the great and prominent out-of-door life of Germany. It is not then in their riding, fishing, hunting, or in such public games as racing, cricketing, rowing, etc.; but in the enjoyment of walking, of public gardens, of coffee and wine-drinking in such places, and above all, in open-air concerts. The enjoyment of music and social pleasures in the open air is the grand summer enjoyment of Germany. It is the universal passion from one end of the country to the other. It is the same in every

village, in every town, in every capital. Public walks, public music, *caffées* and *cassinos*, coffee and wine-drinking and smoking and knitting under trees, call out the whole population, high and low, great and small, old and young; and there does not seem a care from Berlin to Strassburg, from Cologne to Pesth. Nay, much as the French live out of doors, the Germans far excel them in this species of life. All their musical art is called forth, and their greatest masters are employed, to give a charm to this mode of social existence. Every means is adopted to give facility to the enjoyment of this taste. The heart of the Germans, too, is bound to the heart of nature with a deeper and holier feeling than that of the French. It is true that they have not that full and perfect and permanent country life that we have. The habits and institutions of their country do not allow it; but they have not the less love of nature than we have, nor do they enjoy it less in their way than we do. Nay, in some respects they enjoy it far more, for they have taken measures to bring the beauty of nature to their very doors, to introduce it into the suburbs and the very heart of their towns, and to unite it to all the charms of art and of social life.

There is one advantage that their towns universally possess over ours; and that is, in the abundance of public walks, and public gardens and promenades, where every citizen can wander, or can sit and rejoice with his family and his friends. All round their towns, in general, you find these ample public walks and promenades planted with trees and furnished with seats. The old walls and ramparts, which formerly gave security to the inhabitants, are now converted into sources of their highest pleasures, being thus planted and seated, and made scenes of the gayest resort, and whence the finest views are obtained over the surrounding country. The suburbs and neighbourhood of all large cities again, are full of public gardens; with alleys, and extensive woodland walks, where the people all summer flock out, and find refreshments at coffee-houses, and bands of music, presided over by the first masters in Germany. The cities being seldom very large, the people thus enjoy a sort of half city, half rural life, but refined and beautified with social and artistical influences, of which ours is too much stripped. In England, every man takes care of himself, and makes his own nest snug; besides lighting and

paving, little seems done for the public in our towns. Here, on the contrary, the public enjoyment seems to be the favourite and prevailing idea, and you see around you perpetual evidences of its working. The people have in the outskirts of their cities, their vineyards and their summer-houses in them, where they can go with their families and friends. But they have, again, their great public gardens and woodlands all round their large towns, to ten or a dozen miles' distance. They have similar places of more rustic resort, often on the most beautiful mountain heights and in mountain valleys, to which they pour out on all Sundays and leisure days, in carriages and by railroads, by thousands. Here they have wine, and curds, and often dinners. Here they even come with their families, taking whole troops of children with them; and there you find them in old orchards, amid castle ruins, under the trees, and, in short, through all the surrounding hills and valleys. They dine in great family groups—the men sitting often in their shirt sleeves; the children rolling in the grass; and the landlords hurrying about, dealing out plates and viands to hungry people, in a broil of what seems hopeless hurry. They afterwards smoke their pipes, drink their coffee, and go home at an early hour as happy as this earth can make them.

In every country town and village it is the same. You can go into few or none of the former, where you will not find public walks and gardens; and will not hear of charming places, some four, six, or ten miles distant, where all the world goes in the summer, in parties, to walk about, to drink coffee, to pic-nic in the woods, and so on. There is not a country inn in a pleasant place, but it has its orchard and its garden fitted up with seats and tables for this simple, rural festivity. There is not a ruin of a castle, or old jäger-house, where you do not find walks and seats, and every provision for popular enjoyment. Everywhere the Germans have seized on all those picturesque points and scenes of rural beauty which afford means of carrying out and cultivating this mingled love of nature and of social pleasure. You come upon seats in wild spots, where you would otherwise never have dreamed of many besides yourself coming, and there you are sure to find that before you lies a beautiful view.

All royal gardens too are open, and the people walk in them,

and stream round the palaces, passing, in many instances through their very courts and gateways, just as if they were their own. Nay, the royal and ducal owners walk about amongst the people with as little ceremony as any of the rest. The Emperor of Austria, or the King of Prussia, does the very same. You may meet them anywhere; and little more ceremony is used towards them than is used towards any other individual, simply that of lifting your hat in passing, which is done to all your acquaintance, and is returned as a mark of ordinary salutation. You will see princes sitting in public places with their friends, with a cup of coffee, as unassumingly and as little stared at as any respectable citizen. You may sometimes see a Grand Duke come into a country inn, call for his glass of ale, drink it, pay for it, and go away as unceremoniously as yourself. The consequence of this easy familiarity is, that princes are everywhere popular, and the daily occurrence of their presence amongst the people prevents that absurd crush and stare at them, which prevails in more luxurious and exclusive countries.

The same open and general enjoyment of scenery extends to all other estates and gardens. The country houses of the nobility and gentry are surrounded on all sides with public and private walks. They have seldom any fences about anything but their private gardens. The people go and walk everywhere, and never dream of trespassing, nor are ever told of such a thing. This is one of the great charms of this country. All woods, with the rare exception of a deer park, are thus entirely open and unfenced. You wander where you will, with the most perfect feeling of giving no offence. Here are no warning-boards, no threats of steel-traps or spring-guns. A wisp of straw stuck on a pole, the usual sign in Germany of warning, in vintage time gives you notice that a private walk, which all the rest of the year is open, is then closed; or a wisp hung on the bough of a tree in the forest, tells you that the common people are not to cut boughs there, or that young trees are planted, and you are not to tread them down. Everywhere else, you go where you please, through woods, valleys, meadows, gardens, or fields; and while property is sacred to the possessor, nature is, as it should be, unrestrictedly yours, and every man's.

In this blessed freedom, and with this simple and thorough

line of nature and of society, there is no country in the world where social and summer life are more enjoyed than in Germany. You are perpetually invited to join a party to a wood-stroll, to go to some lovely village in the hills or the forest, or to some old farmhouse, where you get milk and coffee, and take bread with you perhaps; where you find a *Tanz-boden*, or shed, where the young people can have a dance; where the old sit, and look on, and smoke, and talk, and knit. Or to some old mill, where you have the same accommodations; or to some inn, on an eminence overlooking a splendid country, as that of the Rhine or Danube, and where on the terrace, the whole company will play at those simple games so much liked in Germany, as the black man, the blind cow, and others; where all, high and low, old and young, run and laugh, and are as merry as so many boys and girls.

But it is in the capitals that this social out-of-door life is carried to the greatest extent, as well as to the highest pitch of perfection. The most celebrated bands, band-masters, and musical composers of Germany, are in daily requisition to give the highest impetus and enchantment to the popular enjoyment. Extensive gardens stretch on all hands, where cassinos rear their heads, crescents and colonnades extend themselves, groves and bowery walks with numberless seats offer their friendly shade, fountains splash and sparkle with a graceful and soothing witchcraft, orchestras in the shape of open pillared temples stand aloft for the accommodation of musical bands, and throngs of the gayest people of the place make all lively, varied, and unceasingly attractive. At Munich, the English Garden, Tivoli, etc.; at Dresden, the Grosse Garten, the Linkische Bad; at Berlin, the Thier-Garten, the Winter-Garten, and all the neighbouring resorts of Charlottenburg, of San Souci, of the Pfauen Insel, etc.; at Prague, the Baumgarten, the Feen and Färber Insel; at Vienna, the Volksgarten, in the very heart of the Vorstadt, and in front of the imperial palace itself; the Prater, the Augarten, etc., with all the beautiful resorts of Schönbrunn, Hitzing, the mountain paradises of Baden, the Brühl, etc. etc.; where Strauss and Lanner, and other leaders, are perpetually performing with their bands during the summer evenings to eager thousands—bear testimony to the universality of this joyous and social out-of-door existence.

Vienna is the capital not merely of Austria but of German gaiety. Every day, instead of announcements of auctions and sermons, its walls are plastered with those of concerts, balls, soirees, music vereins, operas, plays, and Belustigungen or pleasure-meetings of a hundred descriptions; mingled with pilgrimages to celebrated shrines—things not less picturesque and amusing, and often not less gay and festive. Every day the lover of pleasure, and the student of human nature and its vagaries, finds himself not at a loss for employment, but distracted with a host of advertisements of the most bewitching spectacles and entertainments. Here is Strauss, there Lanner; here is Staudigl, there Lutzer; here is a ball at Sperls or Zum Zeisig; the Prater is to be magnificent with fireworks and *Volks-freude*; the roundabouts will all be in full action; the entertainment at the Lust-haus most alluring, the stream of carriages and fashionable people on the drives most splendid. Go where you will, you will find thousands and tens of thousands seated in the gardens, netting, knitting, talking, listening to the musical bands, parading in the circle round the orchestra, drinking coffee or sugar-water, eating confections and ices in the cassino. The Folks theatre will call you one way with its drolleries, the opera another; and at Sperls, or the fashionable Dommayer's at Hitzing, you will find the dance going on in the saloon, and the same crowd of family or friendly parties, seated in the area under the trees which are all hung with lamps, supping and knitting, giving at the same time one eye to the dance in the saloon, and one ear to the music in the orchestra.

There are no people on the face of the earth that all summer long enjoy themselves like the Germans in their gay capitals; but autumn approaches, and the great climacteric of the year is reached. The whole nation is astir. Not a man or woman can rest long. Every one must fly in quest of change, and pleasure, and health. The whole population is like one huge hive of bees at the point of swarming, there is one vast motion, buzz, and hum. Every soul must have his *Herbst-reise*, his autumn tour. He must visit the watering-places, and drink, and bathe. He must traverse the Rhine, the Elbe, or the Danube. He must climb the mountains of Switzerland, or the Tyrol. Steamers are everywhere loaded to sinking; inns are full to suffocation; and landlords stand shaking

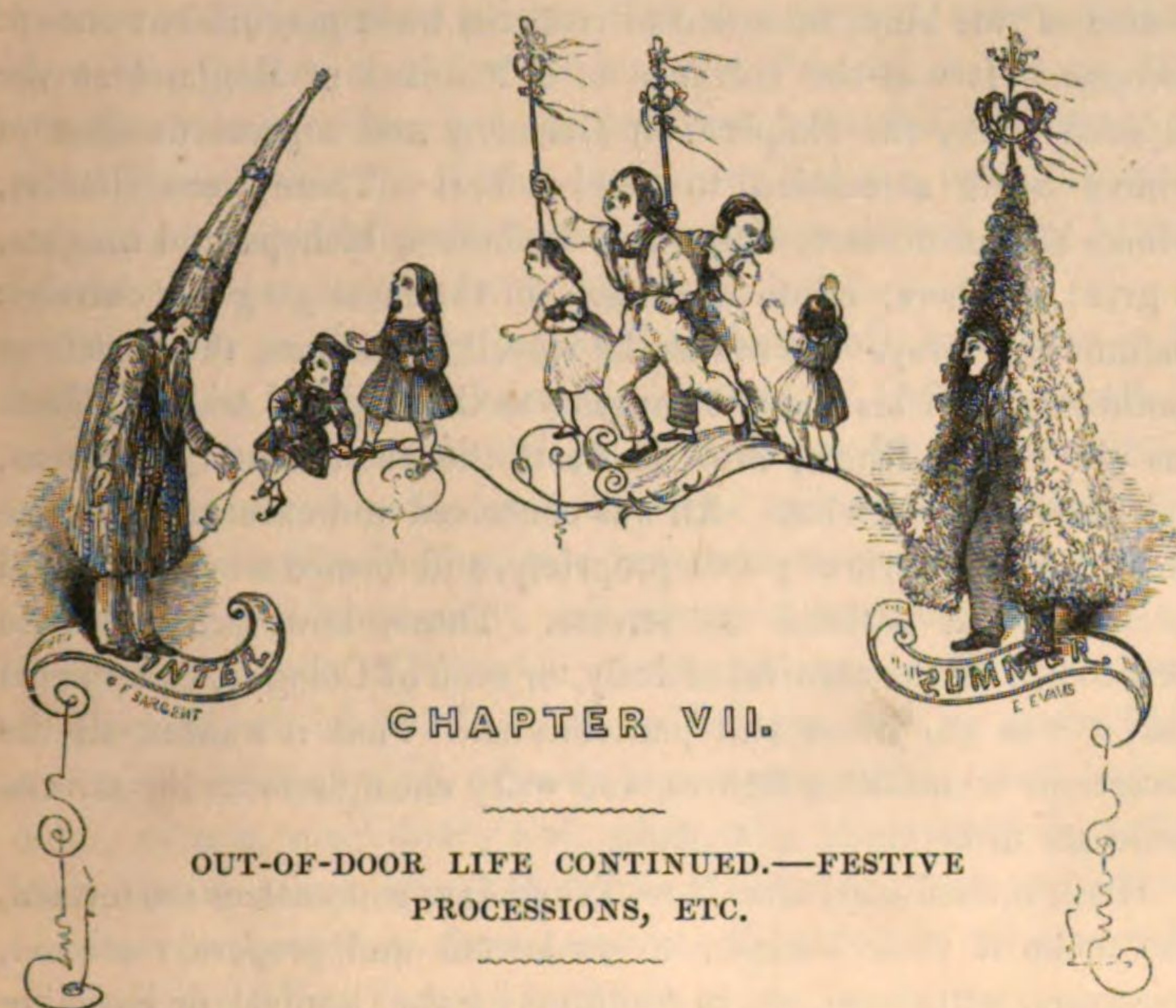
their heads, gabbling German, French, English, Italian, and Russian, and bowing away disconsolate travellers and dusty carriages from their doors. Railway trains are enormous in length; and a smoking and a talking are going on in them, that are astounding to the stranger. Baden, Baden-Baden, Wisbaden, all the Badens; Schlangen-Bad, Carlsbad, Wildbad, Alexisbad, all the Bads; Ems, Ischl, Bad-Gastein,—every watering-place is full. Meeting in the early morning, and drinking of the sulphurous or effervescing water in the Kursaal, or holding a five-o'clock gossip in the warm general baths, men and women together; plunging into hot or cold baths in private; making drives to the neighbouring castles and scenery; sitting for two hours at tables d'hote; purchasing of nosegays and paying musicians; the parade, the splendid conversation-house, the ball, the reunion, the gambling in an evening,—and thus it goes at the watering-places.

But every spot of the country which is attractive; every mountain district, every gay town, every fine stream, is alive with the ever-moving throng of pleasure-tourists. The heights and castles of the Rhine and Danube; the vales and defiles of the Saxon Switzerland; the romantic regions of the Salzburg, the Noric and the Swabian Alps, the Franconian and Thuringian forests, in short, every spot of gaiety or beauty receives the temporary hosts of these wanderers.

The Germans travel comparatively little abroad. Some go to Rome, some to Paris, a very few to England; but through their own Fatherland they circulate like the life-blood in the living system, and as their enormous stretches of railway are completed, will do so more and more. And in truth, I can say from experience, that a more delightful mode of spending an autumn is to be found in no country. Everywhere you meet with most kind and agreeable people, seeking pleasure, and willing to be pleased; both of your own countrymen and of others; Poles, Danes, Swedes, and Russians, as well as Germans. You meet and part, and meet again. Enjoy a few chatty and busy days in visiting galleries of art, public works, and picturesque scenery; in comparing tastes and experiences; are perpetually advancing through the enchanting mountain regions, or sailing along rivers presenting the most varied and noble views of cities, scattered cottages, busy country people

in amusing costumes, of mountain heights and solemn woods. Now you are standing before the finest paintings and statuary, ancient and modern, quaint and noble; now you are rapt in the music, and the scenic fairyland, of theatric and operatic art; the hum, and stir, and warmth of city life is around you,—and again you are buried in deep forests, or seated in some elfin glen, the green clear water rushing and murmuring below, and the tall pines and splintered crags of near and of distant heights soaring high above you; or are half-standing, half-seated on some stone on the mountain side, gazing over a far and sun-bright landscape, with its hundred smoking towns, and its hill-tops glittering in the blaze of noon, amid the blue and hazy distance. The world lies stretched in vastness before you or below at your feet, like a beautiful dream; and yet after you pass away from it, and winter closes upon your home, you shall find that this sunny dream does not fade, but that you have laid up a life-long store of rich remembrances; have widened the field of your vision; and spread around, regions of beauty through all the space of your inward world, that neither winter can reach, nor night darken, nor time snatch again from your knowledge and enjoyment.





CHAPTER VII.

OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE CONTINUED.—FESTIVE PROCESSIONS, ETC.

AFTER all, the most picturesque portion of the out-of-door life of the Germans consists in those processions and usages which belong to the Catholic church. In the Catholic parts of Germany these still remain in their full glory; and in the other parts, where the Reformed religion has asserted a co-partnership in the public mind in those fragments of such usages as still survive, and must survive in a populace; a great mass of which, frequently one half, frequently more, still are of the old faith. In the Catholic districts, carnival is still celebrated as in Italy, during the three days in February ending with Ash-Wednesday, though not with the same native gusto and spirit as amongst the Italians. The next approach to this is in Catholic Cologne, and in Mayence, with which Mannheim, Worms, and other Rhine cities, have sometimes attempted to vie. In Cologne in particular the people give themselves up to it heart and soul. They have their public processions, generally intended to satirize some public or private occurrence of the day, or to amuse the people with grotesque representations of historic scenes and personages. Others, again, are got up to recal the romantic ages in all their splendour. In 1841, Mannheim got up a pro-

cession of this kind, intended to rival the most magnificent ones of Cologne. It was the entrance of a Princess of England as the imperial bride, the Emperor of Germany and a great number of princes being assembled to receive her. There were electors, princes and princesses, dukes and duchesses, bishops and knights, in great numbers; all on horseback, in the most gorgeous chivalric costume and array. There was the travelling kitchen, the travelling apothecary with his shop, belonging to the imperial train. There was old Father Rhine, Michael Scott the necromancer, Saracens, and heaven knows what. All was conceived and executed with the most correct historic or poetic propriety, and formed a most splendid spectacle as it paraded the streets. Those, however, who were accustomed to the carnival of Italy, or even of Cologne, complained that it was too silent and pantomimic. That it wanted all the attractions of masking figures, and witty encounters in the streets. These are to be found in Cologne.

Here, immediately after New-Year's day, committees are formed, who make it their business to strike out and prepare costumes, characters, witticisms, etc. in readiness for the Carnival, or Fasching as it is called in Germany. The Fasching committees meet in general assembly once a week, in a hall fitted up for the purpose with raised platforms and rostra for orators. This is called the great council, and is presided over by a select council and a president. Here, in sittings of from two to three hours in length, they appear in hundreds in their costumes and in many-coloured caps. Here are proposed such plans as have been laid before the different committees; and orators, generally clad in old Roman costume, address them from the rostra in advocacy or rejection of these proposals. Then commence warm and often humorous debates, and resolutions are adopted amid the loudest outcries and clamours of applause or disapproval, attended with the playing of flourishes and marches by a numerous orchestra.

These assemblies, as the carnival approaches, are held still oftener. They are opened with the general singing of some patriotic song, and the three days of the public carnival make but a small portion of the real one, which is going on almost daily before the arrival of the public exhibition. This year the last General Assembly was held on the Sunday evening, and was remarkable for the

number of distinguished persons that were present, amongst whom were two princes of the royal house of Prussia, and many high officers of the province; and the president lamented, in name of the select council, that the British parliament had not, out of brotherly regard, so arranged its own opening as to have allowed their beloved monarch also to be present on his return home.

A writer in the daily papers describing this, luxuriates in his reminiscences of the inexhaustible humours of Cologne, which, he says, fling forth a whole deluge of *faschings* literature, countless new songs, new speeches, new drolleries and squibs, comedies and allegories; hundreds of private representations of portions of the great show and processions, and others in connexion with it, and lively descriptions of these in prose and verse. In fact, during this period, all the world, both in Cologne and in other Rhine towns, is carnival mad. Every man turns author, poet, satirist, actor, mimic, mock-hero, and what not. Everybody is writing and printing songs, speeches, dramatic sketches, comic and serious; musical compositions, farces, squibs, fly about in all directions, thick as the falling leaves of autumn.

The great points of splendour in the carnival are the procession and the mask-ball. The latter, at Cologne, being held in the great gothic hall of the *Kauffhaus*, highly adorned for the occasion. This year the twofold train of the procession represented in part the Olympic Games, the rest a procession from the mythologic underworld, mixed with characters from the *Inferno* of Dante. The infernal train burst forth to the day in the *Neumarkte*, suggested by an interesting elopement story. The god of all jolly fellows led the train in his chariot of victory, his rescued bride *Phantasia*, sitting near him. Dante, his adjutant, rode by the side of the chariot; while *Klünzel*, an entirely modern allegorical figure, was dragged reluctantly behind the chariot, lashed by the *Furies*. Then came the dethroned *Pluto* and *Proserpina*, with their three-headed dog *Cerberus*. Besides all the mythologic and legendary figures, *Mars*, *Venus*, *Charon*, *Faust*, *Don Juan*, *Mephistopheles*, etc., were numbers of parodies and caricatures; amongst them a Dutchman, who, in punishment of his sins against his German grandmother, was condemned to eat lump-sugar for his daily food; while over his head, as a sword of *Damocles*, hung a monstrous

beet-root, labelled "lumps by the entrance ten dollars;" alluding, no doubt, to attempts of the Dutch to levy heavy import duties on sugar by the Rhine, and intimating by the great beet-root, that this might be carried too far; and the Germans having to depend on the beet-root for all their sugar, as they now do for much, the Dutch would thus bring the beet-root on their own heads. The word *lump* too, which means not only a lump in German, but also a rag, and ragamuffin, as well as the word *Eingang*, meaning import as well as entrance, no doubt presented many witty ideas to the spectators. In fact, there are to Germans a whole host of puns and allusions connected with this allegory that are lost to foreigners.

Sisyphus came next, with his enormous stone, and offered to teach the people of Mayence the mode of rolling it, while they, on their part, regretted that they could not have the pleasure of using it as they would.—An allusion to the fierce contest, which in the former winter had been going on between the Mayence people and they of Biberich, who are very jealous of one another; the Biberich people wishing to draw from Mayence part of its Rhine navigation, in consequence of which the Mayence people in one night had conveyed three hundred boat-loads of stones, and dropping them into the water before Biberich, had thus cut off its harbour, but had been compelled by the German Confederation to fish them all up again. Next came a censor of the press, very busy in making waste paper, in allusion to the new Prussian censorship, from which so much had been expected, and which proved a mere piece of political hocus-pocus. Another figure was labelled Dante's *Divina Commedia*, a similar allusion to restrictions on the introduction of religious matters into comedy.

These, and other such things, shew the nature of the Cologne carnival. It is a sort of Saturnalia, in which the people take the opportunity to give a loose to their pent-up feelings on political subjects; and where they dare not venture in sober earnest to attack the acts of government, to make it obvious by the means of carnival license and ridicule, that they are neither unnoticed nor approved. More local and private matters also burst out in satirical shapes and sallies; and Hans Wurst, the jack-pudding of Germany, plays off his fooleries, and foolscaps and bells abound at all corners.

Everywhere, amongst Protestants as well as Catholics, all over

Germany, mask-balls, public and private, are given; but in most places, every year you hear increasing lamentations that the old simple freedom and hearty pleasures of the Fasching are giving way before the spreading notions of gentility and refinement. In Munich this year, a writer says, "Formerly, in Munich, prevailed an uncircumscribed south-German life: Munich and Vienna went the same way. Whatever was the mode in the imperial city, became so in Munich. Pleasures, dress, actors, all came from Vienna, and the people learned thence to address one another as Herr von So-and-so, and Frau von So-and-so, a custom which yet gives such an air of genteel dignity in the eyes of strangers. But in all else has grown up a wonderful change. The increasing importance of the city, the more intimate connexions with the rest of Germany, the flourishing of the arts, and the resort of so many strangers there, have introduced a new element of life, which, attacking that old south-German spirit on all sides, has driven it pretty nearly out of the field.

"Before this became the case, the tone of large companies was easy, free, and familiar. Every one was suffered to feel himself of some account in them; every one felt glad to be spoken to by another, though he had never seen him before; instead of making himself exclusive, every one was disposed to make advances. People were on this account more pleased to be amongst strangers, because all was put on a very household footing. It was good gossiping with the old fathers, and the worthy venerable mothers. The young ladies were easily satisfied with the harmless chit-chat which the young gentlemen engaged in with them in the homely high German of Munich. But now people draw into narrower circles; they become more select, more exclusive; society assumes a finer tone, address clears itself of its negligence. Those of maturer years, whom you are able to approach, are become more modish; the young people, in their external demeanour, elegant; the young ladies more chary. The great world begins to grow cold, and people speak more and more of family life; friends and relations draw together into household circles, make unions for the winter entertainments, and give select home balls and concerts. Even the pic-nics, which become more frequent than ever, display the same tendency; people rejoice themselves in the illusion of being in a family circle.

“In close connexion with this state of things is the growth of tea-drinking. Numbers have already freed themselves from the evening bumper, and numbers more threaten to do it; to such a degree that the first journal of polite literature, which after an absence of many years, was lately brought out here, held it in contemplation whether it should not style itself ‘The Munich Tea-leaves.’ While breweries are rising on all hands to furnish Bavarian beer to every quarter of the world, here, at the fountain-head, young gentlemen are quenching their thirst with water and milk; and ladies who formerly ordered a good cordial night-cap at least from the doctor, now blush lest they should be thought to sip a little in secret. Truly there are yet jolly fellows, who at the evening *Wirthshaus* table sing boisterous student-songs, and war-songs from Körner, talk loud and vehemently, and send over their heads clouds of smoke and fumes of beer, while they whisper to one another how drearily the fine tea-drinking folk drag through the winter, and how glad they are at the first burst of fine weather to fly off to the Alpine regions that shew themselves so temptingly in the distance, and where a gay life still maintains itself with sound of guitar and Alpine song, the report of rifles, and jubilee of kirchweigs, which may almost be heard in the streets of our city.

“But we don’t merely drink tea and grow exclusive, we are full of interest for the new literature. We talk of art and science. The English language is everywhere studied, even more than the French. An English leaven, diffused through south Germany, has reached us; and works daily, growingly, mightily, more and more. It has siezed on our old habits by the very throat, threatens to annihilate them, and parades boldly before us, with high pretensions of style and refined accomplishments. The leaven works, not merely upwards, but down into the lower grades. It has seized on the burgher class. Those practices which a while ago were regarded as the privileges of a high sphere, are now pronounced to be indispensable to all. The burgher ladies take off the *Riegelhauben* (the pretty little caps of gold or silver tissue, worn only on the back of the head so becomingly, and which are peculiar to Munich), and put on silk bonnets. They subscribe to the circulating library, and engage a box at the theatre. The daughters speak written German; they go no longer with the distaff into the Heimgarten,

but make formal visits, in order to speak to one another in French. So far as the increase of intellectuality and intelligence go 'tis well, but 'tis not so well to see the old cordial jollity of the carnival turned into a stately frost; and instead of the good old German dancing, laughing, bandying of wits and humours, during which many a love-sign snugly passed, many an explanation found happy opportunity, and many a half-understood case a prosperous issue; a mere walking in crowds through gilded rooms takes its place, with stately salutations and gentility without heartiness."

These complaints of the change of manners are not peculiar to Munich, nor to carnival time; but these matters belong rather to our notices of social life. We will leave them for the present.

Besides the Fasching, there are many customs, here and there remnants of old religious festivities, which make part of the out-of-door life of Germany, and in which the children often bear a conspicuous part. At Fastnacht, or carnival, they make what they call Fassen-bretzel, or Fasching-prätzel. It is like a serpent with two heads rolled into a circle; which is eaten in families during that time, and is a sort of unleavened bread. In most parts of Germany the children go round and sing before the houses an old song on this day, wishing the master a golden table, on which stands in the middle a can of wine, and at every corner baked fish, and a wagon to ride to heaven in; to the mistress a golden cradle, and a golden band for the child; and to the daughters good husbands. There are various versions of these old songs, all very rude, and all having the golden table and the baked fish. In one stanza they are very elegant and poetical:

We write on a lily-leaf, and say,
We wish the master a very good day.

On the Rhine the children on this day go about with a cock tied in a basket. They swing it about and sing—

Havelé, havelé Hahne,
Fastnight doth wane-a;
Up there on the henroost-stang,
Baskets full of eggs do hang;
To the roof-tree clinging,
Sausages are swinging;
Give us the long ones,
Keep the little wrong ones;

Tra, ri, ro,
 The winter now must go.
 What will you now be giving?
 Happy be your living.
 Luck enter your door,
 And come out never more.

In Halstein they go from house to house with a dead fox in a basket, and sing—

Jack Fox is his name;
 Roguery his fame;
 What he knows not that learns he fleetly;
 House and yard cleans he out neatly;
 Both bread and bacon
 They will be taken;
 Eggs from the nest—
 He who gives me, him I call best.
 As I here aforetime was,
 Found I nought but leaves and grass;
 Here found we no wealthy man,
 To fill our purse, as now you can.
 With a shilling, with three, four, or so,
 Or with a halfcrown-piece, you know.

On Summer-day, as they call it, which falls in March, on Latere Sunday, for they make very little mention of spring, but talk, as soon as winter is over, of *summer* coming; they make a bretzel of a different kind and shape, which they call Summer-bretzel. This the children in the Palatinate carry about on wands adorned with ribbons, through the streets, and sing the summer in with a song, which bears a striking resemblance to the oldest song in the English language, beginning

Ye somer ist ycomen in,
 Loud sing cuckoo, etc.

and which, no doubt, was brought in by the Saxons, and thus sung in England by their children, as at this time in Germany is still sung this

SUMMER-DAY'S SONG.

Tra, ri, ro,
 The Summer comes once mo!
 We'll to the garden hie us,
 And watch there till he comes by us.
 Yo, yo, yo!
 The summer comes once mo!

Tra, ri, ro,
 The summer comes once mo!
 We'll, behind the hedges creeping,
 Wake the summer from his sleeping.
 Yo, yo, yo!
 The summer comes once mo!

Tra, ri, ro,
 The summer comes once mo!
 The summer! the summer!
 The winter's now the roamer.
 Yo, yo, yo!
 The summer comes once mo!

Tra, ri, ro,
 The summer comes once mo!
 To beer, boys! to beer!
 The winter lies in bands, O!
 And he who wont come here,
 We'll trounce him with our wands, O!
 Yo, yo, yo!
 The summer comes once mo!

Tra, ri, ro,
 The summer comes once mo!
 To wine, boys! to wine!
 All in my mother's cellar
 Lies famous muscateller.
 Yo, yo, yo!
 The summer comes once mo!

Tra, ri, ro,
 The summer comes once mo!
 A golden table the master we wish,
 At every corner a baked fish;
 And midst to see
 Of wine, cans full three,
 That he therewith may jocund be!
 Yo, yo, yo!
 The summer comes once mo!

In other places they give the following variation of this song, and rather in a recitative than singing:

Strih, strah, stroh,
 Summer-day comes once mo!
 Violets and sweet flowers
 They bring us summer hours.
 We hear the keys a-ringing,
 Something for us they're bringing;
 Bretzel steeping in red wine,
 And for us all dainties fine.

A golden table the master we wish,
 With plenty thereon of baked fish.
 We wish the mistress, since she's so kind,
 With linen her presses all deeply lined.
 The daughter we wish a husband good,
 Who'll hold her as dear as his life's blood.
 Strih, strah, stroh,
 This day next year we are here once mo!

On Summer-day, also, two men go round; one dressed in moss and straw, as Winter, and the other in ivy or other evergreen leaves, hung with garlands and ribbons, like our Jack-in-the-Green; or rather, they go round in a sort of covering of this, out of which they can creep at pleasure, and in this form they beg from house to house.

Before Easter the market appears full of coloured eggs, such as we call Pasch-eggs, and which are common in some parts of England at the same season. Here, however, they have a practice with them very different to anything of ours. They lay these eggs and little loaves of confection about in the garden on Easter-day in the grass and bushes, and tell the children that on this night the hares have laid eggs, and bid them go out and look for them. This is one of their most favourite fictions. The father, mother, and all the elder brothers and sisters make as much pretence about

these hares' eggs and sugar-hares as about their Christmas Christ-child and his gifts, and go out and rejoice themselves in the surprise of the children as they discover these many-coloured eggs, as much as the children themselves. Of the popularity of this fiction you see plenty of evidence in their literature.

At Kreutznach and other cities on the Rhine, on St. John's day in June, the Brunnens are cleaned out, and new brunnen-masters are chosen; on which occasion the neighbours assemble and make a little feast. On the day of this feast, the children go round through the neighbourhood to collect eggs, which they lay upon green leaves, in a basket adorned with field-flowers; and at evening roast their eggs, and make a feast. As they go from house to house they sing the following very rude and unrhymeable song:—

Garden, garden, Brunnen egg
 For St. John's day to-day we beg.
 Green are the lilies all;
 On the housewife now we call.
 Out upon the roof so high,
 The basket full of eggs we spy.
 If they are broken,
 Give me your daughter.
 Are they too small?
 Give me two for one.
 Strih, strah, stroh,

This day year we'll all come again once mo'!

There are also other similar customs and songs; but as some of these are rather connected with the seasons than with religious festivals, with the religion of nature than of churches, we will here throw them into a little chapter of themselves, though at the risk of extending somewhat too far this part of our volume.



CHAPTER VIII.

OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE CONTINUED.—SYMPTOMS AND AMENITIES OF SPRING.

WE have described the festivities of Christmas and New-Year's day—of harvest and vintage time; but the bursting out of spring itself is a festivity. It is a joy which fills every heart, old and young; and every mark of it is hailed with most eager and sympathetic exultation. The first of these glad manifestations is the breaking-up of the ice in the rivers. It is this which brings you from the long and gloomy severity of winter at one stride into the living animation of coming spring, and is a striking scene.

When a thaw comes, after a long frost on the large rivers, the boatmen are on the watch for its suddenly breaking up. For days it will be all still, and as if apparently it would last for ever; but the practical eye of the waterman knows when it will suddenly take its departure. "The ice will go to-night," they say; for it is a

very singular fact, that it almost invariably goes in the night, and generally about twelve o'clock. It is said that by referring to the files of newspapers where the breaking-up of the ice is each year recorded, it is found that regularly in twenty times it breaks up in the Rhine nineteen of them in the night.

The boatmen on the Neckar, after the severe frost of 1840, accordingly one night, when the thaw had continued some days, said — "It will go to-night." To our eyes there appeared no more likelihood than there had done on the first day of the thaw. All was one hard surface of ice. No water had flowed over it; and one could at sunset have ventured to walk across it. But when it became dark, torches were seen flaring here and there along the banks of the Neckar, especially by the city, where the houses and mills might be endangered by a sudden breaking loose, and as sudden rising of the flood; for the Neckar lying in a deep valley, and running for forty or fifty miles along it, with a high and mountainous country on each side, rises rapidly sometimes after heavy rains, or a deep snow followed by a rapid thaw, to thirty or forty feet; and marks may be seen in many places on the houses shewing the height to which it rose in certain years. The highest of these is one accompanying the breaking-up of the ice in 1784, and is on the second story of the houses, about twenty feet above the road, which road is as high again above the ordinary level of the river.

When one of these sudden floods accompanies the breaking-up of an ice of perhaps two feet thick, the spectacle is perfectly sublime. The solid mass heaved by the water, which is driven like a mighty wedge beneath, rifts and explodes as with the reports of cannon. The huge masses of ice are tossed up by the torrents that rush from beneath them, and rearing their sharp crystallized edges against each other, grind and roar, like lions in combat with tigers. The whole scene that a few minutes before was silent and motionless becomes one chaos of confusion, uproar, the crushing of conflicting, and grinding of furious and vast sheets of ice against each other. There is a rush and sough of waters all in activity. It is as if they had sprung at once from a long sleep, and awoke not only with their old voice, but with a hubbub of strange sounds both from their own bed and from men on the banks.

As these tremendous blocks of ice are thus rushing down the river, and many of them are carried out by their own mutual violence upon the banks, they would, if not guarded against, do infinite damage, crushing boats, smashing mill-works, and tearing away every thing that obstructed them. A constant and anxious watch becomes necessary. A man from each village or town is ready at the first glimpse of its breaking up, to ride to the next place, giving the alarm as he goes, by crying aloud "The ice goes! The ice goes!" The people all flock to the river-side; guns are fired, and torches appear in every direction. The boatmen get their vessels which happen to have been frozen up, dragged out of the waters; and along the streets of towns, men and boys in crowds stand with poles, ready to push away the blocks that threaten damage; and if the waters appear likely to rise rapidly, to be in readiness, many of them to get the goods out of their houses, into numbers of which it will flow. Imagine at the same moment this scene of excitement extending along the immense banks of the great rivers of Germany, and of their tributaries, and what an animated idea!

On the night then on which the boatmen had prognosticated the going of the ice, we were actually awoke by the swift galloping past of a horse, and the loud cry of a man, "The ice goes! the ice goes!" I leaped from my bed, struck a light, looked at my watch, and it was—just twelve! Throwing open a window which faced the river, the scene was most strange and striking. An hour before, when I lay down, all was silent; now there came a wild and awful sound of contending elements through the darkness. Sounds of grinding, crushing, cracking—of rushing roaring waters, and the sweep of winds, bringing from above the heavy dull explosions of ice-masses. Along the banks flared hundreds of torches. The cries of human voices, those of men, women, and children, came on all sides. Guns were firing rapidly near the city. One could perceive through the darkness, white and spectral masses moving on the waters, and then the rending of fresh sheets away as those rushed against them. Below, from the bridge where the gigantic pieces were continually striking against the piers, came the dull and continued thunders of a distant battle.

I hastily threw on my clothes and ran towards the city. A more

H

picturesque scene is not imaginable. People were hastening from all quarters to the river side. As I drew near the city, I met a good-natured student running to give us the intelligence. He was in his long dressing-gown and a red cap, and made many apologies for shewing himself in such dishabille. We turned down to the river bank, and proceeded under a wide-arched passage beneath a garden terrace. Before us flared a cresset fire, shewing the blackened vaults and shadowy pillars around us. It was like the passage through some bandit's cave. At every opening on the river banks stood throngs with torches and poles and anxious looks. Women called out of windows, and others with their clothes thrown on in haste equal to my own, and with their cloaks or gown-skirts thrown over their heads, were hurrying here and there. All was life, wakefulness, and animation. We made our way to the bridge, where, though the ice, considering that it was two feet thick, was moving off in as orderly a style as could be expected, yet it presented a striking spectacle. By the light of their torches we could see it hurrying along in huge platforms of many yards square, which came ever and anon with such concussions against the strong stone bridge, that it trembled beneath us. The grinding and rustling sound, and the whiteness of the ice-masses, as they chafed against each other in going along, and raised round their edges a snowy ridge, had a singular effect; but the scenes and the groups around were not less striking. Under old dingy archways, at whose feet rushed the vexed waters, at every opening from the city to the stream, on the bridge and along the banks, were seen wild-looking throngs, made strikingly conspicuous by their torches. Above, by the collected glare of all the torches, might be dimly discerned the old dusky towers and gables of this picturesque town, and high around, the dim sides of the wooded mountains, silent and dusk. The ruins of the old castle too overlooked the busy river in majestic gloom and indifference, as if it felt that it had once had its times of stir and human excitement, but had long ago done with them, and had no more concern with man and the changes of the seasons, than to stand through all, a solemn monument of the past.

The ice gone, how soon seems the season to advance. How soon are all the active exertions which we have noticed, going on in fields and vineyards. How are all the people out, stirring here

and there and everywhere, in fields, and woods, and gardens. How soon comes out the violet, the March violet as they call it, and for the first of which there is such an eager hunting, by bank and thicket; and how soon are these green, sunny, southern banks and fields scattered with the lovely blue of the squill, known only in our gardens. March is here! and in wood and valley, what shoutings and singings and pipings are heard, as if Pan with his fawns and satyrs, with all their young hordes, were dancing and holding jubilee there.

There are parties of boys, who have made themselves pipes and trumpets of bark, which the ascent of the sap enables them to strip from the trees. The principal tree which they strip for this purpose, is a species of elm. Before I saw this, I often wondered at the appearance of young elms in the woods near villages. They had often the bark wholly stripped from one side from top to bottom, and I was inclined to imagine that they had been stripped by lightning, till I observed that it was so frequent, and always occurring to young trees of this species, though some of them were very tall, probably not less than forty feet high. When I met the youngsters with their horns and trumpets of this very bark, the mystery was explained.

On a Sunday afternoon-stroll into the valley of the Fox-Mill, near Heidelberg, we met, as we ascended one side of the valley, a party of boys coming down the other, amusing themselves with these pipes, etc. When they saw that we took notice of them across the valley, they stopped, evidently to entertain us with their sylvan music. They made a wild kind of chorus; some on small and shrill, others on larger and fuller, pipes of green bark, and one boy with a horn of it about a yard long, made a bass variation of the drollest kind. It was sometimes like the braying of an ass, sometimes like the bellowing of a wild bison, and at others like the chuckling and merriment of some uncouth and Pan-like creature of the woods. It was so odd, that we could not, for our lives, help laughing outright, which then so delighted the young musicians that they sent back their laughter across the valley like an echo. It was altogether just as if we had met by accident a young troop of fawns and satyrs all in their woodland jollity. Sometimes they stopped their pipes, and sung out a song till the boy with the

horn blew a queer and irresistible accompaniment, and they were forced to laugh aloud. As they proceeded, however, they sung with more spirit and zeal, and we were soon astonished to hear them break out with an old tune, that Hauff says in Lichtenstein may be often heard on the banks of the Neckar, and in Hauff's own words.

Scarcely thought!
To its end, lo! Joy was brought,
Yesterday on proud steeds hieing,
Shot to-day the heart through; lying
In to-morrow's chilling grave!

But yet say—
All earth's transports, what are they?
Pride ye on your beauty's blowing,
Cheeks with milk and purple glowing?
See! the roses wither all!

Therefore still
March I forth as God shall will,
Hear I then the trumpets calling?
Comes the moment of my falling?
I will die a soldier brave.

After this patriotic song, they burst out into as merry a one, unknown to us, and then to our equal surprise, into Uhland's "Wirthin's Daughter." We were not prepared to hear the songs of Hauff and Uhland sung in this wild woodland valley by this little troop of village boys, and the effect was thrilling. As we remained some time talking of this, our little satyr-band went on, and we could long hear their alternate singing turned suddenly by a queer blast of the bark horn into a fresh peal of laughter, and then the shriller pipings of their lesser instruments growing fainter and fainter in the distance.

In April what a paradise is around you! The Germans, though their springs are not without their variations, have certainly, on the whole, much finer and steadier ones than ours. In April their abundance of fruit trees burst into blossom, and you see around you an ocean of bloom. Everywhere the snowy white of the plum blossom meets your eye, then succeeds the sweetest pink tints of the apple, and the delicate white of the pear. All around is the tenderest green of young leaves below, and sunshine above, playing far and wide over happy people. In May you feel it more of heaven than earth. The nightingales in thousands are singing in the thickets, the woods and the gardens, and you cannot avoid calling to mind the simple sentiment of the child in an old hymn.

As the moon doth shine so fair,
 And the nightingales do sing,
 How glad it must in heaven be,
 With Jesus our young king.

The nights, indeed, are so mild and clear, that people sit out in the public gardens, drink coffee, and let their children play about till nine o'clock at night. The vines are in full blossom, and the whole air is suffused with their peculiar, delicious, and ethereal fragrance. In one place you see a group of children, with a small sort of cockchaffer on their fingers, which they are inciting to fly away by singing in their language exactly the same song as our children sing to the lady-cow in ours:

LITTLE MAYCHAFFER SONG.

Maychaffer, Maychaffer, fly thee away!	Little Turk, little Turk, fly thee away!
Thy house it is burning;	The women will smash thee,
Thy mother is mourning;	With cudgels they'll thrash thee—
Thy father he sits on the sill—	Turk-wife, Turk-wife, fly thee away!
Fly thee to heaven, or all will go ill.	

The men will pursue thee,
 And run their spears through thee.
 To heaven fly humming,
 Bring a sack full of cummin;
 Then I'll dip my spicy bread
 In the cooling wine so red.

As the month advances, out comes the lady-cow itself, which they sing to in the same way:

Marybird! come light thee down	The spider spins them round, they die;
Upon my hand, upon my hand;	Marybird—oh! fly, now fly,
I'll harm thee not, my beauty!	Thy children cry so sorely!
No harm, no pain shall come to thee,	Marybird, so meek and mild,
Thy lovely wings alone I'll see,	Fly forth, fly to the neighbour's child,
Thy lovely wings, my beauty!	She'll harm thee not, my beauty!
Marybird, now fly away!	No harm, no hurt she'll do to thee,
Thy house it burns, thy children cry,	Thy lovely wings alone she'd see,
So sorely, oh! so sorely!	Thy lovely wings, my beauty!

In the villages the children are calling to the stork, to come and take possession of its ancient hereditary nest on the chimney or gable, or on the tower or gable of the church, where a frame of wood is often secured for its nest to lie upon, and which nest, made of sticks three or four feet in height and diameter, quite a

little tower of itself, attracts your eye at a great distance. Many superstitions are connected with these birds. It is considered a sign of coming trouble or ruin, if the stork deserts its old station on the house. The children are told that the stork not only brings luck, but little brothers and sisters in its bill ready swaddled. Of the numerous children's stork songs, we may give this one :

STORK SONG.

What claps in the house so loud, hark ! hark !
I believe, I believe, it is the stork !

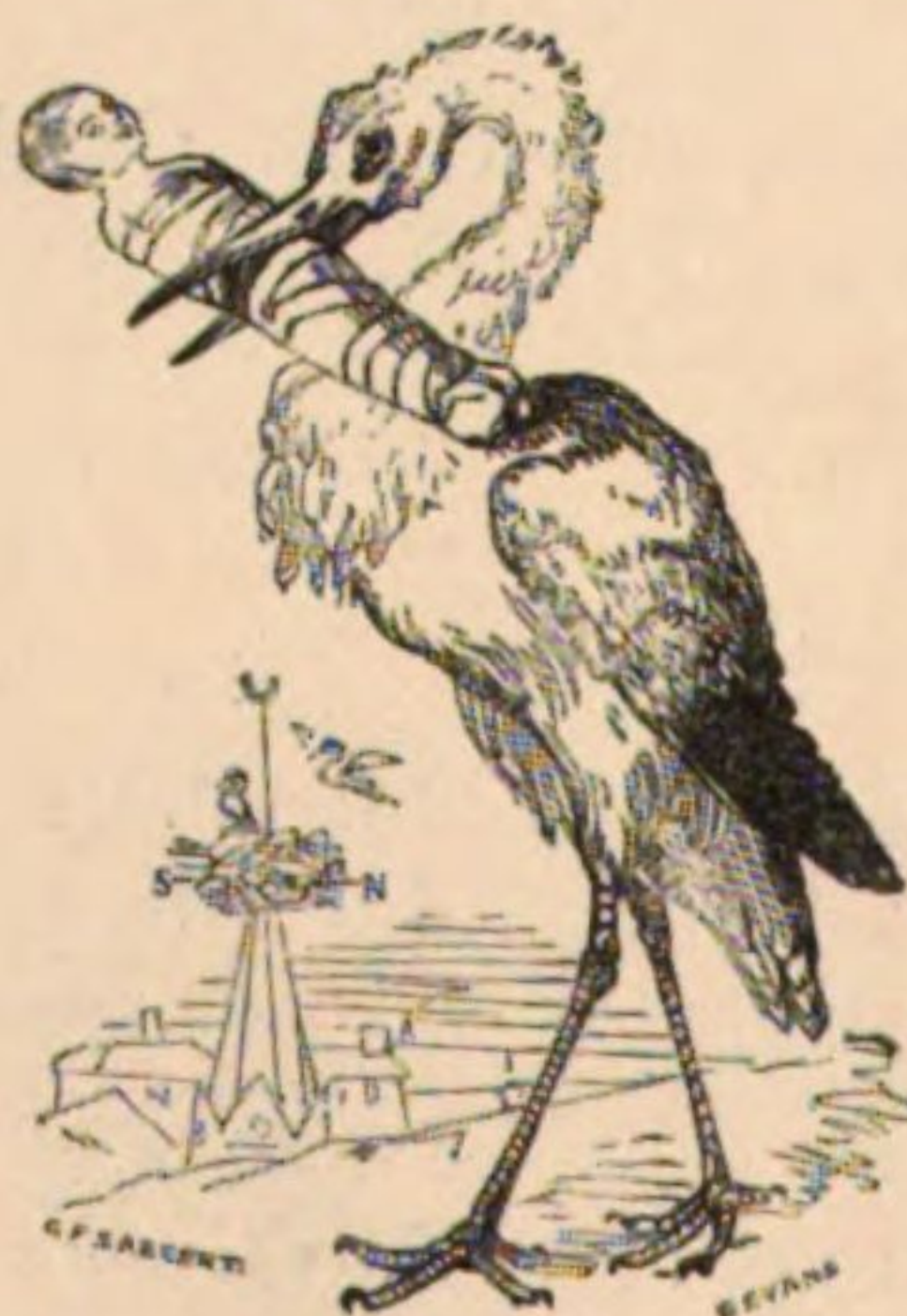
That *was* the stork ; so children be still,
And here what I now tell you will.

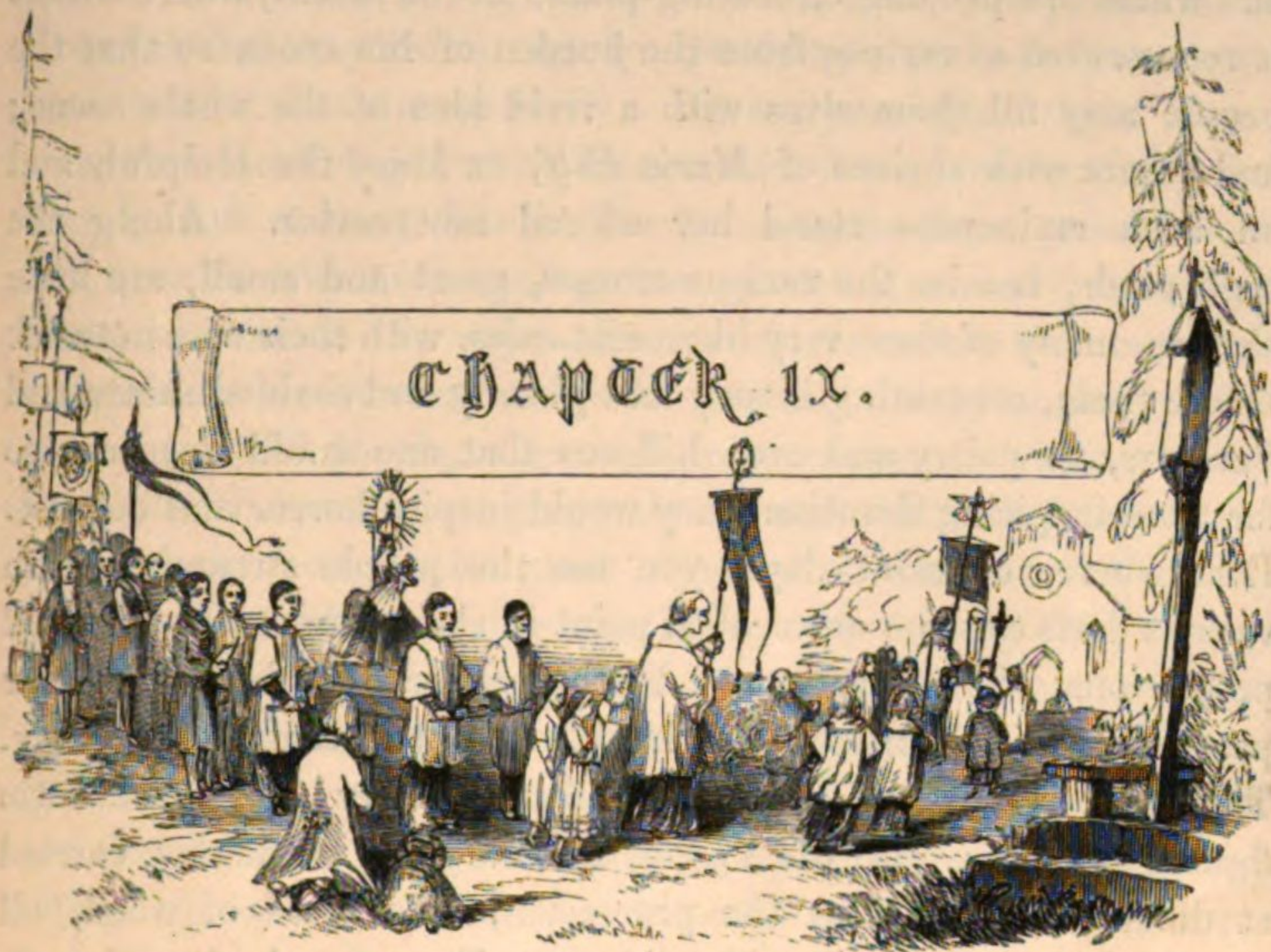
He brought you a brother, and out is flown,
But has bitten your mother to the bone.

She lies now ill, but is full of joy,
Nor heeds the pain for the love of the boy.

The little brother so sweet and small,
Has brought with him sugar-plums for you all.

But never an one shall taste a sweet,
That cannot be still and most discreet.





OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE CONCLUDED.—PILGRIMAGES.

How much do the follies and weaknesses of mankind contribute to give colour and variety to the surface of human life. What poetry fails to effect, superstition accomplishes. Out of ignorant credulity and childish conformity to the miserable schemes of priestcraft, spring everywhere the most curious practices and the most picturesque festivities. In Germany, what is so picturesque as its religious pilgrimages? In the Catholic states there is scarcely a high hill in any pleasant country on which some cunning saint has not perched his shrine, to which thousands and tens of thousands of zealous votaries flock through the summer months. Everywhere you see little chapels standing aloft on the heights, which are celebrated as the goal of frequent *Wallfahrten*, or Pilgrimages. Everywhere there are what they call *Calvarien Bergen*,

or Hills of Calvary, where the crucifixion is lively represented, and where are pausing or resting-places in the ascent, where Christ is represented as resting from the burden of his cross, so that the people may fill themselves with a vivid idea of the whole scene; and others with shrines of *Maria Hilf*, or Mary the Helpful, and on such eminences stand her adored tabernacles. Along the high roads, besides the various crosses, great and small, are little shrines, many of them very like meat-safes, with their wire network before them, containing bloody and ghastly and chained saints and Saviours, so paltry and even hideous that one would imagine, so far from inspiring devotion, they would inspire horror and disgust. Everywhere, on saint-days, you see the people streaming from various dorfs to some one central point in showy and many-coloured processions. They are bound to that church or chapel in their particular neighbourhood which possesses the highest celebrity. There are boys in white gowns bearing crosses; there are little figures of the Saviour, the Virgin, and the saint of the day, carried at different intervals in the procession, on frames of wood, all dressed and made gaudy with ribbons. There are banners borne, with holy pictures and emblems on them. A man goes before with his book, reading out the hymns for the occasion, and all the people follow in the train, singing.

Nothing is so common the summer through as these holiday processions, and nothing gives such a lively variety to the face of the country. In the very regions of serfdom, where the *Leibeigenen*, literally *Body-property*, or bondsmen, till the soil, and the face of the earth has a dreary look, as if the habitation of slavery, on these days all is holiday and freedom. The peasantry are all abroad in their best; as you pass through their villages they swarm in the street, preparing to hasten off to some pilgrimage church or other. Processions are forming; the villages are in a stir and throng of many-coloured dresses; you meet streams of people for miles on the road; you catch the sound of a choral song to the right or left over the great corn plains, and see trains of pilgrims in distant parts of the landscape. The bells of the village churches are ringing; heaven sends down its gladdening sunshine over all, and in the momentary sabbath feeling of the scene you forget the slavery of body and of soul that is around you.

But in the states in which Protestantism prevails to a certain extent, still prevail, too, these Wallfahrten. They are not so frequent, but they are as eagerly undertaken; perhaps more eagerly because they occur more rarely. In every neighbourhood there is some renowned chapel where miracles are done, and wonderful help found; and at least once in the summer, to them press from far and near the most astounding throngs, doing acts of extraordinary penance even on the way. Poor weak creatures, that one would imagine could not crawl a mile, are wearily dragging along a score or more. Old people, whose only pilgrimage one would expect to be to the other world, are propped on crutch and staff, bending their slow course towards the great object of the day's worship. The blind are actually carrying the lame; and the way to the temple of Juggernaut can scarcely exhibit more pitiable scenes of misdirected, yet unconquerable devotion, than do the roads towards these Catholic shrines. Nor in these Juggernautic expeditions are the attractions of youth and beauty neglected. Hundreds of village girls, adorned to the utmost, and prepared for weeks beforehand for the purpose, go singing along, often to some solitary chapel in some solitary forest, where encampments are formed, and a sort of grand festival held. The consequences to morals that these expeditions have occasioned may readily be imagined; and in some parts they have been so enormous as to occasion the governments to restrain and discountenance them as much as possible. Our present business, however, will be to give as graphic an idea as we can of the general character and proceedings of these pilgrimages, and leave the reader to philosophise on their results; and we cannot, for this purpose, do better than present the living recital which Goethe has given of his falling in with the Pilgrimage of St. Rochus, at Bingen on the Rhine, in 1814.

“Above Bingen, and near the river, stretches itself forward a hill, towards the upper tableland. It makes one think of the promontories of the old pent-up waters. At its east end you see a chapel dedicated to the holy Rochus, which is just restored from the destructive ravages of war. On one side yet stands the scaffolding, notwithstanding which on the morrow the feast shall be celebrated. People think we are come hither on that account, and promise us enjoyment. We are told that during the war-time, to

the great grief of the country, this house of God was desecrated and laid waste. Not, indeed, entirely out of caprice and wantonness, but because here an advantageous position overlooked the whole country, and commanded a part of it; and thus the building became ransacked of all the requisites and ornaments of divine service; became smoke-blackened and defiled with bivouacs, yes, even degraded to a stable.

“But on this account sank not faith in the saint who turns away the plague and contagious diseases from his votaries. Truly no Wallfahrt hither was to be thought of; for the enemy, circumspect and suspicious, forbade all pious processions hither and thither as dangerous assemblages, demanding fellowship of thought, and too favourable to conspiracies. For four-and-twenty years, therefore, could no feast be celebrated aloft there. Yet were the neighbouring believers, who had a deep conviction of the benefits of these local pilgrimages, driven, through the force of great necessity, to dare the utmost; and the people of Rüdesheim relate the following remarkable instance of this.—Deep in a winter’s night they beheld a torch-train, which all unexpectedly proceeding from Bingen, held its way up the hill, finally surrounded the chapel, and there, as may be supposed, completed its object of devotion. How far the French authorities indulged the importunity of these votaries is known to nobody, though it is scarcely to be supposed that such an undertaking could have been ventured on without some secret acquiescence of the kind; but the occurrence itself remained totally unnoticed by them. The people of Rüdesheim, who at the sight ran to the banks of the river, declare that a more singular or awe-inspiring spectacle they never saw in their lives.

“We descended gently the shore, and all that we met congratulated themselves on the restoration of the neighbouring holy place, since, although Bingen must especially desire this renovation and reanimation, yet was it also a pious and joyful occasion for the whole country, and on that account a general joy for the morrow; since the obstructed, interrupted, ay, often totally annihilated intercourse between the two Rhine banks, maintained alone through the faith in this saint, shall again with full lustre be restored. The whole country is in motion to discharge both its old and new vows. There will men confess their sins, receive pardon, and in the

swarming throng of the crowding strangers so many long separated friends will again meet each other.

“Our return was enlivened by a continued firing of cannon from the chapel. This warlike clang gave occasion at the inn suppertable to speak of this high peak of St. Rochus as a military post. It was remarked that thence one sees the whole Rhinegau upwards, and can distinguish most of the places that we had visited in coming hither. At the same time we were called on to notice that from the height above Biberich we must have frequently seen the Rochus chapel as a white spot lit up with the morning sun; which we then very well recollected. From all which, it could not fail that St. Rochus should be regarded as a worthy object of veneration, since through this binding faith in him—thus in a moment was this post of war and contention converted into a post of peace and reconciliation.

“In the meantime a stranger was found amongst us seated at table, who was regarded as a pilgrim, and on that account the praises of the saint were sung more freely. But to its great amazement the well-meaning company found that, though a Catholic, he was to a certain degree an opponent of the saint. On the 16th of August, the feast-day, while so many were celebrating the holy Rochus, his house was burnt down. Another year, on the same day, his son was wounded; the third chance he would not explain. A sagacious guest remarked that, in individual cases, the fact was, the people must address themselves to that saint under whose particular jurisdiction it fell. To guard against fires St. Florian had in charge; St. Sebastian undertook the healing of wounds; and as to the third accident, one could not say, but probably St. Herbertus might have afforded help in it. For the rest, there was plenty of scope given to believers, since in the whole no less than fourteen holy helpers had been appointed. The virtues of these were now run over, and it was found that helpers in our needs could not well be too numerously provided.

“In order to get clear of such doubtful observations as these, even when uttered in a cheerful mood, we stepped forth under the burning, star-strewn heaven, and lingered so long there that our after-portion of sleep might be set down at nothing, since we quitted it before sunrise. We went instantly out, in order to gaze

down into the grey Rhine glens. A fresh wind blew thence in our faces, especially favourable to the upward sailers, and to the crossers-over. Already are the vessels wholly in activity of preparation. The sails are set; and from above the guns again are fired to begin the day, as in the evening they had been to announce it. Already isolated figures and groups shew themselves against the clear sky round the chapel, and on the ridges of the hill; but the shores and the stream are yet but little astir.

“The passion for natural inquiry wiled us away to see a collection, in which the metallic productions of the Westerwald in its length and breadth, and especially of the mines of Rheinbreitenbach, should lie before us. But this scientific attraction had nearly cost us too dear; for we found, as we came back to the shore, that the people were in the liveliest stir of departure. In masses they crowd on board, and one overloaded boat after another pushes off from the land. Looking up the stream we see throngs coming along, wagons hastening, boats from the upper districts landing their living cargoes. The sides of the mountain swarm with the many-coloured masses of climbers, striving to reach the summit by foot-paths, more or less steep. A continued discharge of cannon announces that pilgrim troops from other places are seen on their way.

“Now it is time! Even we are in the midst of the stream. Our sails and rudder contend in the rivalry with hundreds. Reaching the banks, we mount the steepest zigzag stair leading over the rocks, with hundreds upon hundreds, slowly, often resting, and joking. It was the table of Cebes, in the truest sense—moving, living,—only here were not to be found so many downward conducting paths.

“Above, we found around the chapel crush and thronging. We found our way in with the mass. The inner space is a nearly equal-sided square, each side of about thirty feet, the choir in length about twenty. Here stands the chief altar; not modern, but in well-adorned Catholic ecclesiastical taste. It is very lofty, and the chapel has altogether a fine, free aspect. In the nearest corners also of the main square are two similar altars, undamaged, and all as in the former times. And how are we to explain this in a newly-ravaged church?

“The throng moved from the chief entrance towards the high altar, then turned to the left, where they testified their deep veneration for a relic lying displayed in a glass coffin. Every one touched this coffin, crossed and blessed himself, and lingered before it as long as he could; but the ever-coming mass drove all before it irresistibly forward, and thus was I carried on in the torrent, and pushed out at the side-door.

“Old men from Bingen step up to us, in order to greet our worthy guide, the officer of the Duke of Nassau. They praise him as a good and helping neighbour, yes, as the man who had done all in his power to enable them to celebrate the feast of to-day with proper respect. Now we learn that when the convent of Cibingen was dissolved, the internal apparatus of the church service, the altar, the pulpit, the organ, the prayer-stools, and confessional, were all transferred for a trifling sum to the people of Bingen, for the complete refitting of St. Rochus' chapel. As the Protestants had thus shewn themselves so ready to furnish these requisites, the collective body of the Bingen citizens engaged personally to bring those things over hither. They proceeded to Cibingen; all was carefully taken down; individuals took charge of smaller articles; combined numbers bore away the larger; and so they carried them, ant-like—pillars and mouldings, pictures and ornaments, down to the river. There, in accordance with their vow, the fishermen were assembled to receive them; they put them across, landed them on the left bank, and now on men's shoulders were they borne up the mountain paths. As this was going on, those above at the chapel, looking over land and water, could see the most singular train, with carving and painting, gilding and lackerwork, in many-coloured procession moving along, and thinking with a pleasant feeling, that every one there labouring along under his burden, might hope to win by his labour, blessing and edification for his whole life. The organ thus brought, but not yet set up, will find its place on a gallery opposite to the high altar. Now first was the enigma expounded; now each one answered for himself the former query,—how it was that all these ornaments were already old, and yet well preserved; undamaged, and yet not new; and thus shew themselves in a place thus newly restored.

“This present condition of this house of God is so much the more satisfactory to us, as we call to mind the good will, the mutual assistance, the pursuing and completion of the work, by which it has been brought to what it is. That all has been proceeded in with deep consideration is shewn by this, that as the altar came from a much larger church, it was resolved here to raise the walls many feet, by which has been obtained a handsome and most richly ornamented space. The older believers can now kneel before the same altar on the left bank of the Rhine, before which, from their youth upwards, they had worshipped on the right. Moreover, the reverencing of these holy bones was already a matter of ancient custom. These remains of the holy St. Rupprecht, which the people had formerly touched in faith and boasted of as being most helpful, they also found here; and thus many experienced the joyful feeling of once more being able to draw near to a long-tried patron. It was observed that it could not have been seemly to include these in the bargain and sale, to have set a price upon them,—no, they came, more likely as a gift in pious addition, at the same time, to St. Rochus. Would that people everywhere, in similar cases, might experience a similar forbearance!

“And now the turmoil seizes on us. Thousands upon thousands demand our attention. These tribes of people are not strikingly different in costume, but they are of the most varied cast of countenance. The tumult, however, permits you to come to no settled comparison. General characteristics one seeks in vain in this momentary confusion. We lose the thread of our observation, and allow ourselves to be drawn into the vortex of life. A row of booths, such as a Kirchweih festival exhibits, stands not far from the chapel. Ready for sale stand tapers, yellow, white, coloured, adapted to the different means of the dedicators. Prayer-books are in plenty; the offices of the saint there to be worshipped. In vain did we ask for a pleasant pamphlet, in which was set forth a clear account of his life, his achievements, and his sufferings.

Rosaries of all sorts were in abundance, as were also bread, caraway cakes, peppermints, and a multiplication of pastry, with no less of playthings, galanterie wares, etc., to fascinate the children of different ages.

"Processions kept coming on. Villages distinguished themselves from villages. The view of them to a quiet spectator might have afforded some results of observation. On the whole one might say the children were handsome, the young not, the countenances of the old were very marked; amongst these were numerous grey heads. They came on with song and answer; banners waved, standards flapped, and large and larger grew the tapers, train after train. Every company had its Mother of God borne by children and maidens, new clad, and adorned with many rose-coloured, rich, fluttering knots of ribbons. Pleasant and peculiar was one Christ-child, which held a large cross, and gazed amiably on that instrument of martyrdom. 'Ah!' cried a tender-hearted spectator, 'is not every child that looks forth joyfully into the world, in the very same case?' They had clothed it in cloth of gold, and it looked like a young prince, right lovely and cheerful.

"But a great commotion shews itself. Now comes the grand procession up from Bingen; the people hurry to the back of the hill towards it; and now one stands astonished at once over the beautiful and splendid stretch of landscape in a totally different scene. The city itself, well built and maintained; the gardens and groups of trees around it, at the end of a soft vale where flows out the Nahe. And now the Rhine, the Mouse-tower, the Ehrenberg. In the background the solemn and grey walls of rock, amongst which the mighty flood forces itself and disappears.

"The procession comes up the hill arrayed and ordered like the others. In the front come the least boys, behind them the youths and men; then comes borne the holy Rochus, in black velvet pilgrim garb, and a royal gold-bordered mantle of the same stuff, from beneath which peeps forth a little dog, holding a piece of bread between its teeth. Immediately after this come boys of a middle age, in short black pilgrim-hooded frocks, scallop-shells on hat and collar, and staves in the hand. Then walk solemn men, neither to be classed as peasants nor burghers. In their expressive features I fancied I discovered boatmen, men who their whole lives through drive daily a dangerous and critical trade, in which every moment the mind must be on the watch.

"A red silk canopy came rocking up, under which was adored the Most Venerable, borne by the bishop, surrounded by spiritual

dignitaries, and accompanied by Austrian soldiers, followed by the authorities of the day. So pressed they on to celebrate this politico-religious feast, which should serve as a symbol of the recovered left bank of the Rhine, as well as the freedom of faith in signs and wonders.

“But should I express in a few words the most common impression which all processions leave upon me, I should say the children were altogether glad, good-natured, and self-enjoying, as on a new, wonderful, and lively occasion. The young people, on the contrary, marched forwards with indifference, since they were born in a bad time, could connect the festival with no pleasant memories; and he who does not look back on what is good, hopes not. The old, however, were all affected, as by a happy time returning, when to them it could no longer be of use. Hence one sees that the life of man is only in so far valuable as it has a consequence.

“But now the observer was rudely startled, and drawn away from this noble, and in many respects, interesting spectacle, by a noise in the van, through a wonderful, general, and vehement outcry. Here again experience repeated itself:—a solemn, sorrowful, ay, terrible fate, is often interrupted by an unforeseen and tasteless cause. On the hill behind us rises a singular call. It is not of the tone of contention, of terror, of fury, but yet wild enough. Amongst stones and thickets and wild weeds, runs an excited, here and there running multitude, crying “halt! here! there! yonder! now! here! now this way!” So rings it in every variation of tones. Hundreds are running, leaping with headlong recklessness, as chasing and pursuing. But exactly as the bishop, with the most venerable train, reaches the height, is the riddle expounded. A nimble, strong young fellow, runs to the front to make a pleasant exhibition of a bleeding badger. The poor innocent creature, startled by the commotion of the pious throng pressing up the hill on all sides, and cut off from his hole, is at the festival richest in mercy, by ever pitiless men, killed in the very moment most pregnant with blessings.

“Equipoise and solemnity were, however, speedily again restored, and the attention attracted by a new and stately approaching procession; for while the bishop proceeded towards the church, the people of Bidenheim, numerous and respectable, drew near. Here

also failed the attempt to penetrate the character of this particular district. We, bewildered through so much that was bewildering, let them in the growing bewilderment quietly draw off.

All now pressed towards the chapel, and strove to make their way in. We, driven on the way to the outside, continued in the open air, in order on the back side of the hill to enjoy the wide extended prospect which opened itself into that valley through which the Nahe unseen glid on its way. Here a good eye commanded the most varied and fruitful country to the very foot of the Donnersberg, whose mighty ridge magnificently closed the distance. But now we became irresistibly aware that we had approximated ourselves to the good things of life. Tents, booths, benches, screens of all kinds, stood here all in array. A welcome smell of roasting meat came rushing upon us. We found a young active landlady, busy about a great wide glowing ash-heap, roasting,—she was a butcher's daughter,—fresh sausages. By her exertions, and the incessant bustling of many nimble waiters, was she alone able to satisfy such a host of ever-streaming guests. We ourselves, supplied plentifully with the steaming viands, and fresh excellent bread, busied ourselves to get places at a long table under an awning that was already well occupied. The friendly people crushed themselves together, and we rejoiced ourselves in a pleasant neighbourhood, ay, in the amiable society of visitors, who, from the banks of the Nahe, were come to this renewed feast. Lively children drank wine like the old ones. Brown jugs with white inscriptions of the saint's name, went the round of the family circle. We too had supplied ourselves with the like, and set them well-filled on the board before us.

And now was seen the great advantage of such congregations of the people, when through some concern of high interest, out of such a wide-stretching circle, so many individual rays are drawn to one centre. Here, at once, one informs oneself of many different provinces. The mineralogist quickly discovered persons who, acquainted with the geology of Oberstein,—with agates themselves, and their cutting and working,—gave many instructive communications to the lover of nature. The quicksilver mines of Muschel-Landsberg were also alluded to. Fresh information was acquired, and I rejoiced myself in the hope of receiving thence beautiful

crystallizations of amalgam. The enjoyment of wine was not interrupted by this discourse. We sent our empty jugs again to the tapster, who prayed us to have a little patience, till the fourth barrel was begun. The third, early in the forenoon, was already drawn low. No one here feels ashamed of the love of wine, they even to a certain degree boast of their drinking. Lovely ladies declare that their children, while at the breast, also were nourished with wine. We asked them whether it was really true that clergymen, ay Electors, prided themselves on drinking within four-and-twenty hours, their eight Rhine measures—that is, sixteen of our bottles?

One apparently serious guest remarked, that in answer to this question, one need only call to mind the last sermon of their consecrating bishop; who, after he had represented the drunkenness of his flock in the strongest colours, thus closed his sermon. “Hence my pious, and to confession and repentance already disposed hearers, you must be convinced that he perpetrates the greatest sin who in such a manner abuses the noble gifts of God. The abuse, however, excludes not the use. It stands written, ‘Wine rejoices the heart of man.’ By this it is clearly made manifest that, to rejoice ourselves and others, we may and should enjoy our wine. But now there is probably no one amongst my male hearers who cannot take to himself two measures of wine (four bottles) without finding the slightest trace of confusion in his senses;—but he who, on the third or the fourth measure, falls so far into forgetfulness of himself, that he does not recognise his own wife and children, but abuses them with scolding, striking, and kicking, and treats his best friends as his worst enemies; let him retreat into himself, and meddle no more with this over-quantity, which renders him displeasing to God and man, and a scorner of his fellow.

“But he who, in the enjoyment of four measures, ay, of five and six, only feels himself in such a mood that he can take his fellow Christian under the arm, can rule his own household, yes, is in a condition to follow out the commands of his temporal and spiritual rulers; let him enjoy his modest portion, and take it with thankfulness away. But let him take heed that, without sufficient probation, he goes no further, since here the goal is generally set

to weak man; for the case is rare in the extreme in which the fundamentally munificent God has bestowed on any one the especial grace to be able to drink eight measures (sixteen bottles), as he has vouchsafed to me, his servant. As, however, it cannot be charged to me, that I have fallen into unjust wrath against any one; that I have mistaken my relative or the inmates of my house; or that I have neglected or put off the spiritual duties and business which are incumbent on me; but rather that you are all become my witnesses how I am ever in readiness, to the praise and honour of God; and how active I shew myself for the good and benefit of my neighbour; so may I yet further rejoice myself with a good conscience, and with gratitude for this gift which has been conferred upon me.

“And you, my pious hearers, that he may be in body and in soul refreshed, and rejoice according to the will of the Giver, take each one his modest portion away with him. And that this may be the happy experience, let all superfluity be banished, and let every one conduct himself according to the precept of the holy apostle, who says, ‘Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good.’

“After this it could not fail, that the chief subject of the conversation should continue wine, as it had been. Then rose immediately a contention about the superiority of different growths, and here it was pleasant to see that the magnates have no dispute amongst themselves. Hochheimer, Johannisberger, Rüdesheimer, allow each other's merits; only amongst gods of the lower grade reign jealousy and envy. The very much esteemed red Assmannshäuser was, especially, subjected to many attacks. I heard a vineyard proprietor of Ober-Ingelheim assert that his own came very little behind it. The Eilfer was excellent, but there could be no testimony of it brought, because it was already all drunk out. This was thought very reasonable by the present company, as red wine must be immediately in its first years enjoyed. On the contrary, the company from the Nahe, boasted of a wine growing in their country called Monzinger. It was light, they said, and pleasant in the drinking, but before you were aware of it, it was up in your head. They invited us to come and prove it. We were too kindly pressed not to wish that we could enjoy the pleasure, even at some risk, in such good company, of tasting it, and

trying our strength on it. Our brown jugs too came back well filled, and as we saw the cheerful white inscription of the saint's name so beneficently everywhere employed, one was ashamed not to know sufficiently his history, although we well remembered that, denying himself all earthly good, he had not hesitated even to stake his life, in waiting on those suffering from the plague. The company were set on to relate this entertaining legend, according to our wishes, and that to a pitch of perfect emulation, children and parents helping one another.

"One now came to see in what a peculiar manner tradition exists, as it wanders from mouth to mouth, from ear to ear. There were no contradictions; but innumerable differences, which might spring from this cause, each individual mind taking a particular and different interest in particular events and circumstances, by which one incident is now thrown backward, now forward, and not only the different wanderings, but the abode of the saint in different places became reversed. An attempt to sketch out the history as it was by word-of-mouth related to us, did not succeed with me, so it may stand here as it is usually delivered.

"St. Rochus, a professor of the faith, was born in Montpellier. His father's name was John, his mother's Libera. His father had not only Montpellier, but many other places under his command. He was, however, a pious man, and had long lived without the blessing of children, till he had obtained his Rochus by prayer from the Virgin Mary, who brought with him a red cross on his breast into the world. When his parents fasted, he must fast too; and on such days his mother gave him only the breast. In his fifth year he began to eat and drink very little; in his twelfth, laid aside all folly and superfluity, and spent his pocket-money on the poor, to whom he was especially kind. He shewed himself diligent in study, and acquired great fame for his ability; and his father, moreover, on his death-bed, in a very moving speech, exhorted him to follow every good work. He was not yet twenty when he lost his parents, but he then divided all his possessions amongst the poor; surrendered his government of the country, travelled to Italy, and came to a hospital in which lay many in a contagious fever, on whom he would wait; and though, at first, he was not readily permitted, but the danger represented to him, yet he per-

sisted, and so soon as he was admitted to the sick, he healed them all by touching them with his right hand, and by the sign of the holy cross. He then betook himself to Rome, where, amongst many others, he freed a cardinal from the plague, and sojourned with him for three years. But as he himself at length was attacked with this terrible complaint, and was brought into the pesthouse, where on account of his cruel pains he was often compelled to cry out horribly, he went out of the hospital, and seated himself before the door, that he might not disturb the rest with his lamentations. As the people went past and saw this, they thought it had occurred through the negligence of the keepers, but when they understood the contrary, everybody took him for a fool and a madman, and drove him out of the city, when by the help of his staff and God's guidance, with much difficulty, he crept into the neighbouring wood. The excess of his pain would not permit him to go farther, so here he laid himself down under a sycamore, near which there bubbled up a spring from which he could refresh himself.

“Now not far from thence lay an estate belonging to one Gotthardus, whither many of the gentry of the city betook themselves, as this Gotthardus had many servants and dogs of the chase. Here a singular circumstance arose. A very well-bred hound snapped a loaf of bread from the table, and ran off with it. Though he was punished, he watched his opportunity the next day, and escaped luckily with a second booty. Then the Graf suspected some mystery, and followed with his servants. There they found under the tree the pious dying pilgrim, who begged them to keep at a distance and leave him where he was, that they might not be attacked by the same complaint. Gotthardus, however, insisted on taking the poor man home, and not quitting him till he was restored; and he did all that he could for him. When now Rochus had regained a little of his strength, he betook himself to Florence, where he healed many of the plague, and was himself, through a voice from heaven, fully restored. He exhorted Gotthardus also to pitch his dwelling in the wood, and to surrender himself to the service of God without ceasing, which Gotthardus promised, if he would only remain with him; and after Rochus had sufficiently accustomed Gotthardus to his eremitical life, he went again on his

way, and after a very arduous journey, came once more home unto the city which had belonged to him, and which he had given to his cousin. As it was war time, he was taken up for a spy, and was brought before the lord of the place, who, on account of his great change and wretched raiment, did not know him again, but threw him into prison. He thanked God, however, that he permitted him to experience all sorts of misfortune, and spent five years in the prison; and when any one brought him cooked food he declined it, and moreover crucified the flesh with much watching and fasting. When he perceived that his end drew near, he begged the servants of the gaoler to fetch him a priest. Now it was a dark dungeon in which he lay, and as the priest came in it was quite light; who, therefore, wondered greatly, and so soon as he saw Rochus he was struck with something divine in him, and half dead with terror, fell to the earth. He hastened as soon as possible to the lord of the city, and told him what he had discovered, and how greatly God had been offended by their having so long detained the most pious of men in so horrible a captivity. When this became known in the city, every one ran crowding to the tower. St. Rochus, however, was overcome with weakness, and gave up the ghost; but every one saw through the chinks of the door a bright glory stream forth. When the door was opened, they found the saint dead and stretched on the earth, and at his head and his feet lamps burning. After this, at the command of the lord of the place, they buried him with great pomp in the church. He was recognised by all, by the red cross which he had on his breast, and which he had brought into the world with him; and therefore arose a great howling and lamenting.

“This happened in 1327, the 16th of August; and since that time in Venice, where also his body is preserved, a church has been built to his honour. In the year 1414, when a council was held in Constance, and the plague appeared there, and no means to check it could be found, it stopped so soon as they called on the name of this saint, and set on foot processions in honour of him.

“Our table was hardly the place to understand quietly this peaceful history; for amongst the whole mass of feasters had long arisen vehement contentions as to the amount of pilgrims and visitors to-day. According to some there were ten thousand, to

others more, and then still more, swarming altogether on this hill-top. An Austrian officer, trusting to his military eye, acknowledged himself inclined to the very highest estimate.

“Endless discourse was circling round. There were numbers of peasants’ rules, and traditionary weather-prophecys, as to what should come to pass this year—such as, ‘A dry April is not the peasant’s will,’ ‘When the grass-fly sings before the vine springs, there will be a good year,’ with a host of others. A mountaineer, who listened to these many old saws foretelling fruitfulness with eagerness, if not with envy, was asked if such were current amongst them too; he replied, not in such variety. Their riddles and sayings were more simple, thus:

In the morning round;
At noon-day stamped;
At evening in panes;
If it so remains,
It is sound.

The people present rejoiced themselves in this contentedness, and added, that these were times in which one may be contented to be even so well off.

“But now rise many of the company with complacency from the table, to the end of which it was almost impossible to see. Others greet and are greeted; and so by degrees falls away the multitude. The sitting-together, few, desirable guests alone linger. They part reluctantly. They turn to each other once more to enjoy the pleasant grief of such a separation, and promise finally to the satisfying of some, impossible meetings again. Without the tent and booths, you feel instantly, under the high sun, the want of that shade which an extensive new planting of walnut trees promises to the future grandsons.

“A new movement announces some new circumstance. People are crowding to the preaching. All crush to the east side. There the building is not yet completed. Still stands the scaffolding; yet even during the erection one serves God. Even so was it in the deserts. Churches and cloisters were erected by pious saints with their own hands. Every hewing, every laying down of a stone, was a god-service. Connoisseurs are reminded of the striking painting of Le Sueur; of the wanderings and workings of the holy Bruno. So repeats itself everything distinguished in the great world-course. The observant remarks it everywhere.

“A stone pulpit projecting from the church wall, and supported on arches, is accessible only from within. The preacher steps forth; a clergyman in his best years. The sun stands high, and therefore a boy holds a canopy over him. He speaks with a clear intelligible voice, a pure and able discourse. We believed ourselves to have seized its meaning, and repeated it many times to our friends.

* * * Meantime we, his hearers, looked up to the pure vault of heaven. The clear blue was enlivened with light stretching-away clouds. We stood on a high point. The prospect Rhinewards, bright, clear, free; the preacher to our left above us. The audience before him, and below us. The space on which this numerous company stands is a large unfinished terrace, uneven, and behind having steep slopes. In the future, completed and built about with a builder's skill, the whole would be one of the loveliest situations in the world. No speaker addressing so many thousands ever beheld over their heads so splendid a landscape. Now let the builder place the multitude on a clear level, perhaps backwards a little ascending space, and thus all would see and hear the speaker commodiously. But this time, through the incompleted terrace, they stood downwards, one behind another, accommodating themselves as well as they could; and, as seen from above, one wonderful quietly-rolling wave. The place where the bishop listened to the preacher, was indicated only by the canopy, he himself was swallowed up and lost in the multitude. The sagacious builder will also erect a proper place for this important ecclesiastical dignity, and thereby heighten the solemn state of the occasion. These attentions to the unfinished state and capabilities of the place, hindered however not attention to the preacher, who now proceeded to his second part. * * * The attention to every word of the preacher was great; the audience not all to be comprehended in one glance. All the individually arriving pilgrims, and all the united township processions stood here collected, after they had reared their standards and banners by the church, to the left-hand of the preacher, to the no small ornament of the scene. But pleasantly just by, in a little court which opened itself only too incompletely to the assembly, the whole collection of the paintings brought hither were elevated to the right on scaffolds, as if asserting their right as the hearers of the greatest pretensions.

"There Mother-of-God images, of different sizes, stood new and fresh in the sunshine. The long rose-coloured ribbons fluttered gaily and gladsome in the breeze. The Christ-child in the gold stuff continued unchanging his friendly look. The holy Rochus, indeed, more than once gazed quietly on his own festival. The figure in black velvet, as reasonable, standing aloft. The preacher turned now to his third part. * * * *

"The preacher ended, certainly, to the edification of all; for every one had already comprehended his words, and every one laid to heart the intelligible and practical teaching. Now turned the bishop back to the church. What passed therein remained hidden from us. The resounding of the *Te Deum* we distinguished from without. The in-and-out streaming of the throng was agitated in the highest degree. The festival stooped towards its conclusion; the processions arranged themselves for their return. The Bidenheimer, as the last arrived, set out the first. We longed to escape out of the chaos, and therefore drew away with the quiet and grave procession of Bingen. In the descent we observed other traces of the sad days of the war. The stations of our Lord's sufferings were purposely destroyed. By the removal of these, the pious Christian and genuine taste for art might work together; so that any one, be he whom he would, might travel this path with a livelier sympathy and edification.

"Arrived in the nobly-situated Bingen, even there we could find no rest. We wished, after so many wonderful, divine, and human affairs, to plunge headlong into the bracing bath of nature. We called a boat, and let the stream bear us away downwards."

Imagine, in addition to this expressive picture, crowds of eager, solemn, and absorbed devotees on their knees before shrines in the chapel or church, telling their beads,—their lips moving, and tears falling down their cheeks; gazing devoutly on holy pictures; planting little burning tapers at the feet of pillars, and before images and pictures of saint or virgin; and offering up little legs or arms, little infants, or horses of wax, the subjects of their present prayers for help; and crowds of others kneeling on the outsides of the church, where some saint stands in a niche, or even before some tomb where a saint or a departed relative lies,—and you have a pretty good idea of one of these periodical pilgrimages.



CHAPTER X.

THE WANDERING HANDICRAFTSMEN, OR HANDWERKSBURSCHE.

NOT less singular nor less conspicuous than the Student-Life of Germany, is that of the handwerksbursche, or wandering handicraftsmen. One of the first things on your arrival in the country which strikes your eye, is the number of young men on the roads with knapsacks on their backs, and stout sticks in their hands. They have a wayfaring, but not a mendicant or vagabond look, though, to your surprise, they will often, on the approach of your carriage, off with their caps and run along beside it, to ask for something. Their looks—frequently those of mere boys, often handsome lads too, well dressed, though in a peculiar pedestrian style—and their good and well-stored knapsacks, do not fail to fill you with curiosity, especially when, without the slightest aspect of shame or of impudence, they solicit you for money, and you learn,

on inquiring, that these are the Gesellen, Handwerksbursche, or wandering journeymen of Germany; that this rambling all over the country of such numbers of these young men, in every part and every direction, is not so much a matter of choice as of necessity; that, for three or more years after the expiration of their apprenticeship, they must thus pursue their travels, and on their return must give evidence of having become perfect in their calling, by making their meisterstück, or masterpiece, before they can obtain permission to enter on business for themselves.

The Gildwesen, or existence of guilds, is one of the most ancient institutions of the country. In the earliest ages, before the Romans broke into and overran Germany, as well as the rest of Europe; while the Germans lived in their vast forests, hunting their plentiful deer, auerochsen, or buffaloes, bison, boars and bears, and fighting one tribe with another, they had a sort of guilds amongst them. These were termed Waffenbruderschaften, or brotherships-in-arms. The individual members of these brotherships were styled guild-brothers and oath-brothers, because they had united for mutual benefit and protection; and before the magistrate were held as security for each other, and were regarded, in fact, as if they had been but one man; so that, if any one was accused of a misdemeanour, and the guilty person could not be fully committed on evidence, all were held equally responsible for the deed. These guild-brotherships, called also *Wergilda* and *Bergilda*, consisted only of ten men, thence termed the *tien manna tala*, or ten-men-number—whence our old word *tale* for count; but these were again comprehended in another community of ten times ten, who held their own assemblies for the administration of justice, electing from amongst them a person, termed by the Franks, Tunginus; by the Longobards, Sculdais; and by the Anglo-Saxons, Hundredarius. Hence this custom was established by Alfred in England, every county being divided into hundreds, for both civil and military purposes. These popular brotherhoods, or jurisdictions, were again included, each in a community of ten times a hundred, which made in Germany a *Gau*, or district.

As the population within these bounds afterwards increased, still all the freemen, besides their own private possessions, enjoyed in common many public rights, as those of free use of wood and

water, of hunting and fowling, and right of way and access to whatever in any of these things they had a claim.

As cities began to be founded, and trades to spring up, the national customs planted themselves in them. They who fled into these towns to escape the oppressions of the great feudal lords, who, in the course of time, had grown into something like sovereign power and severity, still found there the possessors of the ground, of the houses already erected, and of the suburban lands. These claimed a marked superiority over the new-comers, who, for maintenance, were compelled, though free, to betake themselves to handicraft trades, or to menial service. These original freeholders proudly held themselves apart from these less wealthy new-comers, married only amongst themselves, and maintained by other social and mercantile intercourse, an exclusive connexion amongst themselves. They termed themselves the *Geschlechter*, or genteel classes; or, as these classes came to be called in England, the gentry. They formed themselves into guilds, and assumed the right to elect their Aeltermenner, or Schoppen, that is their aldermen; and their Schuldeis, or mayor; and to administer the government of their city, strictly forbidding any combination amongst the handicraft class, which might endanger their self-assumed privileges.

But as the handicrafts grew in numbers and wealth, they in time set at defiance these usurpations; formed themselves into unions according to their several trades, which were again called Gilde, or Zünfte, or Innungen. These, like the primeval guilds, were for mutual protection and benefit. The separate guilds again combined amongst themselves for general advantage, and each zünfft electing its own zünfft-meister, these zünfft-meister in their meetings elected a bürgermeister, as the head of all. Thus organized and combined, in time the zünfft-gilde or handicraft-guilds came into open strife with the kaufmanns-gilde or merchant-guilds, and contested with them the government of the city; in which they acquired their share, proceeding with the other city force to war under their own zünfft or trade-banner, and their members in the fourteenth century being declared electable as city councillors.

These cities, so early as the tenth and eleventh centuries, asserted and maintained their freedom, many of them acknow-

ledging no superior but the emperor, and being, therefore, called Reichstädte, or cities of the empire, as free as any of the surrounding states; and others, though they did not acquire this dignity, still maintained their privileges, and were styled Freistädte, or free cities. These cities, amongst which the Hanse Towns became the most famous, afterwards entered into treaties and engagements for their common benefit, that is, to defend the common rights of trade against all usurpers; to protect their markets, and their persons and goods in transit from state to state; and also their handicrafts, so that they might have the opportunity of proceeding from city to city, and thus perfecting themselves in their peculiar arts wherever those arts were most ably and skilfully prosecuted.

They received from the different emperors and rulers, at different times, in return for their essential aid in money matters, in regard to which these rulers were often driven to desperate necessity, many privileges, and all their claims were admitted and confirmed. Thus it came to be stipulated that no person should, in any city, be allowed to follow any handicraft calling, who had not conformed himself in all things to the regulations of their guilds. He must be duly apprenticed to a regularly authorized master and member of a guild, with the exception of a very small number, who derived their privileges from the courts, and were termed court-handicrafts and free-masters. The apprentice, on the expiration of this term, must then proceed with a certificate from his guild, on his Wanderschaft, or journey, for three or more years, to perfect himself. His years of apprenticeship were termed his Lehrjahre, or learning years; those of his travel, his Wanderjahre, or wandering years. On his return, he must, if he wished to become a master, make a chef d'œuvre, which must be submitted to the masters of his guild, and only on their approval of it, could he receive his freedom, and right to exercise his calling in a free city. There can be little doubt but that both our term journeyman, for an artizan working under a master, and our word masterpiece, originate in such customs.

This is the ancient and universal practice of Germany. In England, as indeed in France and Italy, and other countries, the same system, drawn from the same common source, formerly

existed, and yet exists, in our different guilds and regulations regarding apprenticeships, and in many towns, of taking up freedom, as in the city of London, where a retailer, though his whole stock does not amount to 10*l.*, must take up his freedom at nearly that expense, while his next neighbour, because he is a wholesale dealer, though he has 100,000*l.* worth of goods in his warehouse, is not required to do it. In England, however, this ancient system, though presenting these gross anomalies, exists now but in a fragmentary state; in Germany, to the present day, it continues in its original power, for the Germans are almost as unchangeable in their habits as the Eastern nations.

There is no doubt but that if, instead of all these young men wandering all over the country for the appointed term of three years, during which period much time is lost in the wandering itself, they were sent direct to the few cities where their own craft is most successfully pursued, or were taught enough of the English and French languages for common purposes, and were sent at once to London or Paris, they would in as many months as they now spend years learn three times as much. They would thus come at one leap to the fountain-heads of that knowledge which they seek, and there speedily make themselves masters of the latest discoveries and improvements. We should then no longer see, as we do with wonder when we first come to Germany, the strange old-fashioned locks, door-handles—actually levers—queer knives and forks, comical pots and kitchen utensils, odd old-world carriages, lumbering eil-wagons, so called, and many other things which throw us back some hundreds of years in the history of mechanical improvement. Their artists, indeed, do not pursue this method; they sedulously seek to acquaint themselves with the master-works of Greece and Italy, and the effect is in accordance. But in all else the Germans, if left alone, will go on to eternity in the same track. They are like steam-engines set upon a line. They are full of power, and will march on exerting it for ever in one course, unless some mighty influence from without breaks irresistibly in upon them and throws them off the rail; as Buonaparte broke in, and as steam-power is now again breaking in, destined to produce far more wonderful changes amongst them than did the fiery Corsican.

But there are advantages derived from this wandering system

of the handicrafts, which may be said to be far more than a justification of it. If much time is lost to their artistical advancement, and if they seldom reach that degree of excellence which an exclusive direction of their attention to the capitals of Europe would bring; on the other hand, they see more of their own country than the same class in any part of the world does. They wander at public cost through the various states of their common country. They see the varieties of men and manners, of cities and costumes. The beauties of nature are brought under the eye of all that have a feeling for them. They tread the spots celebrated in their history, and calculated to inspire a patriotic sentiment. They are made aware of the greatness and extent of the fatherland. Galleries, works of art, noble specimens of architecture, celebrated ruins, and peculiar institutions, are open to their observation; and many of them, as we shall see, do not neglect to avail themselves of these privileges, and lay up for their future lives a store of the most delightful recollections and subjects of conversation. It is, in fact, in this point of view, rather than as a means of perfecting themselves in their individual arts, that the excellence of the system, in my opinion, lies; though at the same time it is not to be denied that it is attended with many dangers and abuses, as it must be, while it lets loose such a swarm of raw and rude youths as must of necessity exist in this class, who, without gathering much good for themselves, are very capable of corrupting those that they circulate amongst. But of this more anon; let us now look more minutely into the constitution of this wandering system.

The handicraft guilds are divided into nine or ten different kinds; *i.e.* they consist of so many different kinds of handicrafts, or are differently constituted. For instance, there are city and village handicrafts. The city ones consist of those who follow the arts which contribute more particularly to the elegances and luxuries of life; and the village ones of such as are there rather tolerated because such must be had, than regarded with admiration as masters in their calling. Amongst these are classed the ordinary run of linen-weavers, wheelwrights, cobblers, tailors, joiners, smiths, tilers, bricklayers, and potters. Then there are limited and unlimited handicrafts. The limited are those where, through a privilege granted by the lord of the country, only a certain number of

masters in each handicraft are allowed within its bounds; and no one can be there constituted a master by the magistrates, without the consent of the masters of the guild. In the unlimited, where the masters of the guild refuse to admit a young man who has gone through his years of probation, a magistrate, on his proving this, and shewing by his masterpiece that he is entitled to it, can compel his admission. There are, again, close and exclusive guilds, which consist of the artizans of fine and delicate crafts. Such are to be found particularly in Nürnberg, as those of the awl-smiths, blacklead-pencil makers, turners, coppersmiths, bell-founders, gold and silver wire-drawers, etc. These neither send out their youths to study anywhere else nor receive the *gesellen* from any other places, except where the same close guilds exist; and towards the handworkers of their trade, who belong not to these close guilds, observe none of the usages of the handicraft unions.

They make, again, amongst themselves distinctions into fine and coarse trades, as amongst the workers in wood are classed with the latter, carpenters, joiners, coopers, and cartwrights; amongst the workers in iron, smiths; while fine ones in wood are turners, cabinet-makers, and carvers; in metals, spur, file, and locksmiths. They have further distinctions between the different branches of a handicraft, be it in works in stone, iron, gold, silver, silk, wool, or what else. So under the head of workers in leather, are the tanners, the fellmongers, the curriers, saddlers, the shoemakers, and the glovers. There are also hired handicrafts and retailing handicrafts. The first are such as have no right to sell their own work, and must, therefore, serve a master. The second class have the privilege, if they please, to work on their own account, and to stand as dealers in the yearly fairs. There are, again, simple and conjoint guilds, *i. e.* guilds consisting purely of those of one trade, and guilds in which two or more trades are united. But their most essential distinction, so far as it regards the comfort of the *gesellen* while on their *wanderschaft*, is into *geschenkte* and *ungeschenkte*—those who give a stipulated allowance to these young men, in case they do not find work in any town. It is a prevailing notion that every guild without exception, by a fixed law, appoints a regular sum to be given to every *gesell*, which is contributed by

every master in the trade, in each town where he seeks work and does not find it; but this is not the case. Some only do this; others, again, do it not; and there is a third class, which, though it does not prescribe a fixed sum, ordains that something shall be given, which is done out of the common chest. Where but little is given, it is the custom of those *gesellen* who are in work, to contribute to assist those who are not; and where nothing is given, the *gesell* on his travels depends upon his own resources, and the contributions of his brother workmen who are in employ.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that many of these young men who have to travel, and yet depend in a great degree on their resources, should be compelled sometimes to beg; or that this being the case with a part of them, should furnish a plea to any or all of the rest to do the same.

Every handicraft has its *Herberge*, or inn, and here the guild has its chest. Here the travelling *gesell* resorts, and not only finds his home till he can obtain work, or must proceed on his journey, but here he is sought for by masters who want hands. On his arrival he immediately announces himself to the *Jungmeister*, or handworks-messenger, who gives him any information that he possesses as to those that need hands. He must then go round to the masters, and where they do not happen to be in, the *Altgesell*, or oldest journeyman in each shop, who acts as foreman, gives him an answer.

In the *herberge* the sick are cared for, and there the guild has its meetings. Every guild has its guildmaster, with a handworks-deputy, or assessor, appointed by the magistracy, and other assistant masters. It has its *Ladenmeister*, or treasurer, and its messenger, or *Jungmeister*, the latest admitted to the guild, who gives notices of these meetings, and is in attendance to execute the commands of the elders. In these meetings the chest is opened which contains the laws and statutes of the guild, its records, accounts, letters, etc.; and from this circumstance comes the expression amongst the handworkers, of whatever is done at these meetings, being done at open chest.

These *herberges* are very curious. From the ceiling depends the insignia of the trade to which it belongs. From that of the shoemakers, hangs a wooden boot; from that of the smith, a horse-

shoe; from that of the coopers, a small barrel; and so on, adorned with various coloured ribbons. In a village herberge, where the various handicrafts use but one house, the insignia of the different trades are suspended over the different tables where the members of the different handicrafts sit.

The apprenticeships vary in duration, from three to six years; the shorter periods being generally compensated for by a proportionate premium. The general term of the wanderschaft is three years; but there are handicrafts in which four, and even six years, wandering are required. When a youth has served out his apprenticeship, it is necessary before he can proceed on his wanderschaft, that his master should declare him free at open chest, that is, before the assembled guild. Formerly, these guilds or zünfts were very strict in their requirings before an apprentice could be entered on the rank of gesell. His freedom and respectability must be proved by the certificate of his birth; and to maintain the honour of the guild, so far was this carried that illegitimate children, and even the legitimate children of shepherds, bailiffs, watchmen, beadles, and of those parents who had been in a house of correction, were excluded. These absurd proscriptions have been justly done away with.

The youth being made free from his master, demands from the guild a copy of his birth and apprenticeship certificates, which lie in the chest. These must be signed and sealed by the masters of the zunft; and besides this, if he shall have worked there as a gesell some time between the expiration of his apprenticeship and his setting out, must be added a printed form of testimony to that effect. All these testimonies are generally copied, not upon separate papers, but into a book called the Wander-book, which it behoves him most carefully to preserve, as no handworker without these documents will be employed by any master.

If the articles of the zunft do not expressly require a wanderschaft to be made, it remains at the option of the youths themselves whether they will make it or not; but such guilds are very few in number. There are some, where the gesells do not wander, but must work as such for a fixed period, and can remain for that time with the master with whom they were apprenticed. The articles of the guild declare expressly whether the gesell shall travel within his

own state or beyond it. It is generally required to go beyond it. Some trades, but these are few, decree that the gesell, during the period of his wanderschaft shall not return home at all. The sons of masters in some trades had the privilege either of exemption from wandering, or the period was curtailed in duration for them; but this is stated by Mittermeyer to be now contrary to law.

So then the gesell is freed by his guild; but before he can set out he must obtain one thing more, and that is, his passport from the police. In earlier times, the handworkers and artists travelled without a pass or written document, and were furnished with a secret formula, by which they were recognised, called the Hand-worker's Greeting; but the abuses to which this led, especially in unsettled times, by enabling bad characters thus to overrun the country, induced the Emperor, in 1731, to issue an order for the whole of Germany, that no person whatever should be allowed to travel without a regular passport. The passports of this class, therefore, are very strictly demanded, in order that the police may be able to keep a sharp oversight on them during their whole term of wandering, and so that at any time they may by this means be able to tell where any individual of them is. By this means too, every youth may be traced by his friends, and the exact circumstances in which he is, can be ascertained at any given time.

Furnished with this wander-book and this passport, and joining himself if possible with one or two others, who are setting out on their journeys of probation too, he mounts his knapsack, and takes leave of his friends. With many warnings and good wishes and much good advice from father and mother, and from those old friends who, in their day, have gone the same wanderschaft, and with his heart full of tender regrets at leaving the spot of birth and youth, and of wonder, and expectation of what he is to see; of the great cities, and strange people, and curious customs; of the mountains and rivers of which he has heard so much from other gesellen, or from his father and friends, he sets forth.

There is a beautiful account in the life of Hans Sachs, the celebrated shoemaker-poet of Nürnberg, of his thus setting forth.

It is thus that we see these youths strolling on in groups, or one by one, from town to town, in every part of Germany. A leathern knapsack on their backs, under the cover of which is

generally rolled a cape, to throw over their shoulders in rain; a hat, often covered with oilskin; in summer a linen blouse, bound round the waist with a belt; in the hand a stout stick, and in the mouth, or peeping out of a pocket, a pipe. The dignity of carrying a stick and a pipe in public, or in company, is one to which the youth only arrives on issuing out of his apprenticeship, and taking the rank of a gesell. He has generally a wickerwork-guarded flask hanging by his side from a cord, for brandy or wine in cold weather, and for wine or water in summer. At each end of his knapsack peep the soles of a pair of boots; and he has often, moreover, attached to his knapsack, a pair of small wheels, by which, when his back is weary of it, he can trail it after him with his stick. You see one, now and then, with a long narrow sack, which, well stuffed, hangs over one shoulder and down his side, like a great horse-collar, but this is rare; the knapsack is the general wear.

The travelling gesell is advised by the experienced to carry no more articles with him than are absolutely necessary, and this is the most approved stock. Besides the clothes on his back, a Sunday suit, two shirts, two pair of stockings, a few handkerchiefs and nightcaps, a pair of scissors, needles and thread, of which he will often have need, and must learn the use of. If these are well packed, he will, says his adviser, have room also for a few books, especially a Bible and a handwork-traveller's pocket-book. There are pocket-books prepared expressly for his use, and excellent ones they are. They contain rules for preserving his health; an alphabetical list of those cities where each trade is pre-eminently pursued, and where he can best obtain his object; instructions as to what is demanded of him by the police and magistracy; an exposition of the constitution of the guilds or innungs; the principles of his native language, that he may gradually improve himself in it; advice in case of illness; tables of the values of the various moneys and of the weights in different states; calculations of expenses; admirable tables of routes and distances in every direction, not only through his own country, but to the capitals of neighbouring kingdoms; lists of the steamers, packet-boats, and railways, and everything that relates to eilwagens and other conveyances, with their charges; all that respects sending and receiving of letters,

money, and other packets; trade regulations; a glossary of foreign words that he will be most likely to fall in with; accounts of the principal buildings, galleries of art, and remarkable objects in those countries and cities through which he may go; prognostics of weather; and finally, miscellaneous notices for entertainment and instruction in solitary hours.

When he arrives at a town or village, he knows where to find his proper herberge. Here he finds, most probably, others of his trade, and learns from them or the landlord, who are the masters in the town. He shews his wander-book to the landlord, and that becomes security for what he may have during his stay. He has then to present his passport at the police-office, and go round to the masters to seek work. If he find it, his passport must lie at the police-office till he again has to move, and it is amazing in the large cities the crowd of these gesellen that you every day see there, bringing their passports, or fetching them away again, preparatory to their departure. At Vienna an officer used generally to be keeping them back from the door, and only letting in a portion of the thronging mass from time to time, as they could be attended to.

In many states they are not allowed to cross the boundaries, although furnished with all these requisite documents, unless they are each in possession of at least two crowns. When driven to extremity, however, a number of those who travel together will contrive by standing near each other, to make two crown pieces serve for them all, by dexterously handing them from one to another, and thus in succession shewing the same pieces to the officers.

If they do not find any master in the place wanting a hand, they announce this to the zünft-master, who gives them a certificate to that effect; and after receiving the *Zehrpennig*, or sum that is allowed by the guild, they are required without delay of more than one day to proceed on their journey. A gesell can receive no pecuniary assistance, who either will not take work in the place where it is to be had; who has within three months been there and received work or a contribution; who has not the proper certificates, or who has been employed in the place on this visit.

If they receive work, they must deliver up their wander-book, to be kept in the zünft-chest till their departure. When master or man wishes to separate, either of them must give eight days'

notice. If the man works by the piece, he must complete his piece of work before quitting; if by the week, he can neither leave before the Saturday evening, nor be dismissed by his employer before, without some extraordinary cause; otherwise, if the master be in fault, he will be fined; if the man, his unpaid wages will be forfeited. If the master dismiss the man, the man may obtain work again in the place immediately, if another master have a vacancy; if he leave the master, he cannot go to another in the place until he has quitted it for at least fourteen days.

If a *gesell* loiter more than a day in a place, after he has done working, or after he has been round to all the masters, and has obtained no work, or if he have been found begging, he is treated as any other vagabond; and if his conduct have been bad, and he have left in debt, he is put on what is called the black table, is reported to the police, his disgrace is sent on his journey before him, and no master can employ him without incurring a fine.

Such are the regulations under which this great body of young men, in the eye of the law, and urged on by necessity and strict limitations, wanders from state to state, and city to city, for three or more years. When we consider what a swarm of rude and inexperienced youths, many of them in fact mere lads, is thus sent abroad into new scenes, and amid new temptations, we cannot think that there is one rule or restriction too many. Spite of all, many a wild scene of fighting *Knoten*, as these handworkers are in contempt called, with the *bauers* or peasants, is seen. Many a wild drinking and dancing at wakes and merrymakings. Many a trick is played and carouse is made by the cunning and disorderly. A troop of the lazy and lewd will wander on from place to place, not being over anxious to get work, or if they get it, soon giving notice and going off again. In the summer time you see them singing and capering on the highways, or in autumn making very merry under one of those fruit trees which grow by the waysides from town to town, and whose leaves, battered to the ground, give evidence of their vigorous assaults on the ripe temptations.

On the other hand, to the aspiring and deserving these years open up a new world of knowledge and of life; to those who have a feeling for nature and for art—and there are many amongst this class—a world of delight. Imagine a youth who has passed his

apprentice years in some stupid little town, and under some severe master; amid circumstances and tempers which make a house worse than a prison, and of which the bitterness is only too sure to fall on the innocent apprentice—imagine with what delight he must look forward to the hour which shall set him free, and spread before him a new existence, and new realms and years of novelty, variety, more freedom, and, as he fondly hopes, more good. With what a sense of elastic life must he spring from the doorstep of his cares and oppressions, and stretch the wings of his spirit over that wide and hope-tinted space before him. It was this peculiar life which gave Goethe the idea of his Wilhelm Meister in his “Lehrjahre” and his “Wanderjahre;” and has furnished to many other German writers, topics and ideas that serve eminently to vary their works. And to those, even in these humble classes, who have souls which have faculties and feelings beyond the mere circle of what the Germans call their bread-sciences—and to none has the beneficent Creator entirely denied such, any more than that he has denied to the dry heath, the common wayside, and the untrodden desert, beauty and the flowers which “blush unseen” there—what a period of enchantment and of rapidly expanding knowledge does this wanderschaft become! In the mountains and woods through which their routes lead them, by the noble rivers which flow through their country, they breathe, as they go from one station to another in the summer, a soul of poetry, and revel in the richest feelings of existence. What moments of deep entrancement, what dreams of fancy and of beauty, do some of these humble wanderers enjoy, as you see them with their knapsacks flung on the flowery turf, and their elbows propped or their heads cushioned upon them, as they lie stretched on the green skirts of one of their beautiful woods, and by the swift waters of a meadow stream. To many a young wanderer, who, but for this ancient custom, would never have issued from his native town, as to Hans Sachs, such moments no doubt there are, worth a whole life of ordinary existence. Visions of the future come before him in the warmest colours of anticipated happiness; and sweetest recollections of woods and green meadows, and harvest scenes full of happy people, and mountain glens, and sunshine and bright waters, and feelings in musical sympathy with them all, cling to him thence to his latest

days, making his native land as hallowed to him as his own hearth and existence.

If any one think this too poetical to be true, we can only advise him to enter the dwellings of such men as shoemakers, saddlers, or other such handicraft tradesmen, and talk with them and their families, and he will soon convince himself to the contrary. He will find something at once so manly and so friendly, such a domestic feeling and such a feeling of nature, as will most agreeably surprise him. We have no doubt whatever that it is this nature-loving and poetical feeling which so universally distinguishes the Germans, even to the commonest class; which has been by means of these wanderings wonderfully developed in the man, and thence introduced into and diffused through every member of their families. It is this which sends them forth on all Sundays and holidays in such crowds into the country to solitary wirthshouses in the woods, into the villages and the hills, to smoke their pipes and drink their coffee in orchards and garden-arbours, all Germany over. It is this which makes them read Goethe, Schiller, Hauff, and such other of their writers as abound in and cherish this spirit. It would have surprised many an Englishman, who has been accustomed to regard a poor saddler but as a man who reads only his newspaper, and his wife and daughter nothing, to have heard such a family, into whose house we only went to get a strap mended which broke in passing, speaking of the delight with which they read such authors; to have seen the glow of enthusiastic pleasure which kindled in the father's eyes as you mentioned places in distant states where he had been in his wander-years; and to hear them describe the *heavenly* pleasure it was to them on summer mornings to arise before the sun and ascend the neighbouring mountains to a tower on their summit, and there to see the sun rise—the wide world below, the clear heavens above; and then to take breakfast there with some of their friends. “Oh!” said the wife, “it was ganz himmlich, himmlich!—quite heavenly, heavenly! and it was impossible not to feel a spirit of worship.” The institutions and education which bring such a spirit and such feelings into the heart of the burgher families, are not only a domestic but a national blessing; and that such spirit and feelings abound in this class in Germany, you will at once discover when you will take the trouble to converse freely and kindly with its members.

But to return:—It is a genuine pleasure to see the young men in such scenes as we have spoken of; for there is no fine scenery where you do not meet them, evidently wandering as full of admiration and silent delight as the proudest traveller in his easy carriage. There is not an old castle or a battle-scene, famous for its fine location or its associations, where you do not encounter them; and it is not easy to express the sympathy we felt for two such young men, very interesting and modest in their appearance, whom we crossed more than once on our route from Leipsic to Frankfort. At Eisenach they had ascended the Wartburg, celebrated as the temporary abode of Luther, when carried off by his friend the Elector of Saxony on his return from Worms, in order to secure him from his enemies: as the earlier abode of the Earls of Thuringia, and scene of a celebrated contest of the Minnesingers; and of late as the meeting-place of the Burschenschaft. The castle of the Wartburg is reached only by an ascent of about half an hour. We met these two youths ascending, after having travelled from a distant town, as we were descending. Seeing them again the next day, on the road, we asked them how they had been pleased with the castle, and the armoury there. They replied that they had not been able to see it, because the doorkeeper demanded three groschen, about fourpence, and they had only two between them.

It is the same in cities. They visit galleries of art, public works, museums, public gardens, and out-of-door concerts, wherever their small means, or the public liberality will admit them; and if they observe the advice given them by the editors of their pocket-books, and keep a daily journal of what they see, however concise, they must lay up a great mass of information for their future use and reflection. By this national institution an advantage is bestowed on them, which the artizans of other countries do not enjoy, and calculated to enlarge their minds in no ordinary degree. It also affords the skilful and deserving many opportunities of advancing themselves with masters, whose favour they win, and of forming alliances with their families, which ensure their future prosperity.

On the other hand, the weariness and the disappointments which sensitive and unenterprising natures must encounter cannot

be trifling. Long marches in heat and cold, with scanty means, when they meet with but little employ, or belong to penurious guilds, are sharp trials of patience. They have often to put up with the most wretched lodgings and fare, in obscure dorfs; and if they fall ill there, far from their native home and friends, what a melancholy situation! If our hearts ache as we walk through the hospitals of large cities, which monks and nuns maintain from public contributions, and act in as nurses and comforters,—where all is clean and as cheerful as such places can be,—how much more would they, if we could behold the wretched lair, in some wretched hamlet, where the *gesell*, who has fallen ill by the way, perhaps five hundred miles from his friends, must lie, filled with sad longings towards his home and his family ties, till perhaps death release him. Well may Hauff assert that many a poor wandering handworker carries a heart more heavy than his pack.

In earlier times his fatigues and perils must have been of no ordinary kind, when there were no roads, or very bad ones; when the inns were of the most miserable kind, and the woods and open country were alike full of plunderers, from the robber-knight in his castle to the thief in the forest cave. Even now, if we were to take the evidence of the Berlin Handworker's Pocket-book, for the present year, the poor *gesell* has plenty of dangers to guard against. "Alone to wander," says he, "is neither safe nor pleasant. Well for him who finds one or two fellow-travellers. Yet join not thyself to any one. Seek to know something of thy companions. The more retiring thou art, the better it will be for thee; and a little mistrust does no harm on a journey, since thou canst, indeed, look into the eyes of thy comrades, but not into their hearts. Therefore, open not too much of thy circumstances, or thy plans; especially conceal the extent of thy money; and, however much thou hast, make thyself seem poorer than thou really art. Shew no more money than is absolutely necessary; the poor find compassionate hearts, but the boaster and the well-to-do raise enemies. Avoid too many fellow-travellers.

"Keep as much as possible to the highways. Every side-path, every woodway, is dangerous. Thou mayest not only diverge from the right track, if one of thy companions do not know it exactly, but mayest run into danger of being seized by robbers, and

be plunged into a variety of troubles. When thou leavest the herberge, take care to inquire out exactly the right way; note down, in all cases, the guiding signs and names of places on the road; yet, even in these inquiries, be cautious; and when thou observest suspicious characters, conceal as much as possible the real direction of thy journey. When thou lovest thyself in the woods, mark the bark of the trees. The rough side is towards the north; and from that observation steer thy course. If thou meetest, on the highway, other wanderers, be not too confidential in thy discourse; decline the courtesy of the offered flask, and take heed to be the last in the troop.

“Seek herberge in towns, when possible, rather than in villages, and never, or only under the most urgent necessity, in lonely alehouses, mills, wood-houses, and the like. It is better to turn back again, or to shorten thy day’s travel, when thou canst not reach the place thou hast intended, than rashly to run thyself into danger. Seek to avoid insecure districts, or pass them only in a strong party, or early in the morning. Perhaps wagoners may be on the way. Join thyself to them, and advance beyond them only with the greatest circumspection. Shouldst thou be compelled to pass the night in suspicious quarters, spend as little as possible; avoid stupifying drink; place thy knapsack under thy head; grasp thy stick in thy hand, and commit thyself to God in earnest prayer. Shouldst thou be attacked, defend thyself manfully, where the contest is not too unequal; where that is the case, surrender thy property to save thy life.

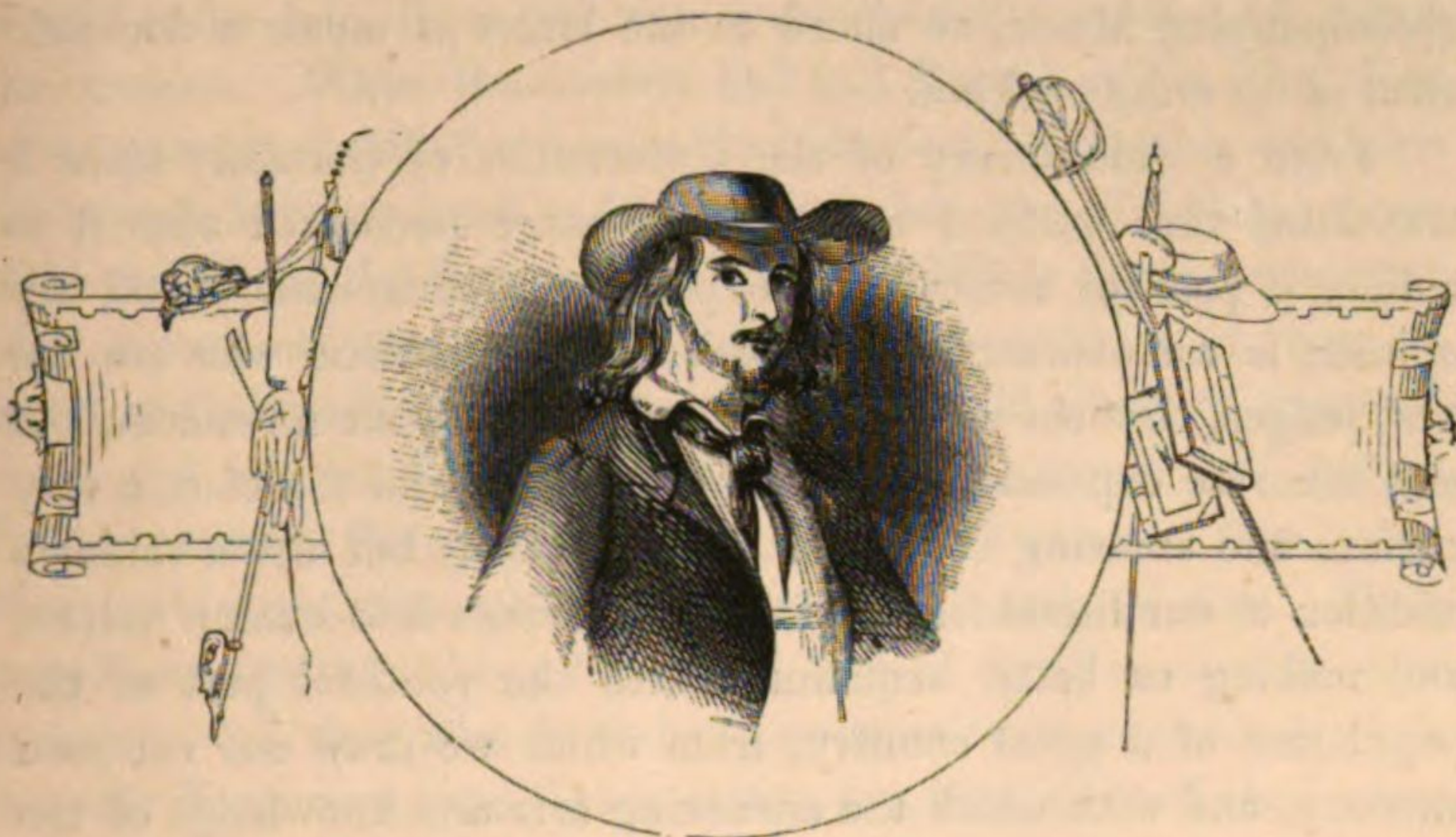
“Never, if possible to avoid it, travel in winter, at least in the raging cold that we sometimes have. In snow storms, venture neither alone nor in company on the highways. In summer, not small are the dangers of foot-travelling in the heat, from sudden coolings, sudden drinking of cold or impure water from stagnant pools. Then, never lie down in the woods to sleep. The ground is generally damp; insects and reptiles may do thee serious injury, or during sleep base men may rob thee of thy property. In public-houses shun the feather-beds; often have the sick and the dying lain in them before thee, and contagion is then almost inevitable; a little clean straw is much healthier. But shouldst thou, spite of all prudent precautions, become ill on the journey, tamper not with

any quackery, but send at once for the best doctor the neighbourhood affords."

From these solemn cautions one would imagine that the path of the wandering gesell is beset with manifold and fearful perils. From our own experience of travelling at all hours, and in all parts of the country, over the wildest heaths and through the deepest forests, we should, however, be inclined to imagine that these earnest warnings are apt to inspire more terror in some respects than there exists cause for. From the many accounts of gesellen on their journeys being set on by robbers, to be found in the literature of Germany, of which Hauff's story of the Gasthaus in Spessart, is one of the most interesting, no doubt such things have been frequent enough. But we apprehend now, setting aside the feather-beds and the wretched quarters in many common herberges, that the greatest perils lie in the pleasant wirthshouse, so enticing to the evening pedestrian, and the bright eyes which glance from beneath many a quaint head-dress, in dorfs, and fields, and cities on the way. Many a handsome youth have we seen gaily marching on, with knapsack on back and stick in hand, that would have figured finely as the hero of a romance, and no doubt was the hero of many, during the chequered period of his wanderschaft.

Long may the jocund handworker traverse the hills and highways of his native land, giving picturesque variety to its scenes, and gaining knowledge and experience for his future quiet and industrious burgher life.





CHAPTER XI.

THE STUDENT'S FUNERAL.

THE Student-Life of Germany is one of the most marked and singular features of the country. This condition of social existence I have endeavoured to make fully known to my countrymen by a volume dedicated to its complete development, which since I came to Germany I caused to be written for the purpose, and which I myself translated and introduced to the British public. This volume has, I hear, been smartly attacked and severely handled by the critics. On what grounds I know not, for I never read such attacks; but this I know, that my intentions in introducing the volume to my countrymen were of the most friendly kind. I hoped to lay before them something new and curious. Something which would not only furnish an agreeable passing entertainment, but which, as connected with a country that has the reputation of zealously leading the way in education, and where so many English youths consequently are sent, would enable parents to see the dangers as well as the advantages that would here necessarily await their children. I hoped too, by the careful translation of some of the most celebrated Student Songs with the

accompanying Music, to afford to the lovers of music a domestic treat of no ordinary kind.

From a wide survey of the Universities of Germany since I translated that work, I am only the more persuaded that it is a fair, if perhaps somewhat too poetical a statement. And my opinion is corroborated by the Germans themselves, who are the best judges, that the volume is not only in itself the most complete and accurate exposition of its subject extant, and therefore a very curious and amusing subject of contemplation, but also a valuable addition to our literature; giving us new views into human nature, and making us better acquainted with the youthful part of the population of a great country, from which we draw our common ancestry, and with which the advancing arts and knowledge of the present time must bring us yearly into closer connexion.

Referring, therefore, those who would acquaint themselves with the character of this portion of the German population to this volume, where all their habits and practices are so fully developed, I shall here content myself with describing one of their many beautiful ceremonies, as seen by myself; and only adding, that amid all their follies and whims, great and true fame have the Students won on many occasions. To their honour it must be said, that in all cases they have stood for the liberty of person and conscience. In all the great eras of reformation, or emancipation, they have been the foremost to hail and defend the truth. When John Huss raised the flame of civil and religious freedom in Bohemia, the students of Prague, which then boasted of forty thousand, rushed its earliest champions into the field, and three of them were amongst the first who laid their heads on the block in the cause. In the Thirty Years' War, when Austria and the Jesuits resolved to root Protestantism out of the kingdom, and did it in the most systematic and horrible course of butchery on record, the students stood forth bravely on the right side; and the appearance of one of them as a leader, known only as "The Unknown Student," is one of the most singular and romantic passages of that war.

When Luther disputed with the Pope's legate at Leipsic, they crowded round and applauded. When he burnt the Papal bull before the gates of Wittemberg, it was the students who collected

wood for the pile, thronged round the bold Reformer, and defied his enemies. When Buonaparte had laid Europe at his feet, they were amongst the first to arouse the indignant population, and with the people fighting hand to hand before the gates of Leipsic, overwhelmed him in the Battle of the Nations. While therefore, seeing, after a long sojourn amongst them, and observation of them in many of their college towns, much which would admit of improvement and reform, I am not one of those who would visit with a furious severity the practices which differ from our own, but see in their noble qualities enough to cover a multitude of sins. Their grand and distinguishing trait, is a love of freedom and of their country; and they who have had opportunity to experience their friendly disposition, and their genuine courtesy, spite of their often rough and wild exterior, will witness with a strong sympathy,—

A STUDENT'S FUNERAL.

On the 22d of July 1840, I witnessed, in Heidelberg, one of these most singular and striking ceremonies. The deceased was a young man from Hamburgh, who died of consumption; and the general esteem in which he was held by his fellow students was testified by the mode in which they celebrated his obsequies. When it is intended to shew more than ordinary respect for a deceased fellow student, his funeral is conducted by torch-light, and all or the greater part of the students attend. This was said to be a most excellent young man, and the circumstances connected with his decease in no trifling degree affecting.

It was not till three weeks before his death, that his complaint had assumed a decidedly dangerous character. Intelligence of this was sent to his parents. They were very old and infirm, and their eldest son was requested to go and see his brother. This son, however, was a merchant of very extensive transactions, and too much involved in pressing engagements to permit him immediately to leave home. His journey was deferred from day to day, and thus the young man, going off more rapidly than was expected, never had the satisfaction of seeing either his parents or his brother. Great sympathy had however been excited for him in the minds of his fellow students, and especially of those from his native city, and it is one of the redeeming features of the character of these young

men, that they are by no means wanting in kindness to each other in illness.

Bells were tolling from various churches, and the procession was proceeding through the principal street to the lodgings of the deceased, as we went into the city about eight o'clock. We were at too great a distance to see more than a crowd and the torches; but on reaching the house, the scene was singular to an English eye, and deeply interesting. The main part of the procession had halted at the distance of three or four hundred yards, where they had extinguished their torches. Before this house stood a sort of low covered car, or wagon, with six black horses; the four first, in German fashion, at a considerable distance from each other, and from the wheelers, and having, as usual, traces of ropes, but in this case black ones. The car which, unlike our English hearses, was not boarded up top and sides, but appeared merely covered with an awning supported by bows of wood, had laid upon it a plain pall of black velvet,—and upon the pall, three garlands of leaves and flowers. The outer garlands seemed to be composed entirely of laurels, and occupied the whole outer portion of the pall, with the exception of a broad margin. Within that was another, which appeared composed of roses and lilies; and then a central one, of flowers also. This inner garland, which was very beautiful, was said to be the work and gift of a female hand. Within it lay his cap, his gloves, and sword. One wondered that the sword should be there, and the books not; and had one inclined to be critical on such an occasion, we should have asked why not as well as the sword, the pipe, the beer-glass, the stick, and the spectacles? The sword, except as denoting the character of the students for duelling, was a singular appendage for a student, but, without being too critical, the whole effect was rich and beautiful.

The garlands of laurel and splendid flowers were so dispersed as to cover nearly the whole surface of the pall with a mass of rich and mosaic beauty, which was made visible to the crowd of spectators by a light set upon it, as well as by the flare of a cresset-fire, which was burning before the house, on the opposite side of the little street. Behind the car stood two rows of about twenty torch-bearers each, but with their torches also extinguished. These

men were not students, but hired attendants, probably the boot-cleaners of the students, called by them boot-foxes. Many of them were of considerable age.

In this manner stood the car and its attendants before the house for about a quarter of an hour, when the coffin, also richly covered with black velvet, and white ornamental work of silver-plated nails and shields, was put into the car, the light was removed from the top, and the attendants, lighting their torches at the funereal fire in the cresset, communicated light from one to another down the line. The pall-bearers, who were young students from the native town or neighbourhood of the deceased, took their places on each side of the car, dressed in court dresses, with their swords, and wearing white scarfs. The mutes, with staves of black, ornamented with bunches of white crape, walked on each side; the band struck up a mournful funeral strain, and the procession moved on. The band, a military one from Mannheim, a full and very superior one, preceded the car, the musicians being clothed also in black. Immediately behind, came the chief-mourners, young students in full dresses, with white neckcloths, and white gloves. These carried no torches, but on each side of them walked the hired torch-bearers. Then followed the main and almost innumerable train of students, in their usual costume of frock-coats and caps, headed by two professors in their college gowns and caps. Several gendarmes were to be seen marching between the lines of the students, in their green uniforms, and here and there the senior or head of a chore, or a marshal in his cocked hat, long-tailed blue coat, white breeches and jack-boots, having his hat trimmed with white crape or ribbon, and wearing a long white scarf over his shoulder.

The procession, taking a circuit, came along the main street for a considerable part of its length, where, of course, a dense crowd was collected, and every window in the upper rooms thronged with spectators. The students were about seven hundred, and it is probable that the greater part followed, for the whole length of the street, as far as it could be seen both ways, was occupied by their two lines of torches, and they continued passing for some time. The whole procession could not be much less in length than half a mile. The effect was singular and impressive. The crowds

were silent and respectful, and though you saw numbers of students in the latter portion of the line, unable to restrain entirely their customary exuberance of spirits, smiling significantly here and there at spectators, and holding their torches as they went along towards any groups where there appeared any pretty girls, so as to light them up conspicuously, yet, on the whole, nothing could be more solemn and decorous. The procession passed on to the church near the end of the city, where the students are generally buried, when the clergyman performed the customary service, and then a student pronounced an oration over their departed companion.

The service being over, the procession then returned by the main street to the Museum Platz. There we had secured windows in the upper story of the Museum, and saw with wonder the scene which ensued. Here in this square, where the University stands, they burn and extinguish the funeral torches. There is something very *apropos*, and significant in this. There, where the youth came to light up the flame of a life's knowledge, they light up the last flame of his obsequies; there, where his light has gone out and departed for ever, they extinguish the wasted torches of his funeral, and mark by an expressive act, that his career on earth is eternally closed.

As we stood at the window of the Museum, we could see above the houses the light in the air over the spot where they were committing his mortal remains to the earth. Anon, the light moved, it became like a streaming lustrous cloud above the roofs in the direction of the High-street. The sound of the music became audible, and presently the first torches came flaring through the darkness, round the corner, from the street into the square.

Nothing can surpass the strange and wild effect of this scene. The procession, which had gone towards the church slowly, now returned at a quick pace; the music, which had been dolorous and complaining, was now gay and triumphant. The band was playing a martial and resounding air; the students in a wild troop, three abreast, came rushing on, whirling round and round their torches, and shaking them above their heads, like so many wild Bacchanalians, and crowds of boys and young men ran on each side, amid the mingled flare and smoke, and gloom, some of them

having snatched up fallen and nearly burnt-out torches, and whirling them fiercely about as they ran.

The band halted before the door of the Museum, and continued playing while the students formed themselves into a large circle in the square. The first, as he took his place, flung his blazing torch to some distance on the ground, and every one as he arrived did the same. This became the centre of the ring, round which the whole train arranged itself; and as the young men came near its bounds, they tossed up their torches into the air, which came whirling and flaming down from a hundred places into the area of the circle. The scene was most wild and strange. The gathering ring of densely-standing figures, all in the Burschen costume; the lights tossing, and spinning, and falling through the air; the hundreds of them lying and blazing on the ground; while others, flying errant, dropped into the thickest masses of the spectators, and were again snatched up, and again sent aloft, and through all this the band playing in a consonant thunder and rending strain of exulting music.

In going, they had mourned the loss of a friend and fellow mortal cut off in the early hopes of youth; they had now paid the last acts of humanity, and rejoiced only in the advent of the departed to a second and more glorious life. This rejoicing music after a military, and as in this case of an academical, funeral, is like a recognition of the immortality of man. It is like, and no doubt is intended to be, a vivid exultation in the resurrection, and a figurative declaration of the great truth, that, as all has been done for the departed which could tend to keep him longer with us, or to smooth his passage to eternity; that, as all duties which nature and friendship require, were now performed towards him, regrets are vain; he needs none; and, as to us, they are worse than useless; we leave him to his felicity, and return to the duties and the social gladness of the earth.

When the circle was complete, and all the torches had been flung down, the marschals and the police were seen walking about in it. The scattered torches were thrown together till they formed one blazing heap, which illuminated with its red light the whole walls and windows of the square, and sent up a rolling column of pitchy smoke, that hung like a sable canopy above the crowds. At once

the band ceased playing; there was a pause of deep silence, and then the whole circle of students, as they stood round the flames, burst forth into a funeral song, which, unexpected as it was, and sudden and solemn as was the strain, startled and thrilled beyond description. The deep red light flung upon the circle; the dark groups behind; the marschals and seniors standing with drawn swords; the blazing pile in the centre, and the sound of that funeral hymn sung by hundreds of deep and manly voices, like the sound as of the sea itself,—was altogether so wild, so novel, and strange, that it is not to be conceived by those who have not witnessed the like, nor forgotten by those who have. The song was that sung on all such occasions, the hymn for the maintenance of their academical liberty. As it closed, one of the seniors stood forward, and wielded his sword as in defiance. The rest rushed together, and with wild cries clashing their swords above their heads, there was a shout—"Quench the fire!" and the whole of the students at once dispersed. The crowds then closed round it; water was thrown on the flames; the dense black column of smoke changed into a white one, and the whole was over.

It is very rare that a funeral of this kind is conducted on so extensive and expensive a scale. For five years there had been nothing besides of the kind in Heidelberg, except that of a professor, about six months before this. He was in high esteem amongst the students for his learning and personal worth; and at the time of this youth's funeral, they were still wearing in their caps a little coloured knot, or badge, in memory of him.

It was curious to hear the comments of a young Englishman on this funeral, who happened to go to the same house as we did, did, to see the procession pass. There is, as is well known, a certain and numerous class of the English, who have made themselves very ridiculous, and very disgusting in Germany, as in most other countries on the Continent. These are people with more money than anything else, besides folly; of whom we find plenty at home, and whom it would be much to the honour of England if they could be persuaded to stay at home, and figure away there at the congenial scenes so plentifully open to them; as races, clubs, theatres, gambling-houses, hells; drinking, smoking, and other resorts of dissipation; and money squandering, galloping, larking,

Waterfording, rowing, and *rowing* expeditions. But these people must ramble everywhere, as far as money will carry them, to make all the world as well acquainted with the numerous family of fools which the wealth, and miserable, mischievous education of certain classes of England produce, as we are at home. Many of them with some showy accomplishments and no sound sense; some of them even having that air of elegance which covers no valuable quality,—elegance without intellectuality; but the far greater part without even these superficial refinements; people at whom you wonder why they go abroad at all, except that it affords them a wider field for the display of that folly which has become familiar, and therefore has ceased to be noticeable and piquant at home.

These people are to be seen all over the Continent. In Germany, the Rhine towns are the most infested by them, and by a much inferior class, those who have scraped money together in the dens and alleys of London, and, with no pretension to gentility, there think to act the gentry, and become the worst apes of what is, though bad, by means of a higher education, above them. They associate with a nondescript race, to be found in these towns, half English and half German—the worst class of all, having the follies and vices of both nations, without their sense and virtues. The squabbles, the heart-burnings, the everlasting feuds and absurdities of this mongrel tribe, are most ridiculous, but painful to those who regard the honour of their country. The pure and respectable Germans act the exclusives, and carefully shun them; and the respectable English either keep themselves quiet, associating with the quiet Germans, or soon fly to the capitals, where not only a higher grade of English live, but where galleries and works of art are open to them.

One of the more aristocratic class, however, of those here alluded to, was this young man. He had the appearance of a gentleman; was tall, good-looking, and was very polite; but his conversation was so interlarded with oaths and slang terms, and ornamented with “By Jove!” “By George!” and “The Devil!” that it was easy to see what school he had been brought up in.

This was the style in which he ran on as the procession passed. "What a grand squad are these German students! Did you ever see such a low-bred set! By Jove! and ever so many of them are nobles! and some are military! What an aristocracy! Look there, at that great lounging fellow with the —— sandy mustachios! That's a Count! By George, I wonder what he'd *count* for in England! See! there's another sweet tulip! that cove with the mop of a flambeau that he is snuffing against an old woman's nose—that's a Graf, or some devil of a thing! Look how the fellow slinks along. By Jove! our English aristocracy for me after all!

"I was at the swimming-bath to-day. I always take a bath *directly after* dinner; and there came a posse of these great hairy fellows, with a lot of hounds, and in they jumped with their clothes on, and dogs after them; and out they got, and walked off up the street like so many —— drowned rats! I went to Olebull's concert t'other night. Did you ever see such a place! The floor was broken, and I just escaped without a broken leg, and that was all. And what walls! as dirty and black as Holborn Hill of a rainy day. And what a set of low-lived scoundrels looking on! I was glad I didn't take my wife with me. One could not think of taking one's wife to such a place, you know.

"But what a devil of a thing they *are* making of this funeral! Pretty swads these are with their torches! By Jingo, when my brother died, my father—he was Colonel of the —— militia then—determined to do the thing in this style. The church where my brother had to be buried was eight miles off, and all this kind of thing; torches, and all that sort of thing; and the whole way was laid down with matting. It cost a devil of a sum I can tell you. By Jingo! eight thousand pounds, and eight hundred people at it! *This* fellow, I understand, was a precious chuck to make all this to do about. He drank himself to death, they tell me; drank like a very devil of a fish. He'd have clapped his ugly mug at the bridge and sucked up the Neckar if it had been beer. That was one of the amiable qualities for which his cronies are making all this larum over him;—t'other was fighting. He was the devil of a fighter, they say. But lord! what fighting

is theirs! Did you ever see it? Up to the neck in leather; and if they scratch their leather cravat, it's a finish. I asked a fellow to-day how many got killed in a year? He said, "O! they never kill one another! never such a thing has happened for years." By Jingo! but I should like to have a turn or two with them. I'd bore their jackets for them in a jiffy! I'd give 'em their bellyful of fighting in a crack!"

Such was the running commentary of our English traveller, from which as soon as possible we ran away, to witness that striking conclusion of the funeral already described.



CHAPTER XII.

CELEBRATION OF WEIGHNACHT, OR CHRISTMAS-EVE.

THE Germans, as we have seen, retain more of the picturesque and poetical in their festivals, both public and domestic, than we do. They are particularly fond of garlands on all such occasions. Their festive or triumphal arches are beautiful. Their dining-rooms are hung with festoons, and adorned with wreaths of flowers and green boughs, with great poetical feeling and elegance. The birth-days of their princes, or anniversaries of great days in their own lives, are celebrated often in picturesque situations. Sometimes within the court of a fine old ruin of a castle on one of their mountain heights, such as those above the Rhine, the

Danube, the Elbe, or the Neckar; and the walls and approaches are richly decorated with garlands and wreaths. Traces of such a festival we found in the court of Auerbach Castle, on the Bergstrasse, where the anniversary of the birth-day of the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt had been kept. The rural rostrum of moss and stones yet remained, from which the army-chaplain had delivered an oration. The wreaths of oak leaves on the walls, each of which enclosed the name and date of a battle in which the Duke had been engaged; some of which, by the bye, must have been fought against the Fatherland, under the banners of Napoleon, still hung there too.

On private birth-days, such garlands are as much in use. Birth-days are kept more ceremoniously than with us. Your friends come in to congratulate you; and at dinner your health is drunk with a great touching of glasses. On the wall hangs a lyre, formed of wood or other material, covered with moss, and adorned with leaves and flowers. This is kept from year to year, many of the flowers being everlastings. On the table, round its central ornament of sugar-work, a temple generally, with a figure or device bearing an appropriate sentiment, burn as many little wax-lights as the years at which the person has arrived. You see this love of the poetical carried into all occasions of social pleasure. In England, we read of wreaths and garlands, but seldom see them. In Germany, the bridal and the funeral garlands are still no fictions. The bride wears, and goes to church in the *Brautkranz*, or bridal garland, even the poorest; and the funeral car is richly adorned with wreaths of leaves and flowers. On their graves are, again, hung wreaths, as in the old times of England; and there grow roses and carnations, and other flowers and shrubs, making the region of decay lovely. There is also, at balls and dancing parties, a great presentation of little bouquets; and at the tables d'hôte, boys or girls come round and offer you bouquets; and will, if required, bring them to your house through the whole year.

But on no occasion does the sentiment and domestic character of the Germans shew itself so strongly in this respect, as at Christmas. This is expressly a family festival. In England it used to be so in the olden times, but now it is more a festival of friends.

We have in many places still our waits and carol-parties. Parties meet at great houses in the country; friends exchange visits; dinner and dancing parties are made; and there is great jollity, eating of mincepies and roast-beef, drinking of wine, and still, in some old houses and rural districts, the burning of the yule-block. But in most of these pleasures the more adult personages are chiefly considered. The children are, in a great measure, excluded from them. The parents and elder brothers and sisters are going out to dine, or to evening parties, or are busy receiving their friends to such at home. The children get mincepies, but make little or no part of the festivities. This is quite the reverse of the German custom. There, Christmas-eve is the great family festival, to which all, old and young alike, look forward with intense delight. It is strictly a domestic and home festival. It is not so much a time of being visited and visiting as a time in which every family draws round its stove and celebrates a festival of family affection. Here the children are not so much secondaries as principals. Their happiness is considered most of all; and in their happiness the gladness of all centres and grows. Accordingly, there is no time in the whole year towards which all, but especially the young and the children, look forward with such eager anticipation. It is a feast of the heart, and is emphatically called, *Der Glückliche Abend*, the Happy Evening.

So completely are the pleasures of this evening woven into the German mind from childhood up, that poets in their most beautiful verses illustrate the delights of their mature years by reference to them, as Claudius in some admirable lines entitled

TÄGLICH ZU SINGEN.

Ich danke Gott und freue mich
 Wie's Kind zur Weighnachtgabe,
 Dass ich bin, bin! und dass ich dich,
 Schön menschlich Antlitz habe.
 Dass ich die Sonne, Berg und Meer,
 Und Laub, und Grass kann sehen,
 Und Abends unterm Sternenheer
 Und lieben Monde gehen.
 Und dass mir dann zu Muthe ist,
 Als wenn wir Kinder kamen
 Und sahen was der heil'ge Christ
 Bescheeret hatte. Amen!

“ I thank thee God, and rejoice myself, like the child over its Christmas-eve gifts, that I live, live! and that I possess thee, beautiful human countenance! That I can behold the sun, the mountains, the sea, the foliage, and the grass, and at evening can walk beneath the host of stars, and the dear moon; and that I am then in heart as full of joy and admiration as when we children came and saw what the holy Christ-child had sent us. Amen.

The very poorest and the very youngest partake as largely in the joy of this evening as any. Servants and all participate in it. For several months, therefore, there are great preparations making amongst the ladies for it. Each member of the family then makes a present to all the other members; parents to children and servants, children to their parents, servants to their master and mistress, and often to the children, children to them and one another. All those elegant and useful little things which ladies employ themselves in making—in needlework, in drawing and painting, as ornamented purses, slippers, bracelets, watch-pockets, gloves, dressing up of dolls; articles of warm and ornamental wear, as gay-coloured worsted little coats, called *Kassaveikas*, and cloaks of knotted work, are busily preparing. Bead-work presents itself in a variety of articles, as necklaces, purses, card-cases, cigar-cases, watch-pockets, in the form of ladies' slippers, and innumerable other articles of fancy-work.

As all these have to be kept from the knowledge of the party for whom they are intended, till they are laid out on Christmas-eve itself, it is evident that a good deal of management is required. During the two or three months before Christmas, therefore, ladies are full of secrets, which, spite of the proverb, are faithfully kept. They work when they are alone, or when that person of the family for whom the thing then in hand is intended is not present. They sometimes sit up after the rest are retired, or get up an hour earlier, or take out their work and go and sit with a friend at another house now and then. But, spite of all these contrivances and precautions, there are dangers of continual surprises; and when you enter rather unexpectedly into a room, you see a great bustle and a hiding away of things under sofa-cushions, at the bottom of work-bags and baskets. These little schemes and alarms occasion, as may be supposed, a good deal of merriment amongst those who are in the particular secrets; and all round have secrets that one or another is not in.

All this time, too, there is much considering going on in different heads as to what presents that are to be purchased, shall be purchased. Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, are picking up by reflection, and by what occurs in conversation, ideas of what would be most acceptable or beneficial to the different members of their domestic circle. And then comes a looking-out for it. At the autumn fairs a great number of things are bought with an express reference to Christmas; and till then are stowed away in secret. But for about a month before Christmas the shops are all filled with things for presents. Not merely the toy-shops and shops of fancy wares, but every man who by a possibility can turn his shop into a bazaar for *Weighnachts-geschenke*, or Christmas presents, does. A man that all the rest of the year is a sieve-maker and seller of turnery ware, suddenly, we observed, had his shop filled with every conceivable article of wood that can form presents. It was as if a magical spell had been exerted, and all his tubs and barrels, and sieves and spigots, were converted into dolls, wooden boxes full of toys, chess-boards, and boards of other games. His tables were covered with boxes full of little toy household things, sets of tea things, sets of kitchen utensils, little dinner services, whips and hobbyhorses, carts, wagons, dolls without end, churches and other buildings in sections for children to put together, and innumerable things of the like kind. The pipe shops are now, especially, crowded with these articles, as they, in a smoking country like Germany, are of course favourite presents. Every bit of their windows is filled, till they seem literally built up with them, offering vast variety of meerschaum and porcelain pipe-heads; the latter with paintings of countless female faces, scenes from recent history and favourite authors, and of favourite spots in the Fatherland.

The drapers' shops display most attractive silk pocket-handkerchiefs, cravats, waistcoat pieces, etc., as presents for gentlemen; and the newest cloak patterns, shawls, small handkerchiefs for the neck, etc., as presents for ladies; all these things being sedulously advertised at the same time in the newspapers as the most appropriate and valuable presents which can be made either to ladies or gentlemen. Nor is the furrier forgetful of his avocation. He advertises too, and fills his windows with all kinds of warm fur

gloves, fur caps, muffs, boas, and fur collars. There is another shop which also comes out into pre-eminence and gaiety at this time, like a drawing in sympathetic colours under the influence of a sudden heat, that is, the shop where are sold gentlemen's braces worked in worsteds and fine silks, and richly embroidered tobacco-bags, hanging in long lines of all colours and devices, principally of oil-skin, figured with bright dyes, or worsted embroidered, or bead work, and with scarlet and blue strings and tassels; smoking caps, of white, scarlet, blue, violet, purple, and other gay colours, braided with gold and silver thread, or worsted-braid, according to the colour and device, each cap finished with its long pendent tassel. The Jew turns his front shop into a curiosity shop, and through the Blatt (newspaper), informs the present-making public that he has collected with infinite pains, and at infinite cost, the most extraordinary assortment of relics, jewels, old arms, antiques, old pictures, and other unrivalled valuables. He has fans which have belonged to nothing less than queens; rings formerly worn by princes, cardinals, and emperors; gems that have been in the possession of Pericles and Aspasia, Cæsar or Lucullus; daggers that have perpetrated the most interesting murders, and pictures, stained glass from old churches, crucifixes from famous shrines, and many similar matters. The stationers' and printsellers' windows become conspicuous with engravings of a catholic and devotional character; heads of Christs and Madonnas from the old painters; St. Christopher carrying through the flood his infant Saviour, and various engravings from paintings on old shrines in churches and convents, or done in imitation of them. Taschen-bücher, Jahr-bücher, ornamental calendars, figure numerous in their windows; and cards ornamented with embossed and coloured wreaths, with gilding and painting, containing every imaginable emblem of love and friendship, hearts, doves, Cupids, flames, scrolls on which is inscribed some tender sentiment. These are intended to enclose in envelopes, and as billet-doux; in fact, to serve the purpose of our valentines, for the Germans do not keep Valentine's-day, but send such things now, and on other occasions. These, however, are far more tasteful and beautiful than any valentines that we have seen in England. Many of these cards have their centres cut out, leaving only a margin like the frame of

a picture, on which is a wreath of embossed flowers. The centre, or where the picture would be, is covered with a piece of white crape, on which are fixed different coloured devices, as birds, flowers, etc.; or a little book, bound in mother-of-pearl, appears accidentally laid on the crape, which, when you lift up the cover, shews you written on it some affectionate sentence. Great taste and delicacy of construction mark these little mementos.

But, perhaps, the confectioners shops are in the greatest glory, the Germans being as great lovers of sweetmeats as of tobacco. Here are to be seen immense quantities of all sorts of little cakes and confections; almost every thing that you can conceive in sugar and chocolate. Figures in the costumes of all nations; grotesque figures; figures of animals, and of all kinds of characters. The student smoking, the bauer or peasant, the countrywoman, the child on his rocking-horse, Swiss and Tyrolese maidens, all elegantly moulded and gaily coloured, with representations of sausages, fruits, musical instruments, thimbles, etc. These are chiefly bought to hang upon the Christmas-tree. They are set out in the shops in separate departments, each after their own kind; and, on entering, so well does the sugar-baker know what you are come for, that he hands you a basket, and you go round and select such figures as you please.

For about a fortnight before Christmas the markets are filled with preparations. Baskets and stalls full of dressed dolls, from the price of a penny to a florin or more; various grotesque animals of wool, or fur, or wood, intended for lambs, dogs, horses, and various other creatures, to which it would be difficult to attach name or imaginable resemblance. These are made by the peasants or lower class of townspeople, and are sold for the children of such. The children of the common schools and infant schools have all a present given them, be it only a penny doll, or a little handkerchief of a few pence value. Numbers of Christmas-trees shew themselves for sale. These are principally tops of fir trees, or boughs straight enough to resemble tops. Much damage is said to be done in the woods at this season, by the cutting of these tops; the wood-watchers are particularly on the alert, and a heavy fine is inflicted on any offenders that are taken in the act. These trees are from six inches high up to ten or twelve feet or more, according to the

size of the house, or the finances of the purchaser. They are generally set in a thick board or block of wood, weighted with lead, and on this board is made a garden, paled in with ornamental paling, having at the back generally a house of wood or cardboard. The garden is filled with moss and green sprigs of the fir, and in it stand shepherds, sheep, a dog, a stork, and one or more stags with gilded horns.

This is intended to represent the annunciation of the birth of Christ to the shepherds; and, accordingly, an angel is seen, suspended by a wire from the stem of the tree, as in the act of hovering in the air and proclaiming the glad tidings. The shepherds and animals are made of clay, most grotesque creatures, painted in barbarous style; the storks adorned with feathers for tails stuck into the clay; and all are propped on little pegs of wood.

The whole is, no doubt, derived from the legends of the Catholic church, and displays pretty much the same degree of art and general appearance as it did ages before the Reformation.

As Christmas-eve approaches, and especially for the few days before it, the shops and markets are crowded with purchasers. Christmas-trees are seen moving off in various directions, with their gardens appended, or others without gardens, the families which have purchased these having retained their garden of former years on its block of wood. The day of Christmas-eve itself, the floors of the shops are literally piled with the baskets of country people, which they have set down while they make their little purchases for their children.

The important eve itself arrives. Throughout Germany, in every house, from the palace to the cottage, where there are children, there stands a Christmas-tree. In the houses of the rich and the well-to-do, there has been much preparation. According to ancient custom, about a fortnight before Christmas, Pelznichel or Knecht Rupert, has made his visit to the children. This person represents no other than St. Nicholas, as we learn from an old poem.

ST. NIKLAS.

VATER. Es wird aus den zeitungten vernommen
Dass der heilige Niklas werde kommen
Aus Moskau, wo er gehalten werth,
Und als ein Heilger wird geehrt ;

Er ist bereits schon auf der Fahrt.
 Zu besuchen die Schuljugend zart,
 Zu sehen was die kleinen Mägdlein und Knaben
 In diesem Jahr gelernet haben;
 In Beten, Schreiben, Singen und Lesen,
 Und ob sie sind hübsch fromm gewesen.
 Er hat auch in seinem Sach verschlossen
 Schöne Puppen aus Zucker gegossen,
 Den Kindern welche hübsch fromm wären
 Will er solche schöne Sachen verehren.

KIND. Ich bitte dich Sanct Niklas sehr
 Zu meinem Hause auch einkehr;
 Bring Bücher, Kleider, und auch Schuh
 Und noch viel schöne Sachen dazu;
 So will ich lernen wohl
 Und fromm seyn wie ich soll. Amen.

ST. NIKLAS. Gott grüss euch lieben Kinderlein,
 Ihr sollt Vater und Mutter gehorsam seyn,
 So soll euch was Schöne bescheret seyn;
 Wenn Jhr aber dasselbige nicht thut
 So bringe ich euch den Stecken und die Ruth. Amen.

Which in simple prose may be rendered thus:—

FATHER.—The Newspapers say that the holy St. Nicholas will soon be here from Moscow, where he is held in great esteem, and is honoured as a saint. He is already on the way to visit the tender school children. To see what the little boys and girls have this year learned in praying, writing, singing, and reading; and to see whether they have been pretty good. He has put into his sack beautiful dolls of sugar-work, with which to honour those children who have been good.

CHILD.—Holy St. Nicholas, I pray thee very much to turn into my house too. Bring books, and clothes, and shoes, and many another nice thing. So will I learn well, and be good, as I should be. Amen.

ST. NICHOLAS.—God greet you, dear little children. You must be obedient to your father and mother, and then shall I give you some beautiful Christmas gifts. But if you are not so, I shall bring the stick and the rod. Amen.

Pelznichel is a man disguised in a fur cap, and otherwise made awful to children by his singular habiliments, being armed with a rod, having a capacious bag or pouch hanging before him, and a large chain thrown round him, whose end being dropped on the ground as he walks, makes to their imaginations a mysterious noise. Sometimes he has a number of little bells hung about him, and thence is called by Richter, in his *Fixlein*, “Knecht Ruprecht,

with his jingling bells." His name of Knecht Ruprecht is most likely derived from the idea that he is the servant of the Christ-child, who sends him to prepare for his own arrival on Christmas-eve. He is, in fact, some servant or dependent of the family, who engage him to undertake this office, and furnish him with requisite information. The children above eight or nine years old are let into the secret, which they faithfully keep. The younger children, as the time draws on, are often reminded that Christmas is coming, and that Pelznichel will be here, and, according as they are good or bad, will correct or reward them. If they have been bad children, he will use his rod; if good, he will bring them nuts, and apples, and cakes, from the good Christ-child. All this they receive as gospel, and with the greatest awe, and it has a strong effect upon them. They have a notion that Pelznichel, or the Christ-child, has his eyes upon them when they are not aware. That Pelznichel is going round the house at night and listening, and if they are naughty are sure to hear them; or that the Christ-child with an ubiquitous knowledge sees all, and tells Pelznichel all about them. They look forward, therefore, with great awe and some anxiety to the appearance of Pelznichel. At length, some days before St. Nicholas' day, the father or mother says, "Well, children, now be very good, for Pelznichel is coming. He has sent word that he will be here on such an evening at six o'clock."

On that evening, all is expectation, and scarcely is tea away, when there comes a ring at the door. All exclaim, "That must be Pelznichel!" The faces of the children are filled with awful expectation. All stand silent. Presently is heard a distant and mysterious ringing of bells; a jingling of chains on the stone stairs. It becomes more distinct,—it approaches; there is a heavy accompanying tread. There is a bustle in the passage, as if some matter of great moment was occurring. Voices are heard speaking, and amongst them, one deep and strange one. That is Pelznichel. The heavy tread, the ringing bells, the clanking chains, the bustle, and the voices are at the door; every eye is fixed on it. All are rooted in silent awe. The door opens, and in stalks the strange figure of Pelznichel—the Mumbo Jumbo of Germany, while behind him are seen all the assembled servants of the household, full of curiosity, to witness what he will say and do. He

announces that he is sent by the good Christ-child to reward good children, and correct the bad. Every little heart beats with hope or fear. He addresses them by turns, beginning with the eldest. He asks them how they have pursued their studies; perhaps calls for their books; pronounces an opinion on their progress, and by what he says, gives them intimations that he is aware of their general conduct, and of particular acts, good or evil, which fills them with surprise. If they have quarreled on their way to school; if they have been ungenerous or revengeful, they are sure to be told of it. He turns to each child in rotation, and adapts his rewards to the age and character of each. The very little ones often propitiate him by addressing him in a little rhyme the moment his eyes are turned upon them, and which the nurse has taught them for the purpose.

Christ-kindschen komm ;

Mach mich fromm ;

Dass ich zu dir in Himmel komm.

Which is literally, "Christ-child come; make me good, that I may come to thee in heaven." The aspect of a little child standing in awe and in faith before Pelznichel, and in the soft innocent tones of its voice making this simple petition in the truth of its heart, as I have seen it, is one of the most beautiful and affecting things in the world.

Pelznichel talks sternly, and with menacing agitations of his rod, to those who have been stubborn, lazy, or disobedient, and commends those who have been otherwise. He hands the rod to the father, and commands him to use it when necessary, or he vows to come and use it himself. He seldom, however, proceeds on this occasion to any actual chastisement, as it is intended rather as a means of reformation, by instilling a salutary fear; and he adds that, on Christmas-eve, Christ-kindschen will come; and according as they behave, in the mean time, will reward them for good or ill. If for good, they will find many nice things on and under the Christmas-tree; if on the contrary, he will himself probably be ordered to fetch them, and carry them into the woods in the mountains, and there to shut them up in a cave in the rocks, in the cold and darkness, where snakes hiss, owls hoot, toads and salamanders crawl, and fire runs about the ground. He generally

ends by dealing out, from his bag, nuts, apples, and little cakes, to each of them,—and throwing others on the floor; while they are busy in scrambling for them, he disappears.

In the country, Pelznichel goes about on a donkey, and actually often chastises the children of the peasantry. His visit in town or country has mostly a decisive effect. The parents remind the children of what he has said. They congratulate them on the commendations they have received; they remark on the faults he has related of them; and the fact that they are seen and observed often when they little think of it. They encourage them to begin seriously to correct and improve themselves, and to secure from Christ-kindschen a certain token of approbation of their conduct. The ensuing fortnight is a season of self-watchfulness and probation.

The day arrives. The drawing-room, or in Germany, the saloon, is closed. Only the person who is entrusted with each one's secret is admitted to it, and has the key. All the young people of the family, in fact, have been previously busy in preparing the tree, gilding walnuts and apples, and hanging them upon it; hanging on it also sundry little cakes, and figures of sugar-work of various colours. This has been the source of great delight to them. The tree has been set in its place, and then the room consigned to the one confidential person, who has laid out, in tasteful array, the presents intended for every person, each in a group by themselves.

As soon as it is dark, and tea is over, the doors of the room are thrown open at the ringing of a bell, and a scene of splendour and beauty is revealed which produces one general exclamation of delight, and strikes, with a charming surprise, a person who has never witnessed such a one before. The whole room is filled with light. Opposite to you soars aloft the Christmas-tree in its fairy-land beauty; and around, extend tables covered with, and hung in front with drapery, often displaying great taste and elegance in its disposal and ornaments; and on these tables lie the various presents which have so long been secretly making and procuring. It would be difficult to describe either the wonder and admiration of the children, as they gaze on the whole brilliant scene; on the lovely tree, glittering with golden and silver fruit, seeming at the same time rich with innumerable flowers of various shapes and colours,

and irradiated with lights. The mutual surprise and pleasure of the different members of the family, as they are shewn what presents are there laid for them, and hear from whom each comes. The course of explanations that goes on; the sudden recognitions of the cause which has prompted such and such presents from such and such persons; the pleasant amazement; the thanks; the laughter; the tears of affection that come into the eyes of the different members of the happy family, are more readily imagined than described.

The family with whom we then lived at Heidelberg, as is the custom in Germany, as in Scotland, under one common roof, though occupying different stories or flats, as the Scotch, and stocks as the Germans, call them, undertook to arrange the whole for us; that our children might participate in a real German Christmas; and every thing was managed as I have described. Our children, up to our eldest boy of ten years of age, were as completely influenced by it as German children could be. Though the two elder boys, of ten and seven, had strong inklings and glimpses of the real nature of Pelznichel and Christ-kindschen; yet they were not the less affected by the presence of Pelznichel. Even the eldest, a sharp and penetrating lad, shewed a face of real awe and of wonder, when Pelznichel informed him of certain passages or pranks on his way through the city to school, to the truth of which he testified by his astonishment on hearing them thus stated; and of the manner of Pelznichel's discovering of them, he could by no means form a conception. Even he ran and fetched his school-books when Pelznichel asked for them, and shewed a strong anxiety to point out the weekly good certificates given by his master. But the little fat boy, of three years old, looking up with his

Christ-kindschen komm;
Mach mich fromm
Dass ich zu dir in Himmel komm;

was most touching.

Our drawing-room having been thus prepared and opened, I may here more particularly speak of it. At the farther end of the room, next to the wall, rose the Christmas-tree in all its sheen. From it, coming away on each side, in a crescent form, went the

tables, and then stretched down each side of the room, draped, as I have said, and covered with the various presents. Along the fronts of the tables burned no less than seventy small wax-lights, rising out of a border of green moss. Other lights shed their radiance from the chandelier, and in the tree burned many little coloured tapers, like stars, altogether a hundred and twenty lights. On the front of the table on which the tree stood, was disposed a festooning of scarlet cloth on the white drapery; and the whole scene was, on its opening, a perfect fairyland of light and loveliness.

As for presents to and from every one, they covered the whole two ranges of tables; the room was like a bazaar. One was quite surprised at the number of things as they lay all in one display. There were muffs and boas, and even dresses; beautifully worked cushions, beautiful purses of silk and bead-work; fine worked collars; many elegant little knick-knacks; memorandum-books, ball-books, boxes of that blue-and-white enameled composition resembling china, which figured at that time so conspicuously in the German shops. There were books, a reading-desk, paper-knives, slippers of various kinds and colours, warm winter gloves, drawings, portfolios, and many similar things. There also lay, in most tempting order, all the presents for the children. A magic-lantern, various games in boxes, warm fur gloves, coloured engravings; and for the two youngest a host of dolls, cattle, and other things, which excited the utmost delight. It was pleasant to see the eyes of wonder which they opened on the whole scene; on the brilliance of the place, the splendid tree, the various articles, but, above all, on their own toys. Each had to be taken up and admired, and laid down and taken up again. But the prettiest sight of all was to see the stout little fellow of three years set out his gifts of kitchen utensils in the middle of the floor, and sitting down amongst them, forget all about him in arranging and re-arranging them, pretending to cook and make coffee in true childish style, till the wonders of the magic-lantern called him away, and then to go off to bed, happier than any prince, with a load of toys under each arm, to stand by his bed and greet him on waking.

The Christmas-tree was truly superb. It was, as the best trees generally are, a young spruce fir, possessing a fine dark green, a

distinctness of branches, and a graceful tapering figure. It had been got out of the woods and fixed into its frame by a neighbouring peasant, who entered into its preparation with the spirit of a child, and had been for weeks before manufacturing animals of clay for its garden, and drying them by the kitchen stove. They were in the true quaint style of those sold by the country people. Two stags of chocolate colour, with gilded horns; a funny sheep; two birds representing, however ill, storks—one silvered over; a dog, and two shepherds with their tall staves, and arrayed in purple and blue, with green hats. All these were half lost in a wilderness of moss and heath, or issuing out of a wood formed of the twigs of the fir-tree. On the pales of this enclosure were stuck gilded almonds and nuts; and on the tree itself, a rich crop of very various fruits. Gold and silver walnuts depended from the boughs; silver apples; cakes of different colours and forms, like so many strange but beautiful flowers; coloured confections and fruits; and musical instruments, as trumpets, guitars, harps; coloured hearts crowned with gilded crosses, and other devices. Many human and other figures shewed themselves amongst the foliage; dames in different costumes, babies on swaddling-boards, children riding on dogs, etc. An angel with golden wings and crown fluttered from the end of a bough; a student sate smoking on the side of the stem; and various little red tapers, attached to the ends of different branches, glowed like so many starry flowers, and completed the beauty of the whole. It was just such a tree as one might expect to come upon in the forest of an enchanted land, and to find described in the lays of those old minstrels who, like Thomas of Ercildoune, were accustomed to wander there. I have been the more minute in the description of the whole of this scene, that my English readers may have a complete idea of it.

We see in all that belongs to the Christmas-tree and the Christkindschen a relic of the simple ages of the church, when ancient legends were believed in as gospel. The stag with its gilded horns is the stag of legendary tradition, which was the first earthly creature to perceive the presence of the angels who appeared by night to the shepherds of Bethlehem to announce to them the birth of the Saviour. The pious stag is said to have kneeled down at the holy vision, and accordingly we find it in almost all old representa-

tions of scenes in the life of Christ. It is, moreover, looked upon in Germany as an emblem of whatever is mild, gentle, and good.

The Christ-kindschen is also the creature of these legendary times. One is at first puzzled to comprehend exactly what the Germans mean by the Christ-child; that is, precisely what rank and identity they assign him. If you ask them if they mean it actually for Christ, they say, yes: yet I have seen a German merrily propose to drink the Christ-child's health—an irreverence by no means in their natures or their intentions. You soon discover that the Christ-kindschen is no other than the Christ of the old legends—Christ in his boyhood;—Christ just as—without any pressing thought of his great mission, but full of his divine nature—he used to play with the other children of Bethlehem, and often surprised them with his supernatural endowments. Such represents him that story where, playing with the children of the neighbours at making sparrows of clay, his sparrow as soon as completed became alive, and flew away. Such was he, as described in that old carol where he asks his mother leave to go and play with the neighbouring children, who refuse to play with him on this plea:

Nay, nay, we are lords' and ladies' sons;
Thou art meaner than us all;
Thou art but a silly fair maid's child,
Born in an oxen's stall.

Wherefore, informing his mother of this insult offered him:

"Then," said she, "go down to yonder town,
As far as the holy well,
And there take up these infants' souls,
And dip them deep in hell."

"Oh, no! oh, no!" sweet Jesus then said,
"Oh, no! that never can be;
For there are many of these infants' souls
Crying out for the help of me."

This is exactly the Christ-child of Germany. Still in his infant form, full of love for all children, he watches over them, cares for them, and rewards them when good. By a stretch of divine power equal to or greater than any miracle of old, he is supposed, in the simple heart of childhood, on one eve throughout all the wide empire of Germany, through all the dwellings of its populous cities and innumerable villages, to crown the Christmas-tree with his

annual gifts. Many an imaginative child on that night, like Quintus Fixlein, lies in wait to catch a glimpse of his glittering wings, and half persuades himself that he has seen them.

It must be confessed that, in the minds of the common people, very confused notions of Christ-kindschen exist. At one time he is mentioned as a child, then as a grown person, and, again, is often called *she*, as if feminine. This confusion has probably arisen from this circumstance. In some parts of Germany, particularly in Rhenish Bavaria and the Catholic states, Christ-kindschen is actually represented as a living person on Christmas-eve. It is Christ-kindschen himself, who summonses the family to enter the room and see the spectacle, by ringing his bell, or striking on the door with his rod. On entering, he is seen standing by the Christmas-tree, with his rod in one hand, and his bell in the other. On this occasion, it is generally a young woman who represents the Christ-kindschen, dressed in white, with a gilt crown and wings, and with a long white veil ornamented with gold. It is thought by the parents, that the presence of Christ-kindschen himself will more impressively affect the children, those amongst them whose previous conduct has not been good being forbidden to enter the room. Others, however, and justly, deem it making too free with the sacred character of Christ, to introduce him in this manner, and the custom is, therefore, far from being general. In other places, Christ-kindschen and Knecht Ruprecht go along the streets together, and from house to house. In the descriptions of Christmas-eve by Richter and by Coleridge, as quoted in "The Rural Life of England," the Christmas-tree is by one said to be birch, in the other yew. Possibly this may be the fact in some parts of Germany, or it may be in one case a mistake of the translator, in the other of the author; the tree is generally, if not always, of fir.

The poor, in their small dwellings, must find it somewhat difficult to set up the tree and their gifts, unknown to the children. That was probably the reason that formerly it was first exhibited to the children on Christmas morning before daylight, having been set up after they were in bed. We are told, however, that it is every year becoming more common for the poor to bring out their tree in the evening, the children being sent out of the way on

some pretext or another while it is done. And in truth, there, as all over the world, the gifts of the poor are soon displayed. It is quite affecting to see the little simple things which the poor people will buy as Christmas gifts for their children. Little dolls of a few kreutzers in value, some even of the mere cost of an English penny. As you pass their cottages in an evening for a fortnight afterwards, you may see by the lights within, the little tree with a few apples and little figures hung on it, standing on a table, and the children around it admiring it; if there be a baby, some of them holding it up to see the precious sight.

But not only the poor in their cottages have their Christmas-tree; in schools and other institutions it is set up. A prettier or more affecting sight we have seldom seen than the celebration of Christmas-day in the Infant school at Heidelberg. Here, at three o'clock in the afternoon, were the parents and children, the patrons and friends of the school, assembled. Upwards of eighty little boys and girls, all under six years of age, were seated on low forms in the middle of the school, opposite to the master's desk, in front of which, on a raised platform, stood four tall Christmas-trees, or as they called them sugar-trees, decorated with the usual appendages of cakes, apples, etc., and at their feet stood a row of tapers ready to be kindled.

Besides these, were various coloured engravings; an excellent one of Christ Blessing the Little Children; a kind of erection of straw-work containing stages, on one of which was a dancing-bear, on another, a tournament with knights riding, with candles burning all over it. These figures revolved by means of a perpendicular spindle, having attached to its top a sort of fan, like the ventilator of a window, which was moved by the warm air ascending from the candles. There were many funny little three-legged pots of true German fashion set on the platform amongst the lights, a gift to the children from some one to amuse them in their school play-hours.

To the right sate the spectators, many ladies and gentlemen of the place; to the left, the parents of the children. The master lit up the tapers on the trees, and the row of them at their feet, and a murmur of delight rose from the little troop of children. The blinds had all been drawn down to exclude as much of the exterior light as possible, and the scene was very bright. The

master read from his desk an address prepared for the occasion, and after the little scholars had sung a Christmas-hymn or two very prettily, they were dismissed, one by one, with their pinafores full of toys, good warm articles of clothing, and a quantity of cakes and apples, the former of which had been sent as a Christmas gift to them by a worthy baker. It was pleasant to see the delighted faces of all present; the eager looks of the parents as their children came forward to receive their presents; and how the mothers, as they advanced towards the door, snatched them up, and carried them off, gifts and altogether.

Even inmates of the asylums, as if they were at home amongst their children, are treated to a Christmas-tree, and the brilliance of Christmas-eve. It is the great sacred festival of Germany, and is much more regarded than Sunday. On Sunday, great numbers of shops in most towns are open, things are brought home from different makers as on another day, and ladies sit knitting in company as usual. On Christmas-day nearly all shops are closed, and even ladies refrain from knitting; and all is solemn and decorous. Two days are made holidays, and the tree is not pulled down till New-year's day, when the children rifle its treasures, and different members of the family frequently keep some particular article from it as a remembrance. The solemnity of Christmas is also further marked, not only by the increased services in the churches from Advent to Christmas, but also by balls and other public amusements being laid aside during that period.

We may close this article by two pieces from the *Kinder-Lieder*, or Children's Songs of the Germans, illustrative of the nature of Christ-kindschen.

KINDERLEID ZU WEIGHNACHTEN.

Gott's Wunder, lieber Bu,
Geh, horch ein wenig zu,
Was ich dir will erzählen,
Was geschah in aller Fruh.

Da geh ich über ein Haid
Wo man die Schäflein weidt,
Da kamm ein kleiner Bu gerennt,
Ich hab ihn all mein Tag nicht kennt.

Gott's Wunder, lieber Bu,
Geh, horch ein wenig zu.

Der alte Zimmermann
Den schaun wir alle an,
Der hat dem kleinen Kindelein
Veil gutes angethan.

Er hat es so erkusst,
Es war ein wahre Lust,
Er schafft das Brod, isst selber nicht,
Ist auch sein rechter Vater nicht.

Gott's Wunder, lieber Bu,
Geh, horch ein wenig zu!

Hätt ich nur dran gedenkt,
 Dem Kind hätt ich was geschenkt;
 Zwei Aepfel hab ich bei mir gehabt,
 Er hat mich freundlich angelacht.

Gott's Wunder, lieber Bu,
 Geh, horch ein wenig zu!

This old carol, in which, in the manner of the old painters, different times and persons are curiously mixed, may also be given in a prose and pretty literal translation. "God's wonder! dear boy, listen to me awhile. I will tell thee something,—something which happened in the early times. As I go over a heath where shepherds feed their flocks, came running a little boy. I had never known him in all my life. God's wonder, dear boy, listen! The old carpenter that we are all accustomed to gaze at, he has done the little child much good. He has kissed it, so that it was a pleasure to see it. He earns its bread, eats not himself, and yet he is not the child's true father. Had I only thought of it, I would have given the child a gift. I had two apples by me, and he smiled kindly on me. God's wonder, dear boy, listen!"

The next is one of the most beautiful productions of the popular poet, Rückert:—

DES FREMDEN KINDES HEILGER CHRIST.

Es läuft ein fremdes Kind
 Am Abend vor Weighnachten
 Durch eine Stadt geschwind
 Die Lichter zu betrachten
 Die angezündet sind.

Es stehet vor jedem Haus
 Und sieht die hellen Räume,
 Die drinnen schaun heraus
 Die lampenvollen Bäume;
 Weh wirds ihm überaus.

Das Kindlein weint und spricht:
 "Ein jedes Kind hat heute
 Ein Bäumschen und ein Licht,
 Und hat dran seine Freude
 Nur blos ich armes Wicht.

"An der Geschwister Hand
 Als ich daheim gesessen,
 Hat es mir auch gebrannt;
 Doch hier bin ich vergessen
 In diesem fremden Land.

"Lässt mich denn Niemand ein
 Und gönnt mir auch ein Fleckschen?
 In all den Hausenreihen
 Ist denn für mich kein Eckschen
 Und wäre es noch so klein?

"Lässt mich denn Neimand ein?
 Ich will ja selbst nichts haben;
 Ich will ja nur am Schein
 Der fremden Weighnachts-gaben
 Mich laben ganz allein."

Es klopft an Thür und Thor,
 An Fenster und an Laden;
 Doch Niemand tritt hervor
 Das Kindlein einzuladen;
 Sie haben drin kein Ohr.

Ein jeder Vater lenkt
 Den Sinn auf seine Kinder;
 Die Mutter sie beschenkt,
 Denkt sonst nichts mehr nichts minder;
 Ans Kindlein Niemand denkt.

“ O lieber heilger Christ,
Nicht Mutter und nicht Vater
Hab' ich wenn's du's nicht bist!
O sey du mein Berather,
Weil man mich hier vergisst.”

Das Kindlein reibt die Hand;
Sie ist von Frost erstarret;
Es kriecht in sein Gewand,
Und in dem Gässlein harret
Den Blick hinaus gewand.

Da kommt mit einem Licht,
Durchs Gässlein hergewallet,
In weissem Kleide schlicht,
Ein ander Kind;—wie schallet
Es lieblich da es spricht.

“ Ich bin der heilige Christ;
War auch ein Kind vordessen,
Wie du ein Kindlein bist;
Ich will dich nicht vergessen,
Wenn alles dich vergisst.

“ Ich bin mit meinem Wort
Bei allem gleichermassen,
Ich biete meinen Hort,
So gut hier auf den Strassen,
Wie in den Zimmer dort.

“ Ich will dir deinen Baum,
Fremd Kind hier lassen schimmern,
Auf diesem offenen Raum,
So schön, dass die in Zimmern
So schön seyn sollen kaum.”

Da deutet mit der Hand
Christkindlein auf zum Himmel,
Und droben leuchtend stand
Ein Baum voll Sterngewimmel.
Vielästig ausgespannt.

So fern, und doch so nah,
Wie funkelten die Kerzen!
Wie ward dem Kindlein da!
Demn fremden, still zu Herzen,
Da's seinen Christbaum sah.

Es ward ihm wie ein Traum;
Da langten hergebogen
Englein herab vom Baum
Zum Kindlein, das sie zogen
Hinauf zu lichtem Raum.

Das fremde Kindlein ist
Zur Heimath jetzt gekehret
Bei seinem heiligen Christ,
Und was hier wird bescheret,
Es dorten leicht vergisst.

It would be next to impossible to give a fair poetical translation of this beautiful poem. Its simple melody and its simple pathos would alike task the most masterly hand to convey them into another tongue; we shall therefore content ourselves with presenting the matter of it in very literal prose, and leave those who are acquainted with the language of the original to appreciate its full excellence.

THE STRANGER CHILD'S HOLY-CHRIST.

“ There runs a stranger-child swiftly through the city on Christmas-eve, to see the lights that are kindled. He stops before every house, and sees the bright rooms in which stand clearly out the lampful trees. Woe is to him everywhere! The child weeps and says, ‘To-day, every child has its little tree and its light, and has therein its joy; I alone have none. When I sate at home, holding the hands of brothers and sisters, one burned there for me also; but here, in this strange land, I am forgotten. Will no one let me

come in, and afford me just one little standing-place? In all these rows of houses is there then for me no corner, were it ever so small? Will no one let me in? I will ask nothing for myself; I will only refresh myself with the gay appearance of the foreign Christmas gifts.' He knocks at door and gateway, at window and at shutter, but no one comes forth to ask in the little child; within, they have no ear. Every father fixes his thoughts on his own children; the mother distributes the gifts amongst them; she thinks of nothing more, nothing less than that—no one thinks of the little child. 'Oh! dear and holy Christ,' he exclaimed, 'I have neither father nor mother, if thou art not that to me. Oh! be my counsellor, for here I am forgotten of every one.'

"He rubs his hands; they are stiff with the frost; he shrinks shivering in his garments; he lingers in the little bye-lane, his looks directed towards heaven. There comes up the little street, waving a light before him, another child, in smooth white raiment. How sweetly sounds his voice as he speaks! 'I am the holy Christ, and formerly was I a child as thou art now. Though all besides forget thee, I will not forget thee. My word is for all alike. I offer my protection as well in the streets here as there in the rooms. Thy light, little stranger, I will cause to shine here in the open space so fair, that scarcely shall those in the rooms be so fair.'

"Then waved the Christ-child his hand towards heaven, and forth stood, glittering, overspread with many branches, a tree, glorious with a host of stars. So distant and yet so near—how sparkled the lights! How felt the child then! Still stood the little stranger, still at heart, as there he saw his Christmas-tree! It was like a dream to him. Little angels bending down from the tree, stretched their hands to him, and drew him up into the shining space. The little stranger-child has returned home to his holy Christ, and easily is there forgotten how things here are awarded."

Such are the Christmas customs of Germany. It must be confessed that there is something very amiable, poetical, and beautiful in them; but the English mind will not, at the same time, be able to avoid feeling a repugnance to the making so free with the person of Christ, and still more to the delusions that are thus practised, and falsehoods practically taught to the children. That

this is the Christ-child; that he brings all these gifts from heaven; that Pelznichel is sent by him, and so on—the moment a child grows old enough to see through this, he must begin to think that his parents care little for the truth, and be in danger of adopting an idea that he need not much regard it himself. In fact, at a certain age, the parents are obliged to let the children into the secret, and to take them, as it were, into a partnership of imposing on their younger brothers and sisters. This is very bad; and when the next step to this in domestic education, is to stuff the young mind with a whole host of *Märchen*, household legends of a similar kind, we must fear that truth cannot be very sacred amongst them. And is it? Our experience is, that it is far from being so much so as it should be. Whoever has looked through their literature must have felt surprised at the freedom with which the heroes of the stories by the most celebrated masters, Goethe for instance, tell any kind of fib to help them out of scrapes. Whoever has seen much of private life in Germany, will, we fear, have experienced a similar surprise. Spite of the national boasts of the *Deutsche Treue und Deutsche Wahrheit*, German faithfulness and truth, this is a fact which merits the most serious attention of a people so proud of their improvements in education; and it seems wonderful that it has not struck them, that all the essential and beautiful of this Christmas practice will remain independent of these fictions. The tree may still be set up; the children may still look forward to finding under it presents for the good, and it will be just as delightful to their young hearts that these are the testimonies of parental and household affection, as if they suppose them brought by a Christ-kindschen. If they prize the wonder which such deceptions bring, it is still worth while asking whether that momentary wonder may not be purchased too dear; that is, by the lasting injury to truthfulness. All that wonder too may be imparted by relating to the children at these times, what were the legends and the fancies of their ancestors, for the imagination is perhaps more delighted with what is presented to it as an ideal of the past, than as an actuality of the present.

CHAPTER XIII.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY is kept in Germany as a thorough holiday. There is service at the churches; business is at a stand; and like Christmas-day, it is far more observed than a Sunday. New-year's eve is perhaps the most merry time of the German year. In almost every house are parties met to conduct the old year out with dance and sport. About five o'clock in the evening, the church bells ring, and guns are fired off in all directions. In this respect every town is filled with as much noise of firing, and smell of gunpowder, as the night of the fifth of November used to be in England. The practice has been forbidden by the authorities; but, except in the chief cities, the authorities are not over active, and the prohibition is little regarded. The police go about the streets; but in all ordinary towns these are so fat and sleepy that it is only necessary to be quiet just where they are, and everywhere where they are not, are guns and pistols discharging.

It is considered a compliment for young men to go and fire a salute in front of the houses of their friends. In the University towns, the students, a little before twelve o'clock, headed by their clubs, proceed with torches to the house of the Prorector, and by a volley of fire-arms, and a loud *vivat*, announce the termination of the year, and wish him a happy new one. The Prorector appears at his window, makes there a short speech in acceptance of their compliment, drinks a happy new year to them, and frequently concludes by flinging the glass down upon the pavement, that it may never be used on any other occasion. With loud vivats they echo his good wishes, and march away to pay the same compliment to a few others of their most popular professors. The scene is wild

and peculiar. The troop of students, every one with his torch, forming a train, headed by the seniors of their clubs, in their respective costumes; joined by as many other students as please, with wild looks, flying hair, and torches flaming in the stormy winds, and followed by a crowd of the *miscellanea* of the city, marching through the wintry streets at midnight; with shouts, and scattered discharges of fire-arms,—is strange and picturesque. At a distance you see the light of their torch-train, confined by the narrow streets, stream up into the air like the tail of a comet, while the successive discharges of guns flash across it like lightning.

Within doors all is mirth and enjoyment. There are games played peculiar to this eve. New-year's eve is probably acted in a witty and ludicrous charade, which occasions much merriment. In one party, where we were, the young men made the charade New-Year's Night. They represented the students drinking and singing, from the Burschen Song-book, a New-year's-night song. They then acted them, as pretty well primed with punch and glee-wine they rushed into the streets. The watchman, against whom they ran, raised his staff, and blew his horn, and said his rhyme, but in vain, being glad to get away from them. Then the scene changed to the room of one of the professors, who sat at his table waiting for the arrival of the students' torch-train, pretending to be very calm and philosophical, taking up a book to read, but all the while very fidgety lest the Burschen should not pay him that compliment, or should go to others before him. At length, a volley was discharged before the house. He started up joyfully, exclaiming, "Aha! they are there!" threw up the window, made his speech, and pledging the youngsters, flung his glass into the street.

There is plenty of dancing going on. Glee-wine, a sort of negus, and punch, are brought in after supper, and just before twelve o'clock. Every one is on the watch to win the New-Year from the others; that is, to announce the New-Year first. Accordingly, the instant the city bell is heard to commence tolling, "Prosst Neu Jahr!" starts from every one's lips; and happy is he who is acknowledged to have made the exclamation first, and to have won from all the others the New-Year. In every house, at that moment, all over the country, is shouted "Prosst Neu Jahr!" prosst being

no German word, but a contraction of the Latin *prosit*. On one occasion, having retired to rest, our servants assembled at our room-door, and woke us, in order to cry "Prosst Neu Jahr!" On the following morning, every one that meets you salutes you with the same exclamation.

With the glee-wine are brought in, on a waiter, the New-year wishes of the family and its friends. These are written in verse, generally on very ornamental gilt note-paper, and sealed up. When the "Prosst Neu Jahr" has passed, and all have drunk to one another a Happy New Year, with a general touching of glasses, these are opened and read. For the most part they are without signatures, and occasion much guessing and joking. Under cover of these anonymous epistles, good hints and advice are often administered by parents and friends. Numbers of people, who never on any other occasion write a verse, now try their hands at one; and those who do not find themselves sufficiently inspired, present those ornamental cards of which I have spoken under Christmas, and which have all kinds of wishes, to suit all kinds of tastes and circumstances. These are to be purchased of all qualities and prices, and those sent by friends and lovers generally appear on New-year's day, and are signed or not as suits the purpose of the sender.

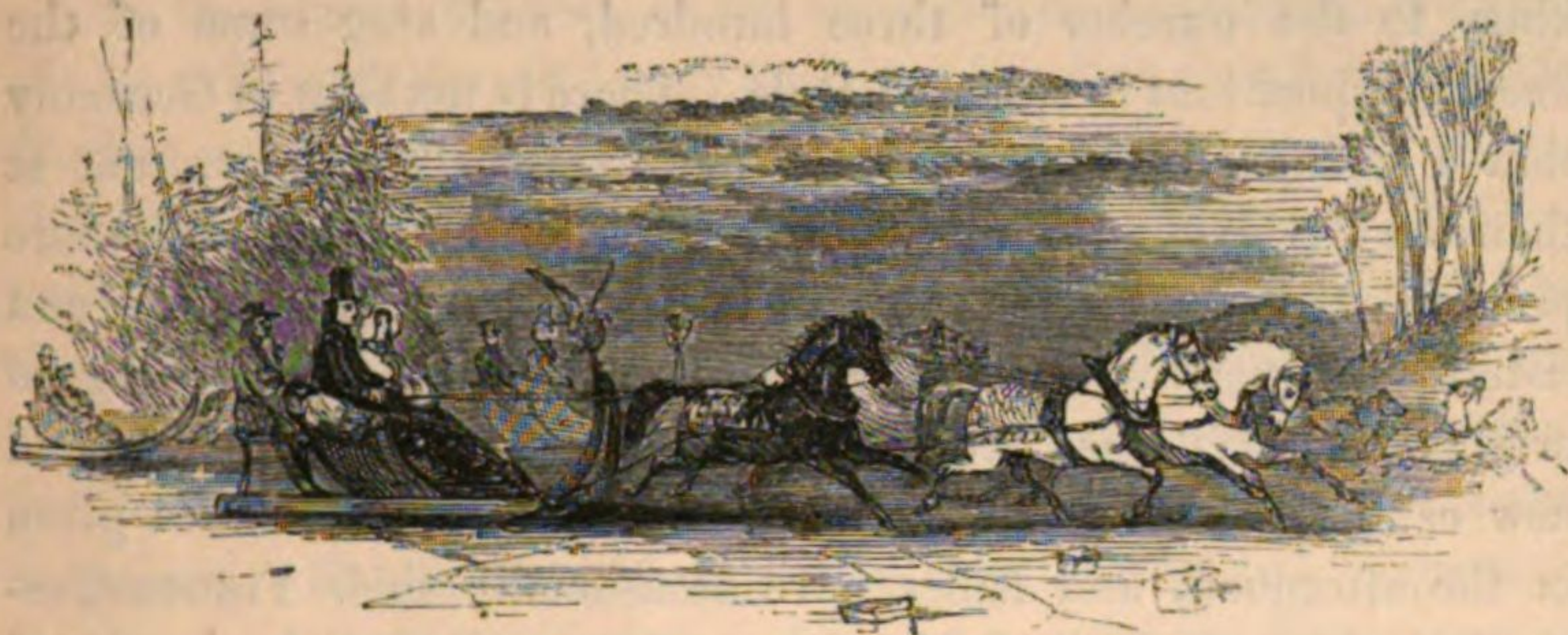
After the New-year's wishes have been read, a game of very old standing on this occasion is introduced, a game known to most people in England acquainted with old fashions; that of the flour, the water, and the keys. Three plates are set on a round table in the middle of the room. In one is flour, in another water, in the third a bunch of keys. The young unmarried people are by turns blindfolded, and walking round the table, pitch upon one of the plates. These have, of course, been shifted while the person about to try his or her chance has been under the operation of blindfolding, so as to occupy quite different relative positions to what they did before; or are sometimes shifted and then replaced, so that the person naturally supposing that they have been changed, shall try to avoid the unlucky ones by aiming at a new point, and thus shall actually have a greater chance of passing the lucky one. The lucky one is that containing the keys. Whoever gets that, is to be married to the person of his or her choice; he who pushes his

fingers into the flour is to marry a widow, or *vice versa*, and he who dips into the water shall not be married at all. This simple lottery occasions its share of merriment, and then goes on again the dancing.

With the punch and glee-wine came in also one of those large ornamented and nice cakes for which the Germans are so famous, and large cakes of gingerbread in the shape of hearts, with almonds stuck in them. These make an indispensable part of the entertainment of New-year's eve; and accordingly, you see them reared in and before the bakers' windows, and on stalls, in thousands; some of them at least half-a-yard tall, and a foot wide. These gingerbread hearts are in much esteem also at Christmas; and, indeed, on many occasions. In almost all cases, the German gingerbread, which is peculiar, being mixed with honey, and often flavoured with aniseeds, and is in no respect to be compared to the delicious gingerbread of England, assumes the shape of hearts, and at fairs and wakes, as we have observed, after the national custom, is, being much gilt and coloured, made a medium of love and sentiment by the appendage of verses. On this Eve the servants of every house, by right of ancient and indefeasible custom, have their feast of punch and their great gingerbread hearts, each servant one.

The Catholics, according to their custom, close the old year and open the new one in their churches. They have a sermon, as twelve approaches; in many places the lights are extinguished, leaving alone, conspicuous, a huge cross, reaching from the bottom to near the top of the church, illuminated with lamps. When twelve has struck, an anthem of thanksgiving strikes up, and mass is celebrated.

In Germany, the servants of tradesmen come for New-year's gifts, as they do for Christmas-boxes with us; and your baker sends you a huge cake, like a couple of great serpents wreathed into two connected circles, perhaps originally intended to represent the old year and the new.



CHAPTER XIV.

SLEDGING.

THE Germans, as they have sharp winters, contrive to enliven them as much as possible. They have at their Museums, or public buildings of amusement and resort, balls and concerts, generally six of each during the season, free to all subscribers. They have, besides other public balls and concerts, plenty of private ones. Their calendar furnishes them with successive days and times of festivity; as Christmas, New Year's Day, Three Kings' Day, respondent to our Twelfth Day, Fastnacht, which comes just before Lent, and, as in Italy, is a great time of feasting and masking before the severities of Lent commence. Family parties, with dancing and simple games, make this gloomy and cold season pass cheerily. They have, every few families of congenial tastes, their Kränzchen, or literally, little garlands. These are circulating visits on fixed days. These meetings are held once a week at the houses of those who compose them, in rotation. At these they take tea, and talk, read, of course knit, and dance or play, as the taste or age of the parties may dictate. They have too their Sing Vereine and Lieder-Täfel, or Singing Unions and Song Tables, where the young of both sexes perfect themselves in singing. Some of these in the chief cities are numerous, especially that in Berlin, where the young people of the most respectable families assemble in a hall presented to them by the

king, to the number of three hundred, and sing some of the finest compositions in splendid style. There is nothing in Germany that a stranger should endeavour more zealously to be present at than the Berlin Sing Verein. In large cities, and where literature prevails, there are given by certain persons philosophic and æsthetic tea-parties, where the company listen to the reading of original compositions, and discuss the merits of new books, and new candidates for fame. Chocolate-parties are sometimes given in the afternoon, and ladies have occasionally their Frauen-Gesellschaft, or Ladies' Meetings, where only ladies meet, and over their knitting, talk over the scandal of the day, and the badness of their servants. As the German ladies are generally rather accomplished in music and French than extensively read, English ladies who have attended such parties describe them as the very perfection of gossip and dullness. Yet with all these means put together they derive on the winter much to their own content.

Out of the very inclemency of the season, like the northern nations generally, they contrive to extract enjoyment. Their skating and sledging then come on, and furnish much excitement, many parties, and plenty of gaiety. As soon as the rivers are frozen over sufficiently, which is often in a single night, the ice becomes alive with swarms of skaters. The fishermen can now no longer use their boats, and thus earn their livelihood from the stream; they employ themselves, therefore, in clearing away any lumps from the ice, sweep the snow from it as it falls; sweep also the

ice-dust which the skaters grind up, and furnish chairs set upon sledges for young skaters to practise with, and for expert ones to push the ladies in. The fishermen remunerate themselves by a contribution from all those who skate, of three kreutzers, one penny English, and by letting out their chairs at the rate of two-pence the hour. Ladies are very fond of



being pushed along in these chairs; and parties are made, of young people, in which the gentlemen propel the ladies at a great rate, and make a very gay scene on the ice.

In the winter of 1840, which we spent at Heidelberg, the frost set in with such severity early in December that in a few days the Neckar was frozen over, so that you could walk on it, and so was the Rhine. The ice was soon eighteen inches thick, and the frost continued till the beginning of the new year, without snow. The thermometer was at 35° Fahrenheit below the freezing point, and the dust on the roads was worse than in summer, and so fine that it filled the clothes of the ladies so that it was unpleasant for them to go out. But the people seemed to care little for it. Expecting it, they made early preparations for winter. At the first approach of cold weather you are surprised to see men and women walking in their great cloaks with many capes, though the ordinary class of women still go with their heads bare. The warm articles, as furs and felt, and woollen over-shoes and gloves, exposed for sale in the autumn fairs and in the shops, told you beforehand what to expect. All the brunnens, *i. e.* fountains and pumps, were carefully defended by clothing them with straw. All shrubs that might suffer from the weather were tied up in straw too. Straw was strewed over the garden-beds to protect the roots and bulbs of plants from the frost, and tan also placed in great quantities about all fountains and wells to secure them. Straw was stuffed into all cellar openings, and into every place where cold could enter. It was tied and wrapped in neat rolls, and laid on the outer window-sills, so as to cover the nick at the bottom of the casement, and other rolls covered with cloth of scarlet and other gay colours were also laid on the inside of the windows. In the best houses, especially in the north, they have double windows to keep out the cold.

It was made evident before his arrival that Jack Frost was here a very formidable fellow; and when he came, truly he came in his strength. Then, even the poor women, though they would not entirely cover their heads with caps and bonnets, were compelled to tie a folded handkerchief from under the chin to the top of the head, so as to protect in some degree their throats and ears. Then might be seen on boys and men huge gloves of fur; in the case of the boys, with true German caution, secured by a cord passing over their shoulders, so that they might not be laid down or lost. When they pulled them off, they hung dangling on each side of their waists; and when they had them on, they looked funny

enough, with the strings on the stretch, seeming to support both gloves and arms, as if some accident had paralysed them.

When snow comes, the scene changes. The moment that it becomes trodden down hard on the roads, all the world is on sledges. Sledges come forth from their year-long hiding-places, and stand before the houses ready to be hired. On the road are sledges of all sorts and sizes, from the largest to the smallest, from the smartest to the simplest. Some of them, especially in some of the chief cities, are very gay indeed. They are of various shapes, but resemble the bodies of chariots, phaetons, gigs, etc., set on sledge-bars. Some of them are very gaily, and others very gaudily painted; richly cushioned, and furnished with aprons of the shaggy skins of wild beasts, as bears, wolves, foxes, and deer. Their sledge-bars sweep up in a fine curve, and meet high before, bearing on their summit some figure—a pine-apple, a fir-cone, a lion's head, an eagle with outspread wings, or a human figure. The horses are covered with cloths of gay colours, which are stitched all over with little bells, and bells are generally hung on the sledges too.

Besides the handsome ones, many an old-fashioned affair comes forth, down to the bauer's or peasant's sledge, which is his old wicker-basket wagon-body, on a few poles rudely knocked together. Every thing that is a vehicle of conveyance becomes a sledge. Wheelbarrows disappear, and become sledge-barrows. Every thing that was before carried, now becomes drawn. Tubs, baskets, bundles, all are on sledges, and are travelling the streets and roads. Every boy has his sledge too, made of a few boards nailed together, on which he is flying down the hill sides with the utmost velocity. Wherever there is a bit of a descent in a street, or in the country, down it are going little sledges with one or more children on each of them. Boys and girls draw one another along the streets and highways at full speed on these little vehicles; everywhere you see them in motion, and they afford a world of amusement. If a heap of rubbish has been thrown to some outside of the town, or by the river side, covered with snow it becomes a sledge-bank for the lads; and they go down places so steep and uneven, that you expect to see them every moment thrown head over heels; but no such thing—away they go as light and free as birds on the wing!

and when they get to the end of their course, pick up their sledge and carry it back to the top again.

It is wonderful what a world of pleasure the whole race of children find in these little vehicles, which are very simple and very cheap. You may buy a very neat one for a shilling. Our boys bought themselves each one, and entered into the sport with thorough enthusiasm. On these they will sit, holding another child before them, and paddling with their heels, put the sledges into brisk motion, when they go on merrily of themselves. As they descend steep hill-sides, the boys are fond of lying down on their backs, and thus gliding along at full speed. They say it is the next thing to flying, and grave men will tell of the fun they had when boys in the snowy winter, taking their sledges far away up the mountain-sides, in a whole troop, and then coming down the winding and often steep mountain track, full drive, from height to height, again to the valley, the distance of two or three miles.

One wonders, when it is seen how much active and healthy amusement these sledges afford, that they have not been introduced long ago in the snowy winters that we sometimes have, and many a time have had, in England. We have often a month or two, or rather have had, and may have again, of such weather, when slides are buried, and when such a simple and active amusement is yet afforded by every highway and sloping situation.

But it is not only the children that delight in sledging; the grown Germans are as much children in this respect as any of them. They partake with northern nations in all their fondness for sledging. Sledges are driving about everywhere, filled with merry faces, and attended by loud cracking of whips. They make also



large sledging parties, which are matters of much excitement and great display, as well as of very particular etiquette. Young gentlemen will engage young ladies for a drive in a sledging-party or *Schlitten-fahrt-partie*, for three months before. Great are the arranging, the planning, the cogitations, while a party is in preparation. The acquaintance that shall be asked to join in it, the choice of ladies by the gentlemen, the number of sledges and outriders that they shall sport, the place to which they shall drive, and whether they shall have torches to return by or not. All parties enter into the scheme with heart and soul, and much anxiety is felt lest any change in the weather, a sudden thaw, or a fierce snow-storm, should prevent it.

But supposing all these arrangements and casualties brought to an auspicious termination, the sledging-party presents this appearance. You hear a loud cracking of whips, like the successive discharges of pistols. All heads are out of the windows through the whole street. The Germans are never tired of watching as well as of joining in sledging-parties. On comes a troop of outriders in caps, blue or other coloured jackets, white breeches and jack-boots, riding in no very exact order, but all smacking their whips with all their might; sounds of which, English ears which have not gone out of England, have no conception. This is to give due notice of the approach of the sledge-train to all on the way, and to give it also due éclat. Then comes a train of sledges, sometimes amounting to thirty or forty. The strict etiquette is that each shall contain two persons, a lady and gentleman, and no more, the gentleman driving and paying all necessary attentions to the lady; but often, besides the two, there is a driver and another servant seated on a little seat behind, which sticks out like a handle to the sledge. This man can at once dismount and assist, if a horse turn restive, or any other inconvenience occur; he can also carry a torch or two on return. Thus drives on gaily the whole long train, all the handsomest sledges and handsomest horses to draw them, from two to four in each, and the handsomest ladies to fill them that the city can afford being in requisition, and all are at the windows or in the streets, to see, and criticise, and enjoy these winter spectacles.

Much emulation is felt as to who shall take the lead, and indeed as to the whole series of precedence, and this is generally

decided by lot. Every gentleman pays his share of the whole expense of the train, that is, for his own sledge and attendants, and his quota of the outriders, as well as for the entertainment, whatever it may be, at the place to which they drive.

On entering the sledge the lady thanks her partner for the pleasure he has conferred on her by giving her this participation in so delightful a recreation, on which the gentleman expresses his high gratification at the honour which the lady does him by accepting of his invitation, and so they drive off. Through all the villages that they pass, the loud *peitsching* or whip-cracking of the drivers, the galloping of their horses, the long gay train of sledges of well-dressed gentlemen and handsome ladies, bring out the whole population, and fill them with delight. So flies on the train to some well-known inn at six or seven miles distance, where they take a refreshment, and generally entertain themselves with some of the simple German games till it is time to return. They choose their route so as to lead through some of the most beautiful scenery, and thus have the pleasure, which they otherwise would not, of seeing the country which they are so familiar with in summer, in its now strange and wild winter garb, often extremely beautiful when amongst the mountains crowned with forests filled with snow, and with the frozen river and high-arching snow-drifts below.

If the party live on the outside of the city, and on that side which would render it totally unnecessary and totally out of the way to enter it, yet they never fail to do so. They go first, and traverse the whole length of the city, and then back again, before they set off on their proper route. They would consider all the pleasure gone if they did not shew their train to their fellow-citizens, and their fellow-citizens would look upon themselves as defrauded of the gaiety and spectacle.

The return of the train is so timed as to reach the city when it is dark. Persons are sent to meet them with a supply of torches, and these being lit, they enter the city in picturesque style, with resounding whips, flaring torches, and sufficient bustle, and thus again traverse it; perhaps parade a few times round the most public square, for public benefit, and then drive to the house of one of the party, where they spend the evening in merriment.

It used to be the custom of every gentleman, on descending from the sledge, to salute his partner, but that has fallen into desuetude; and on some recent attempts on the part of very gallant gentlemen to revive this ancient "freedom of the press," the ladies have raised a spirited rebellion; and exercising the freedom of speech, have threatened to put an end to sledging altogether if it were persisted in. From causes which are noticed elsewhere, a greater strictness of etiquette, and of social habits, has of late years grown up in Germany, presenting a striking contrast with the spirit of the past, as discovered in old popular ballads, and other writings. Owing to the mixture of old freedom and new notions of decorum, nothing can present a more odd and amusing aspect than the present code of German social proprieties.

The severe winter of 1840-1 enabled us to partake in the pleasure of a sledging party. It was amusing enough, however, to discover the many disappointments that one was liable to after having decided on such a thing. The party being not only resolved on, but all the preliminaries settled; the gentlemen that should make part of it being invited, and they having selected their partners; the number of outriders and torches being fixed, and the order of the procession determined, then the horses and sledges had to be ordered for a certain day. Then it was found that it could not take place that day, because all the sledges were engaged to another party; it must be the next day. The next day it blew and snowed a most tremendous and impracticable tempest. For days afterwards the snow was far too deep to admit of sledging. Before this could be done the *Bahn-schlitten*, or road-sledge, must proceed from this place to the next, to open the way, and repeat its journey every day that the snow continued to fall.

This *Bahn-schlitten* is a large triangular sledge of rough timber, which, going with the point foremost, clears the road like a plough; forcing the snow to each side of the highway, and leaving a space wide enough for carriages in the middle. This machine, and its accompaniments, presents one of the most picturesque objects in the winter. It comes along, drawn, according to the depth of snow that has fallen, by from six to ten, or a dozen strong horses, and loaded with a score or two of men, whose weight serves as ballast to keep it firmly down, and thereby to clear the snow more

thoroughly away. It is, moreover, sometimes followed by those who are too numerous to ride.

These men, sometimes in heavy snows, amount to fifty or a hundred. They are furnished with shovels, and are ready, when they arrive at drifts too deep for the sledge to pass through, to set on and cut a passage. They are so numerous that, if necessary, detachments can be left behind to complete the removal of any great obstruction. Thus goes on this great, lumbering, but most useful piece of machinery. One is every day travelling to and fro between one township and another, while snow continues to fall, the whole empire over, so that all obstructions to the passage of people and vehicles are speedily removed. And, as I have said, nothing can be more picturesque. The long train of heavy horses with riders upon them, in their bauer's large cocked hats, and with their heavy whips; the crowd of men in their dark blue dresses of jacket and trousers, and little caps or great hats, most of them, of course, with their pipes hanging from their mouth; the following throng; the depth of snow which silently gives way before this powerful wedge, and curls up in white and fleecy billows on each side, while all around the wind is whistling and the snow playing over and half-concealing the whole group.

In a morning, too, before this Bahn-schlitten has made its progress, after a good snowy night, nothing can be more picturesque than the figures that are wading along. Nothing can prevent the German peasant, and especially the women, from going to market. Accordingly, in the morning you see them wading and plunging along in such a snow, with their everlasting tub, or basket on their heads, in which stand the milk-pots and pans. They are wrapped in all sorts of garbs. Many of them with their husbands' or brothers' great blue jackets on; and some of them too in their great boots, holding up their clothes with no doubtful hand, and lifting one foot after another out of the deep snow; even compelled to laugh at their own singular figures and equipments, but not at all aware of their astonishing patience and perseverance.

Well, this Bahn-schlitten having made its progress, and the road bidding fair to become soon in a proper state, another day is fixed, and all looks auspicious; when, behold! a venerable and highly esteemed old gentleman falls dangerously ill; most of the

party, too, being friends of the family, it is quite out of the question to make a frolicking sledging party under such circumstances. He gets worse, though the weather gets more frosty and favourable. He is likely to die;—no sledging party can be thought of till he is dead and buried. He lingers on—he gets somewhat better—he relapses—he dies. The funeral, luckily in Germany, is by law obliged to be within three days; then there must be a day or two for decorum; and all this time the young people are on the thorns of impatience and fear lest the frost should go. The day at length is once more fixed; and the day before, it begins relentlessly to thaw! It is still thought practicable—but, on going into the city, the city authorities have ordered all the snow to be removed from the streets within four-and-twenty hours, and a great part of the main street is already laid bare! This is a final close to all hopes and fears,—not to go through the city is not to go at all!

The good-natured winter, however, sent a fresh supply of snow, and in another week the party was once more organised. But here started up another German difficulty, which, laughable as it was, threatened to tear the whole party to pieces with dissensions. The sledges, the order of precedence, the parties, all had been settled and determined, when it was found that a young lady, who was spending the winter with us, and who wore spectacles, could not even in the public train dispense with them. She had worn them almost from a child, and without them was like a bat in the daytime. To ride in public with a lady in spectacles! It was a thing not for a moment to be heard of by any German. The spectacle prejudice is one of the most diverting prejudices with which the good Germans torment themselves. The men wear them publicly and privately; nay, almost the whole race of students, whether from affectation or real necessity, carry spectacle on nose. These youngsters, in fact, seem determined to monopolise the spectacle wear. Not a woman, however purblind she may be, and however she may be compelled in private to wear spectacles, dare appear in the streets or in public company with them on. She would as soon think of going to court in her nightcap! Every man that met her would stare at her, every student laugh in her face, and every woman smile, and turn, and smile again. In fact, this young lady, from her unconquerable necessity of wearing spectacles, was soon

nicknamed and known through all Heidelberg as Fraülein Brillé, or Miss Spectacles. The gentleman, therefore, to whom she had fallen as partner in the sledge, was struck with horror on recollecting this fact. The ladies of her acquaintance were entreated in the most delicate way possible to hint to her the absolute necessity of her laying aside these obnoxious eye-machines on this occasion. She was equally confounded, and protested it was impossible for her to go without them; and she was not of a disposition to give up the most trifling bit of dissipation for any one's feelings whatever. Here then arose a mighty contest. The other gentlemen endeavoured to persuade the unlucky one to care nothing for it—that it was nothing. “Nothing! why he should be insulted in the street. The students would shout, Fraülein Brillé; and if insulted, he must challenge. It would certainly end in a duel or duels.” As they thought it nothing, he proposed that one of them should exchange ladies, and take her. This was declined with much laughter; and then began to rise bad blood, and every prospect of an irreconcilable animosity, when the simple idea of a veil was suggested, and luckily adopted. Then came the polite Germans about the lady, and with that compliant language on such occasions to which I have had too frequently to allude, said: “O! it was nothing—nothing at all! nobody cared about her spectacles; only as it was singular, it would be better not to attract too much attention for her own safety, as rude boys were apt, on such occasions, to throw stones at anything unusual.”

At last the party was really completed. With seven sledges, the handsomest the city could afford, and drawn by its best horses, Mrs. Howitt leading the way with four horses, preceded by seven outriders, we drew through the city. The whole of the inhabitants seemed in the streets to see the procession. The outriders made a most tremendous thunder with their whips; the train kept close together; all was well appointed, and was pronounced to be the best of the season. After traversing the whole length of the city and back again, we drove to Neckargemünd, a village about six miles up the Neckar valley, and took coffee, and made ourselves very merry with the German games of—Jacob where art thou? The Black Man; Blind-man's Buff, there called The Blind Cow, and so on. The party was full of fun; and in a game where they take

each other's hand and follow in a train till the leader gives the sign to break off, our leader led us out of the hall and all round the open gallery, round which the house is built. In our way suddenly coming upon a waiter, he was surrounded by the chain of people, and flying from one side to another to find his way out, occasioned much laughter.

In the evening, on our return, we were met by torch-bearers; and one of them mounting behind each sledge, holding two torches, each four feet long, and each outrider taking one, we again traversed and retraversed the city, to the great satisfaction of the people. The whole, indeed, had a striking effect; and in its novelty, and the merriment and thorough heartiness of the whole party, was an entertainment as pleasant as it was new.

The sledging parties in the country are often still more lusty, if not so gay. The rich bauers or farmers in the upper Rhinelands, and other parts, are excessively fond of these excursions, and with sledges that will hold at least twenty people, will, in winter, drive about for whole days together. The gentry, in some parts of Germany, will with much joviality make use of the same capacious vehicles, and set on foot parties to some place of resort. The trouble in the country to get these together, and the ludicrous accidents that occur to them, afford subject of much entertainment. In the kingdom of Wirtemberg, the Wirths, or landlords of the inns, are especially obliging. If you stop merely at their doors, while your driver gives his horses some bread and water, they feel much annoyed if you will not honour their house by going in. If you want nothing, they don't trouble themselves about that. They will do you any little service they can, just as much as if you had spent a large sum with them. At Waldenbuch, not far from Stuttgard, we stopped at the door of one of these good-natured men. We had recently breakfasted, and, as we wanted nothing, and the driver said he would not stay long, we proposed to sit in the carriage for the time. The wirth, a tall and very respectable-looking man, for the wirths are generally men of a tolerable education, and often hold a rank with the smaller gentry of the neighbourhood, came and begged us to alight. We explained to him that we wanted nothing, and therefore did not wish to trouble them by going in and out. He appeared much disappointed; said it was of no con-

sequence whether we took anything or nothing, but he hoped we would honour his house by entering it. As we however respectfully persisted in remaining in the carriage, he went away, but soon came again, and with much earnestness besought us to alight. If we would not go in, we ought at least to see the country, and there was an old ducal castle too that we ought to see, and if we would permit him he would have much pleasure in being our guide. This disinterested kindness it would have been most uncourteous to decline. With many thanks we alighted; and the good-hearted Swabian, calling for his hat and his cane, for he did not think his ordinary cap which he had on sufficiently in dress to appear openly with strangers, he led the way. He was, as observed, a tall man, and in his light drab long coat and Leghorn hat, he might have passed for some neighbouring graf, had we not known to the contrary. He was, in fact, as gentlemanly and well-informed as any graf could be. Arriving at the church, which stood on the hill opposite the castle, he first directed our attention to the country round, which with its fine beech woods and corn fields and green meadows, was really very attractive, he then said, pointing to two graves.—“Had you not come up hither, you would not have seen these. There lie the father and mother of Dannecker, the great sculptor. Here Dannecker was born. His father was a groom in the stables of this castle, and here Dannecker spent his boyhood. But come into the castle, I will shew you something more.” The castle belongs to the king of Wirtemberg, but is now deserted. He opened the door of one of the dungeons, and to our great surprise we beheld that it was an apothecary’s shop. The apothecary, a little man in a short blue coat, and with a head and face of unusual size for his body, sate poring over a large book. He rose with a smile to receive us, and hearing that we were English, he began to address us in good English. He told us he had been in London, and in North America. Seeing that his book was not in German type, I gave a glance at it, and was surprised to see that it was Don Quixote in the native Spanish. We could not but feel a singular interest in a man, thus suddenly found in the dungeon of a country castle, thus informed, travelled, and occupied.

We looked round with renewed interest on his place of abode. In the massy stone walls yet hung the monstrous iron rings which

had once confined the prisoners; but around in curious contrast, stood his drugs in jars and drawers, and on his counter, wild-flowers of great beauty, which he had gathered in his walks; pinks and others, which are only to be seen in our gardens. When we had taken leave of him, we observed to our Wirth, that in this man he must find a pleasant and most intelligent neighbour. "No;" said he with a significant shake of the head, "he is a companion for no one. Some years ago he lost his wife, and from that time he has never cared for human society. He never comes into my house. He sits here in this dungeon from day to day, month to month, and year to year. He sees nobody but those who come for medicine. He sits and ponders over his books in various languages, and when he is weary, towards evening he walks solitarily into the woods." Many a time have we since thought of the little apothecary poring over his *Don Quixote* in the dungeon of that solitary castle.

But our Wirth opening the door of another dungeon, then gave us the history of a prisoner who had been confined in it. It was the gardener of the castle. Some plate had been stolen; the steward, who had a mortal hatred to the gardener, whose independent, sturdy nature would not let him wink at those dishonest practices in which the steward indulged in the duke's absence, contrived to fix the suspicion on him. He suffered here a long and bitter confinement. The tutor, who was in reality the person, was tormented in his conscience by the fate of the unhappy gardener, and wrote an anonymous letter to the duke, declaring that the gardener was innocent. The hand, though disguised, was detected. The tutor by this brought suspicion upon himself; he was arrested and examined; he confessed and was dismissed. But when the gardener was brought to the presence of the duke, it was discovered that the steward had, during his imprisonment, practised on him the most unheard-of cruelties. The duke highly enraged, determined to punish him in a most signal manner, and to commence his punishment in a style that should make him feel it to the very heart's core. He therefore invited a large party to dine, and amongst them the steward. But at dinner the poor gardener, his victim, was placed just opposite to him, and he found his own plate turned upside down.

Dinner went on jovially; course after course was served; but when all the rest, even the poor gardener, had their plates filled with the richest meats, not a morsel was offered to the guilty steward—his plate remained empty, and still upside down. “Herr Verwalter!” cried continually the duke from the top of the table, “Herr Verwalter, he eats nothing!” The term *he*, such only as was addressed to persons of no quality whatever, marked his degradation; and every eye being drawn upon him by the call of the duke at every fresh course—“Herr Verwalter! he eats nothing!”—he sate the most wretched object of guilt and despair. The torments which he experienced during that long dinner hour, the eyes of scorn and aversion for ever turned on him by the implacable lord,—“Herr Verwalter! he eats nothing! Herr Verwalter! he drinks nothing!” and the contemptuous gaze of his victim, for ever looking into his guilty soul,—were probably tenfold more than his cruelty had inflicted on the gardener through his whole confinement. No sooner was he able, in the loud riot of the following course, to steal unseen of the many away, than he made his escape to his house, and before the feast was at an end, his life was, by his own hand.

But these relations of our worthy Wirth were not those for which I have introduced him here; it was for that of his sledging party. In the stables of the castle he tapped with his cane on a very capacious sledge, and breaking into laughter, said: “That is mine! Aha! I cannot see it without laughing. If you had but been here at a sledging party that we had last winter! The forest-master and the clergyman were always saying that *we* could not get up a genteel sledging party here. That other places could do it, but that *we* had not here any respectable materials to compose one of. I determined to try. I took my sledge and drove round. I went here and there. I got together the amtman, the clergyman, and the physician of the next dorf, the collector of the land taxes, the steward, the master of the forests, and their families. We made a most imposing party. In this my sledge were stowed sixteen souls. I drove, and we took the lead. All went well; we drove out far into the country. The air was clear, though sharp, and all were in the highest spirits. My horses were full of life; and as I led the way at a great rate, I heard behind me a loud

sound of mirth and laughter and gossip. But unluckily, as we passed over a part of the way which hung over the valley below, the snow had drifted over a precipice of at least a dozen feet high, and hung in great round rolls and wreaths. My horses at this critical spot suddenly took fright, and became restive. I endeavoured to whip them sharply forward, but spite of all my exertions they backed and backed till one side of the sledge was over the precipice. There was a sudden and astounding shriek, not only from those in the sledge, but from those in the sledges behind, as they saw it toppling over. I leaped out to seize the horses by the reins and drag them forward; but it was in part too late. The cries from all the party rose more wildly than before; and glancing at the sledge, I saw one after another of its load disappear over the precipice. Amongst them was a little boy of mine, only about four years old. As I saw him plunge down over the precipice, I lost all self-command, and all thought of every thing else. I ran in distraction towards the nearest point where I could descend into the valley, crying—‘Oh! my child! my child! my child is killed!’ I plunged frantically down a deep descent; I rushed like a maniac to the spot where the child and the others had fallen. There were four or five men and women already scrambling out of the snow-heaps, or standing as much like pillars of salt as Lot’s wife, and crying and cursing and shaking themselves in the middle of the way. As I drew near, all at once broke out furiously—‘Oh, what have you done! This is your fine sledging party! Oh, you have killed us! You have lamed us for life!’—‘Cursed stuff!’ I exclaimed, raging: ‘My child! my child! where is he? He perishes—he is smothering in the snow!’—I sprung into the drifts; I caught a sight of his red worsted glove—I seized it. I grasped his arm—I drew him out. He was already black and blue in the face; but presently a gush of blood started from his nose, and he set up a most vigorous yell. He had fallen with his nose and eye against a stump or a stone, and I found that his eye was seriously injured. One man near me exclaimed, ‘Oh! I have broken my arm!’—‘Never mind your arm!’ I exclaimed. ‘What does your arm signify? my child’s eye is knocked out!’ As soon as I was satisfied the child was not actually dead or dying, nor seriously hurt, I looked about to discover if any one else was yet in the

snow, and presently I espied a pair of great old boots standing up in the drift, the head and body of whose possessor had disappeared downwards in the snow. I had known these boots too many years not to recognise them in an instant. The old doctor of the next village was there lying head foremost. Much as I was concerned for him, and loudly as I called on those who had already got out to come to his help, there was something so ludicrous in his situation that I could not for the life avoid bursting into loud laughter, as with all our might we grasped the old boots and dragged out their owner. It was some time before we could wipe away the snow out of his face, and set him on a great stone to recover his breath. For a while he gasped and panted; and when we asked him how he felt, did not even answer by a shake of his head, but looked wildly and angrily about him. At length he rose suddenly from the stone, cast the most savage glances at me, and with much panting and catching of his breath, said to me, 'There! you have done for me with your *verdammt* sledging party. You have cut me off in the middle of my days.' The worthy old man was already upwards of eighty, and the idea of his being cut off in the middle of his days was too much even for those who had themselves but just got out of the snow, and were therefore in not the best of humours: a general laugh arose, at which the old gentleman looked highly indignant, and marched off in great scorn. But if we were merry at the old gentleman's sally, how much was this increased when, hearing a cry for help somewhere over our heads, we looked up and beheld a big man suspended by his coat-laps in the boughs of a tree which stretched over the precipice. It was the steward. There he hung like Absalom, and quivered his legs like a bird in a springe, being neither able to reach hold of anything with his hands nor to drop down into the snow. At this sight our laughter grew tenfold. We were absolutely disabled from flying to his assistance; but our noise brought some of the other party to the brow of the precipice to see what was the matter, where they beheld the cause of our entertainment. There was an instant call from them to the rest above to come and look. All that dared, flocked forward till they could see the poor steward dangling like a scarecrow in the tree. At this nobody could forbear laughing—all broke out; and above and below the

poor fellow heard our unnatural mirth, as it must have seemed to him. A light active youth, however, soon scrambled into the tree, and cutting away several small boughs, down plumped the steward into the snow.

“Nobody was really hurt, except it was myself, on whom all joined in heaping the bitterest reproaches; first, for having so zealously advocated and brought about this party, and secondly, for driving on a road so dangerous, though this latter matter had been the choice of others, not mine. By the time that we reached home, nevertheless, all had recovered their good humour, and were more inclined to laugh at the ludicrous parts of the adventure than to regret what had happened, except the worthy old doctor. He cast most cutting looks and speeches at many of us, but more especially at me, over his dinner and his wine, and persisted that we had done for him, and had actually cut him off in the middle of his days. The worthy old man yet lives, however, though he never has, and never will, forgive our laughter.”

CHAPTER XV.

SINGULAR MORAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GERMANS, AND ODDITIES OF ETIQUETTE.

UNDER other heads we have noticed the curious contrast between the state of the Germans before the war and since. Their long stationary condition in arts and husbandry, in domestic arrangements and manners, in their dreamy life in their colleges and houses, and in their firm and pertinacious adherence to old habits in everything, spite of the progress of the rest of Europe. The revolution, which Napoleon's rousing invasion brought with it, has extended also to their morals and etiquette. At present they are in these respects also in a transition state, and the anomalies which the mixture of the old and the new present, are very remarkable. They are at once domestic and formal, homely and precise. They are an odd mixture of feeling and caution; moral strictness and freedom of manners. They are sentimental and religious, yet they have little regard to the Sunday. Shops and theatres are open; business, dancing, singing, and drinking at public-houses go on, the latter more briskly on this day than on most others; yet they dare not introduce an ecclesiastical character into an odd charade in social company, lest they should hurt the religious prejudices of somebody present.

The Germans are the original inventors and introducers of the Waltz; the waltz is the national dance. It is the everlasting and never-wearying dance of high and low life. Where there is a meeting of any merriment, there they are spinning round in this eternal whirl. Begin whatever dance they may, it is as sure to turn into a waltz as that night follows day. They must spin about together as if every twirl took them a degree nearer to felicity, and like the lark or the eagle, the highest point of the heaven of existence

could only be reached by a gyration. Yet this dance has shocked other nations, and has not been anywhere introduced without a strong opposition from the more decorous and serious portion of the population; on account of the freedom, and even licence of its action. Young men taking the young women round the waist, and twirling them round a room like so many whirligigs, were regarded by decorous mammas and chaperones as very shocking fellows. Yet, would it be believed that these same German damsels, who waltz and spin away for whole nights together with young men whom they never saw before, would be dreadfully shocked if one of these same young men, the day after, on setting out to take a public walk, in company with the father and mother and the whole family, or two or three families together, were to offer her his arm! Young people, unless they are formally betrothed to each other, never think of such a thing as walking arm-in-arm. This is so established and well-known a fact, that in one of their plays; where a young lady, in order to make a young man in a fit of jealous anger commit himself irrecoverably with his affianced love, proposed that he should take a walk along the city street with herself, who is known also to be one of his friends, exclaims in horror—"What! walk arm-in-arm with a lady in public! Heavens! It were madness and destruction!"

The same pair, therefore, who over-night clasp each other's waists and leap about for hours like two romps, carefully avoid touching each other's clothes as they walk out. A whole party setting out on a walk, or going through the city to any place together, however familiar and friendly they may be, go scattering along all loosely like a flock of pigeons; nay, as often as otherwise you see the gentlemen walking on together, and the women coming on together behind them; nay, still stranger, this is the order even of a marriage procession! I shall not soon forget the blank and confused look of a young lady, to whom, soon after my arrival in the country, and ignorant of its singular etiquette, I offered my arm on setting out in a party, old married man as I am. In their very churches the sexes sit opposite, not even families occupying together one seat.

So far is this feeling carried, that it is not even decorous for young people, brothers and sisters, to live in the same house, if

their parents are deceased or absent. A bachelor brother cannot have his sister to keep his house without shocking German notions of decorum. It is even said that, in some families, if a young gentleman in the habit of visiting them calls, and the young ladies only are within, they do not venture to ask him to take a chair. He stands while he makes the passing compliments of the day, bows and retires. Englishmen, not knowing this state of things, have felt themselves so much offended in being treated with such apparent distance and incivility, that they have withdrawn in disgust, and refused further acquaintance.

The same singularity marks their passing salutations in public. The peasantry, as they meet you, give you a nod or an open smile, and a "Good-day;" but if you meet a gentleman that you have been laughing and joking and playing with the evening before, at all sorts of romping games, he immediately assumes the deepest solemnity. You would imagine that you had unwittingly given him the deepest offence, or that at least his father was dead. He doffs his cap with a stately and profound politeness, fixes his eyes with an imperturbable gravity on you, and rushes past with accelerated speed. The young people who are on the most laughing terms in company do just the same, only more solemnly if possible, and such a thing as a smile or a gay glance of the eye may just as much be expected from them as from the ruins of an old castle.

The same parties who may not touch each other in a walk, though they may waltz together, may go out tête-à-tête in a sledging party. A young man may take a young woman alone with him in his sledge, and drive off with her for miles. I believe however, which makes the oddity only the greater, that it is considered necessary that a matron should be somewhere in the party. That is, if sledging is proposed, it is necessary to make a party, and in all German parties a matron must make one; but the pairs who are in each sledge can drive off as far as they please from each other, and the matron, who gives decorum to the whole concern, must have a species of ubiquity to act as guardian of social proprieties on such occasions. In all parties into the country, of which the Germans are so fond, a matron is an indispensable accompaniment.

There is to us an apparent and very curious inconsistency in

the Germans, between their outward solemnity of manner and their inward sensitiveness. These same people whom we are accustomed to call the phlegmatic Germans, have shewn in their modern literature that they possess sentiment not merely of the deepest, but of the most varied character. Goethe's *Faust*, the most accurate and living picture of the popular character and manners, is sufficient proof of this, and indeed all their literature is full of the same evidence. There is not a more social and affectionate people than they are. They are particularly kind and attentive to each other; sympathise deeply in all each other's troubles and pleasures, successes, and reverses. They form the strongest attachments, and maintain them through life. Young men entertain that brotherly feeling for each other that you seldom see in England. They go, as youths, often walking with their arms about each other, as only school-boys do with us. They put their arms over each other's shoulders in familiar conversation in company, in a very brotherly way. I say nothing of that hearty kissing of each other on meeting after an absence, that to an English eye, in great rough-whiskered and mustachioed men, has something very repulsive in it. They make presents of memorials to each other, and maintain a great and lasting correspondence. The correspondence of many Germans is enormous. Ladies who spend the morning in household affairs, will also in the afternoon be as busy in writing to their numerous friends. It is in private social intercourse alone that the Germans display the genuine vivacity and heartiness of their character. In the social and select circle of approved and approving friends, they throw off all formality, and become as frolicsome and joyous as so many boys and girls. These same young men that in the street will go by you as swift as a steam-engine, and as dark as a thunder cloud, there become the very imps of mirth and jollity. They are ready to enter into any fun, to act any part—to sing, to romp, to laugh, and quiz each other without mercy.

They have indeed the faculty of becoming children, and even buffoons, without becoming ridiculous. They do not feel themselves foolish, and therefore don't become so. None but children in other countries can give themselves, body and soul, to the flow of their spirits, and throw themselves headlong, and yet with safety into the whirlpool of active enjoyment. The grave Germans,

strange as it may seem, can retain their boyhood and girlhood through life, and at any moment be as frolicsome, as artless, as noisy, as happy as children; yet without ever leaving go for an instant of the saving guidance of a manly discretion. The fact is, that they have a purity and elevation of moral feeling, which is at once their safety, their dignity, their honour, and their happiness. It is this which gives and preserves so much manly attachment in their friendships, so much propriety and endurance in their loves, so much confidence and esteem in their social intercourse.

In similar circumstances, young men of other nations are apt to become impertinent and indecorous. We have heard English young ladies say, that in all the familiarities of waltzing and festive parties the German gentlemen have never shewn the slightest disposition to pass the bounds of the utmost delicacy. They have given none of those looks, those squeezes of the hand, and those private signals which English young men are but too apt to allow themselves. Yet here, again, is another mark of the sensitiveness of the German character. These same young men, who, in a particular circle will thus combine and be as gay and alert as grasshoppers, will, if one individual come in on whom they have not the same reliance, at once involve themselves in their cold formality, as a hedgehog, at the slightest approach of danger, wraps himself in his globe of spines, or as a snail retreats into its shell.

We have seen a party of them act over the scenes of their Burschen life with a felicity of conception, of action, and of talent, that would have pleased even a London audience on the boards of one of our great theatres. A single person of their own nation and town, who has made himself notorious by his propensity to criticise and quiz, has appeared, and they have been suddenly paralyzed and dispirited, and their proceedings have become a most miserable failure. It would be the most hopeless attempt to endeavour to engage them to be funny in any but their most approved circle; a thousand bugbears of ridiculous offence would start up before them, and daunt them past all power of action or desire to please.

There is no doubt that their political institutions and habits have had a great effect in producing this excess of sensitiveness.

“Die Wissenschaft ist in Deutschland einsiedlerisch,” says Immermann; Knowledge in Germany is a hermit. The Germans sit in their schools and their closets, pondering over books, and making it appear that the Romans did not write their own history correctly, and Demosthenes was wrong in his orations, though his cotemporaries thought him right, while the rest of the world are battling with the opinions of the present, and determining to wrest from their rulers the power which is more than their delegated right. In England, every man is so accustomed to see all sorts of topics, whether of government or religion, tossed and buffeted about in the newspapers and periodicals, the actions of government and of any individual of the government, even of the monarch himself; he is so accustomed to see and feel his own actions and opinions attacked and canvassed, that he grows hardened to opinion. His habit becomes a coat-of-mail, that he knows if he be honest will defend him, and in the daily exercise of his unbounded right of inquiry and disquisition, he works off any nervousness or excess of energy that may belong to him. The case of the German is very different. He sits and attacks things and opinions that passed a thousand or more years ago, and whose supporters cannot rise from their graves to defend them. He and his fathers have for generations lived under governments that, with certain appearances of a free constitution, have not been free. The smaller governments have lived under the awe of the larger governments, and the larger governments have avowedly never tolerated the freedom of the press or of speech. The Germans have, in fact, no political life; and they have thus acquired in matters of public opinion, a sequacious and yielding character. Their newspapers consist rather of extracts from foreign papers, and dry notices of facts at home, than of that daring, dauntless, and perpetual discussion of political doctrines, that marks ours, and the French and American ones. It is the same in religion. However they may, and do, in the abstract, attack the very foundations of Christianity, they yield to the pressure of government in all that regards the public form of religion, in a manner totally inconceivable to Englishmen. Whatever may be the various opinions they may arrive at in their private reading of the Scriptures, they do not attempt to make these the ground and foundation of independent sects; no,—they permit the Lutheran

and the Calvinistic parties, to be blended into one, to occupy the same churches, and the same pulpits, and in the freest states to remain no other ostensible religious parties than the Protestant and Catholic. These circumstances produce another effect, which, however apparently ludicrous, is very expressive. No German can drink more than one, or at most two cups of tea. If you ask them how this is, they say *tea makes them drunk*, and it makes their heads ache. If you tell them that it has quite the opposite effect on us English, they themselves say, "Ay, your English lead more active lives. Your business, your politics, they work off your excitability; but we Germans have not these safety-valves, and sitting and thinking so much at home makes us more sensitive." It is true; and this we shall see is shewn in many ways.

Caution, by the habitual effect of a jealous government and a universal police, has become constitutional in them, and there is often visible a strange contrast between this constitutional caution and their good feeling towards each other. So constitutional and national has this become, that the shape of the German head bears out the theories of philosophy, that it is intellectual and full of caution. The heads of the children immediately strike you with their great roundness and breadth, and the caution of the German is continually before you. In riding, in driving, in their fear of ridicule and of giving offence; in everything, to the very massiveness of their architecture, they are cautious to the extreme. Our countrymen have only to look at the accidents—the shocking, wholesale, and continual accidents on our railroads, where the destruction of human life is deplorable; and then at the very rare occurrence, one might almost say the non-occurrence of such on the German, to see how strongly and how beneficially this caution has operated here.

The driving of the Germans in all sorts of vehicles is notorious. About five or six miles an hour, on the best and most level roads, is the utmost speed. The only exception that occurs to me, is the swift driving in the streets of Vienna, and the rate of the *Eilwagens* on one or two of the great mercantile roads, as between Frankfort and Leipsic, where the speed may reach nine miles the hour. But who has not been both wearied and amused with the

slow caution of the German drivers? At every little descent on the road, that would almost require a spirit-level to discern that it is a descent, he dismounts, and puts on his drag. On a road of the gentlest undulations, where a heavy English coach would go at the rate of ten English miles an hour, without drag or pause, up hill or down, he is continually alighting and putting on one or both drags, alighting and ascending with a patience and perseverance that amazes you. Nay, in many states, this caution is evinced also by the government, and is forced on the driver, particularly in Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Austria, by a post by the way-side, standing at the top of every little slope on the road, having painted on a board, a black and conspicuous drag, and announcing a fine, of commonly six florins (ten shillings), on any loaded-carriage which shall descend without the drag on. In every thing they are continually guarding against those accidents which result from hurry, or slowness of construction.

But this caution in other respects assumes a shape of apathy which is much at variance with their otherwise benevolent dispositions. No one can have been long in this country without having observed with astonishment the perfect nonchalance with which they will witness public accidents and outrages, without a soul moving from the spot, or shewing any anxiety to assist or rescue. Where in England hundreds would rush in a moment to help or save,—in Germany, men stand only and wonder, or go by as if nothing were amiss. I should be sorry to be assaulted by robbers even in a city street, or to be upset in a boat, and be in danger of drowning, though scores of people were on the bank, for they would certainly stand and consider about it till it was too late. They think rather than act; and it was this, besides their country being divided into about as many petty states as there are days in the year, which gave Buonaparte such a decided chance against them. They stood in wonder to see him sweep through the country, and only thought of being up, and making an active resistance, when he was already master. An American gentleman gave us a curious example of this slowness of action, and in fact, introduced himself to us, on the occurrence of it. We were embarking on the Danube at Linz, for Vienna. The steamer had not been able to get up to Linz from the lowness of the

water. It lay at the distance of twenty English miles farther down, and we must be conveyed thither in a common Danube boat. The company had known this fact for three days, yet till the very morning not a stroke had been struck in order to put this boat in a fitting condition to carry down at least a hundred people, of all ranks, and in very wet weather. It had neither a cover from the rain, nor a seat to sit upon. These had to be hurried up at the last hour. As we went on board, they were still busy putting down the seats.

On the plank down which the passengers had to descend into the boat, moreover, stood up a couple of inches, a stout tenpenny nail. This nail caught the skirts of every lady that went down, tore several of them, and over it several gentlemen stumbled. The American was standing to see how long it would be before any one would conceive the idea that this nail must be knocked down. He said, he expected if they were all Germans, from what he had seen of them from a year's residence amongst them, it would go on to the very end of the chapter. And, in truth, so it appeared probable. One after another caught on the nail. Gown after gown went crash; but they were lifted off again, and the parties went forward. Gentlemen stumbled against the nail, and cursed it, and went on. At length Mrs. Howitt's gown caught, I disengaged it, and called to a man to bring his hammer, and knock it down. Though I said this in German, the American soon after came to me, and said, "Sir, excuse my freedom, but I know you are an Englishman." I asked him how he discovered that. He replied, "by the very simple fact of your having immediately ordered the driving down of that nail." And he then related what I have stated above. But I must give some instances in which this slowness amounts to a strange and culpable indifference.

One Sunday evening, as we sate in our house, we heard below the windows, a female cry out in great distress. The cry was repeated, and continued in a tone of the deepest lamentation and appeal. We threw open the windows. It was clear moonlight. We observed a fellow with a knife in his hand, who had hold of a young woman, and was using her very rudely and furiously. We called out to him, but he took no notice. Numbers of persons were coming along the opposite side of the road, but not a single

person stopped, nor seemed to regard the woman's cries, which became every moment more vehement and imploring. We shouted, "Will nobody help the girl?" There was no answer, all marched solemnly on. It was a circumstance which in England, on a public highway, and at the entrance of a city, would in a moment have assembled a crowd. The fellow would have been seized and well chastised on the spot, or handed over to the police. Indignant at the indifference of the people, I rushed down stairs, and out of the house. As I went on, three students passing at the time, said laughing, "See, he is going to this man!" and then stood smoking their pipes to see the issue. As I ran towards the fellow, our neighbours cried from their windows, "O! don't go there, sir! don't go there! The man is known for a great villain, and he has generally a knife in his hand."

My indignation was only the greater. I ran on, when up came a troop of ruffians, the fellow's accomplices, with the fiercest threats, and flung themselves into a posture of defence, crying "Off! off! keep back at your peril!" The students hearing this, now turned back to my assistance, but none of them having any weapon of defence, and the rascallions showering on us a tremendous volley of stones from the heaps by the way-side, we were obliged to flee for our lives into the house. Here all the women were in the greatest alarm, the cook saying, "O Sir! why would you risk your life in that way? They are desperate fellows, and they carry knives, and the woman is most likely a bad one." I replied I did not care if she was the worst creature on the earth. I would never hear a woman cry out so pitiously for help without trying to aid her. I insisted on going to the city with the three students for the police; but on opening the door, we found that the scoundrels had posted themselves in a strong body between us and the city gate, armed with sticks and stones, while the poor girl kept crying for help in God's name to all the passers-by, who marched solemnly on, without deigning to stop a moment or utter a word of expostulation.

There was but one chance, and that was to get out at a back window, and up through the wood to the city, in which way the rogues could not perceive us. But before we returned, the fellows were gone; and we learned that the girl, who had come out of a

dancing-room near to cool herself, had been pursued by these fellows, and had finally, probably through their alarm, made her escape from them again to it.

Through the whole affair the conduct of the passers-by was most disgraceful. They truly deserved the appellation of phlegmatic Germans, for the piercing cries of a woman in distress, which will excite even a savage, could not the least move them. Their habitual caution totally overcame their better impulses, so far as to lead them not to interfere. Yet these same people, though of the ordinary class of the citizens, would probably be ready in common life, to render you any civility; or when thoroughly roused by any national, or other cause of high interest, be ready to sell their own lives for the preservation of the public and the social good.

Singing and drinking are the speediest means of exciting and causing them to throw off their habitual caution. A song will thrill through the heart of the whole empire like an electric stroke, and produce the most instantaneous and universal enthusiasm, as was evidenced by the new Rhine song, on the threat of invasion by the French in the autumn of 1840. Travelling once in the Black Forest, we had one of the most solemn and cautious of coachmen. He seemed as if he could as soon perpetrate a murder as a smile or a joke. He was perfectly tiresome with his everlasting putting on of his drags, and the slowness of his driving down the most insignificant descents. But, while we stopped in the Murg-Thal to dine, he had found what he called, "ein liebes gutes herz," a dear good heart. It was a *gesell*, or journeyman, who had been treating him to beer, on condition that he should allow him to have a seat with him on his box. Not being aware of these circumstances, though we saw that the coachman's face was unusually red, we granted the request he made for the youth, who appeared a very respectable one of his class, and much wearied. We had not proceeded far, however, before our coachman became very talkative. Said he had gone with many English families into Switzerland. That he had learned some English, which amounted to so much as this: "Dis is goot road. Goot fur die hosses, goot fur die cutchman. Viel promenade!" This he spoke continually, with much laughter, thinking "Viel promenade!" also was most excellent English.

From talking English he proceeded to ask our permission to sing. He said he had learned to *yodle* in Switzerland, and if we would allow him, he would yodle us some Swiss songs; for that when his heart was glad he must sing. It was evident that the man was well primed, for his whole manner and countenance was changed. He was full of smiles and nods; his face was like one of molten copper; the veins of his neck and temples seemed as if they would burst. But trusting to his German caution, we did not fear. We let him sing, and he sung most excellently, though with many nods and winks and quavering of his hand to his companion. He made his sonorous *yodlings* resound in these black pine woods; and even through the villages he did not cease. But we soon, to our alarm, observed that while flourishing with his right hand, his left, in which were the reins, insensibly drew the horses to that side of the road. I called to him, and bade him desist with his singing if he could not keep the middle of the way. He only turned round and said, "Ah, sir! when I overturn you tell me of it. I have driven on all sorts of roads these thirty years, and never yet had the spoke of a wheel broken." At this very moment we approached the edge of a precipice descending into one of those deep glens in the Black Forest out of which rise so gloriously the splendid stems of the silver fir, many of them two hundred feet high; and it seemed as if the man had resolved to shew us that he could drive to a hair, for to our horror, and spite of our loudest shouts to him, he whipped on his horses; they drew, under the guidance of his reins, to the very brink—the wheels entered a ditch, and the carriage went over! Luckily there was a wall of loose stones built on the margin of the precipice, and against this the carriage fell. The fear was that it should give way, and then we must all spin down together. We managed to burst open the carriage-door on the side next the road, and leaped out in safety. The man was sobered; but it was not so easy a matter to extricate the carriage; any plunging of the horses might yet throw down the wall, and the whole equipage go together. There were peasants at work in the field opposite and about us. They saw the accident, but they only stood to watch it, though there was one within twenty yards of us. We called loudly to them to come and assist us to lift out the carriage, but not a creature moved; nay, the man near

us leaned on his rake and most calmly surveyed us. By the united efforts of coachman, gesell, and myself, we at length got the carriage out of its perilous position, with some trifling damage to it.

In Berlin—as everybody knows who has been there—along every street, and before every house, even in the finest parts of the city and the neighbourhood of the king's palace, is a stagnant sink, which fills the whole air with its rank odour. This is owing to the dead flat on which the city stands, which the people tell you totally prevents the draining of it. Into one of these sinks we saw a little boy of about five or six years of age plunged headlong, as he was playing on the causeway, by a rough fellow who was going carelessly along. The boy was in danger of being suffocated, but nobody seemed to care. He was left to scramble out; and after clearing his face and mouth in some degree from the filth, he began to cry most piteously. It was in a crowded part of the town, but nobody seemed to take much notice; we therefore asked the boy where he lived, and he shewed us a little girl near his own age, who was standing by and knitting most composedly. This he said was his sister, and he would get her to go home with him and say how he became so dirtied, or he should be beaten; but she kept knitting on. We were provoked with her, and desired her to take her brother home; but she only continued to knit with more dogged diligence. At length the spirit of the bystanders became roused; they joined in our insisting that she should go home with the poor lad, who all the while was crying piteously; but it was not till one good man seized her sternly by the arm and forced her along, that the little stoic would move a foot, or anything but her knitting-needles.

A gentleman who was with us at the time, and who had resided long in Germany, said, that this apathy in a people who in their domestic relations and in their literature exhibited so much feeling, had often surprised and puzzled him. He said that in these very streets of Berlin, one day, he saw a woman fall down. She fell against the steps of a house, and the blood spouted from her mouth in a stream. She appeared to have burst a blood-vessel. The people stood to look at her, but no one attempted to raise her. He saw that her throat was filled with blood, and that unless she was raised and held forward, she would speedily be suffocated.

He caught hold of her arm, and called upon them to help to raise her, or she would be lost; but no one for some time would touch her. He continued vehemently to cry out that the woman must not be lost, and that they must carry her into an apothecary's shop near. At length another person helped to raise her, and they were about to bear her into the shop, when the apothecary cried—"No! no! she must not come in here!" They tried a second and a third shop—it was in vain. All cried out it would occasion them trouble from the police, who would visit her there. The gentleman was then very indignant, and said: "What! for fear of some trouble would they suffer her to die in the street?"—"Oh!" they said, "they had not thought of that; they had been only thinking of the police regulations;" and they let her go in. It did not appear that there was a want of sympathy so much as of a power to break that habitual chain of caution, and that they much sooner comprehended that they might bring inconvenience on themselves, than that there was danger to the sufferer by their refusal.

Such are a few of those cases that occur so commonly as to form a national feature, and undoubtedly to have given the Germans the character of heavy and phlegmatic. The same slowness is observable in jocose matters, as well as in serious ones. If you tell a German a capital joke, he is almost sure to look very blank, and you see that he has not taken it at all; but if you meet him the next day: "Ah!" he exclaims, "what a clever thing that was you told me last night." I heard an Englishman telling a young and very intelligent German the common story of a guide-post being set up somewhere in England, saying, "Road to such a place; but those who can't read may inquire at the blacksmith's shop." "Ah!" said the young man, "how very odd. Only think, if the blacksmith should be dead." He did not perceive the real absurdity of the case of painting up directions for those who could not read; and when he was at length made sensible of it, which was not without some labour, "Ah!" said he, "*now* I see it—how very droll!"

The etiquette of introduction in Germany, like the rule of the road there, is just the reverse of ours. In England, if you take a house in a new neighbourhood, such of your neighbours as wish to establish a friendly intercourse with you, will call upon you; but in Germany, the new comer, if he did not call on the old inhabitants,

would never see a soul call on him. He must make the first advance. He must inquire who and what people are, and call on such as he fancies he should like to know. This is so repugnant to English ideas, that it forms a great obstacle to our acquaintance with the Germans. It seems an act of presumption to call without introduction on people, and yet nothing in Germany is more common. If you take introductions to a place, it is the best way to send your letter and call the next day or so; for if you call with your letter in your hand, and not finding the party at home, leave it, it is ten to one that you hear no more of it. In England, the parties on whom you had thus called and left your credentials would speedily seek you out; but the German will most probably expect you to call again; and while you are wondering that you see nothing of him, he will wonder that he sees no more of you.

Some of the German ladies have an overstrained delicacy and prudery about them, that form the most ridiculous contrast to the homeliness of their manners and language, and remind you of what Sam Slick says of the young American ladies putting the legs of their pianos into trousers. They use no circumlocution in expressions which, in England, are at least smoothed over, and reduced to a very convenient indefiniteness. Some of them will talk of sweating, and hawking and spitting, and will perpetrate these things too in company, as well as say them. But there is nothing which tends so much to confound ranks, and puzzle you as to the real standing of people, as the practice in this country of several families living in one house. Nobles may, and often do, let one or two stories of their house. You may have a Graf for your landlord, or a shoemaker. This, while it is considered no degradation to the man of real property and rank, affords a serious opportunity to others, whose trade and dependence consists in letting lodgings, to impose on the English, and creates in them, while fresh to the country, the strangest uncertainty; at the same time that it leads them to the oddest conclusions as to the manners of the better classes of German society. While the graf, or the professor, lets part of his house, the genuine lodging-house keeper pretends to be a graf, or something approaching one. Our landlady, on our arrival at Heidelberg, pretended to possess a Baden patent of nobility, and to be somebody. She was, in fact, a very silly and mischievous

woman; and while on the one hand she would affect to be frightened at the sight of a man in his morning gown and slippers, would, on the other, sit, of an afternoon, eating goose-grease with a bread-crust instead of a spoon, as a luxury! With such strange mixtures of ranks and personages, it requires, at first, in the foreigner, the nicest discernment to decide who are, and who are not, real gentry, and to avoid the oddest errors in judging of established manners.

The following jeu-d'esprit, though written in the merriment occasioned by some laughable circumstances arising out of this curious state of things, is, at the same time, full enough of truth to serve as a salutary warning to persons new to the country.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR DAUGHTERS!

Says Hood to all Travellers bound for the Rhine,
 Provided with passport, that requisite docket,
 First listen to one little whisper of mine,
 Take care of your pocket, take care of your pocket!
 This is well for the Tourist; but if you stay longer,
 All ye who sail over, or drink German waters,
 There's a whisper that needs to be whispered much stronger,
 Take care of your daughters, take care of your daughters!
 The robbers who once haunted every hill
 In that land of old castles, old beards, and old slaughters,
 Are dead—but their children are living there still—
 Take care of your daughters, take care of your daughters!
 They'll smile, they'll embrace you, they'll lead you, most kind,
 All through the great woods, by the greenest of waters;
 Call your friendship their green-spot of life—oh! then mind!
 Take care of your daughters, take care of your daughters!
 You'll live in one house, though on different floors—
 "Ah!" cry luckless wights, "it was thus that they caught us!"
 Love glides then so slyly through ill-fitting doors—
 Take care of your daughters, take care of your daughters!
 Your landlady quick, with her knitting will swim in,
 And tell you that though she lets lodgings by quarters,
 She's none of your common old lodging-house women—
 Take care of your daughters, take care of your daughters!
 She's a Von! she's a noble! your equal at once,
 Her red-headed cubs are gems purest of waters—
 Man-traps and spring-guns may be set for your sons,
 But take care of your daughters, take care of your daughters!
 Take heed how your friends 'neath such roof you invite,
 Or these cubs will fly after them o'er the sea-waters,
 And then you may shriek to those friends in affright—
 Take care of your daughters, take care of your daughters!!

Shaking hands is a custom considered entirely English, especially with ladies. The Germans rush into each other's arms; and with such impetuosity, on some occasions, that we are acquainted with a youth who is lamed for life through the very curious circumstance of having entangled his legs with those of a young and dear friend whom he unexpectedly met, after a long absence, and was thus thrown down, and one of his legs injured. But they do not shake hands; and we advise all English gentlemen, on first going to Germany, to be careful not to shock the feelings of the ladies, and especially the young, with offering their hands. The great German salutation is that of lifting the hat to one another, and to the ladies; and to such an extent is this carried, that a humorous, as well as argumentative pamphlet has been lately published,* by a very clever man, in Erfurt, who has been a good deal in England, recommending in preference, on many accounts, the English mode of salutation. He calculates that not less than six millions of dollars are yearly spent in the extra wear and tear of hats and caps in Germany, by this perpetual taking of them off to any one you meet, of whom you have the slightest knowledge.

* Die Hut-Frage, oder der Missbrauch des Hut-abnehmens beim Grüßen, bekämpft aus socialen und mediscinischen Gründen. Erfurt und Leipzig. Ludwig Hilsenberg, 1841.



CHAPTER XVI.

SOCIAL LIFE AND HABITS.

BEFORE the French invasion, what an old-fashioned state must Germany have been in! The Germans are naturally a most contented people. Contented with their mode of living, the daily round of their pursuits, with the state of things as they find them. There is no people of the same numbers, or possessing a territory of the same extent in Europe, who have shewn themselves so little disturbed by a thirst of foreign conquest and aggrandisement. If their neighbours would but let them alone, they would never meddle with their neighbours. If they had had the restless military ambitious disposition of the French, what a condition would Europe have been in! They have quarreled and fought enough in all conscience amongst themselves. That seemed to be a legacy of their feudal system, and of the jealousies arising out of the choice of their emperors, out of first one family and then another; with all the internal changes in the government of

different states which followed, as well as of the martial character and love of freedom inherited from their ancestors. But beyond this, on almost all occasions, the Germans, as a people, have been the invaded and not invading nation. The Romans of old, and the French in more modern times, have overrun them, and have raised in them little other spirit than that of resisting and expelling their enemies, and then being quiet again. Nothing can be more demonstrative of this than that, notwithstanding the more aggressive character of Prussia and Austria, which give almost the only exceptions to the character just drawn, by the partition of Poland and the absorption of Hungary and Bohemia by the latter power, (for the Italian territories are part of the old imperial Frankish dominions), yet, at the period of the invasion of the French revolutionists, almost as many petty dynasties existed in this country as there are days in the year.

In fact, before that period, the Germans seem to have lived pretty much as the Dannites did of old, "every man doing what seemed good in his own eyes." Little could have been the alteration in any thing for many generations. They must have lived on and on,—the bauers cultivating, the professors teaching and dreaming, the gentry hunting in the woods, and the ladies cooking and knitting, just as their ancestors had done for ages. By what we see now, they must have been in a very homely condition indeed. The manual arts must have been very humble; their houses must have been very old-fashioned, ill furnished, and none of the cleanest. Their clothes, what an antique cut they must have had! Their locks, door-handles, keys, all sorts of household utensils, their furniture, their carriages, their everything, how rude and homely they must have been! What a length their hair must have grown then; what a length their coats must have been then; what a length their pipes; what a length their dreams! Washing could not have been much in fashion; for, even now, they are amazed at the English; and in the inns they more commonly give you a wine-bottle and an oval pie-dish, instead of a good capacious ewer and basin, than anything else. Such a thing as a piece of soap, or a slop-jar, you never see in the bedroom; and if you ask for water and a napkin, to wash your hands before dinner at an inn where you are not staying the night, they

stare at you, and make a charge in the bill for it. As Diogenes said, on walking through the city, so would the old Germans have said, had they gone through a city in another country, "What heaps of things are here that I have no need of." Roads even they had none—they did not want them—they wanted only to stop at home, eat their sour kraut and sausages, smoke their pipes, and drink their beer.

The French revolution was like an earthquake, which shook the Germans from their slumbers. The French swept through this country like a hurricane, hurling down many little states, and tearing up old customs and laws. Buonaparte, with his code and his imperative spirit, cleared away whole mountains of antiquated things, and made wide space for the new. The French language, French dress, French manners, which had been before repeatedly introduced, from the days of Louis XIV. and in those of Frederick the Great, once more grew prevalent. In the plays of Iffland one sees striking pictures of the social condition and manners of Germany before the war. In Kotzebue, as striking ones of the changes introduced. He gives a very amusing picture in "*Die Komödiant aus Liebe*,"—The Comic Actress through Love,—of a family of the real old school, which has got one of its members inoculated with French court manners and notions, and is on the point of the son marrying a young lady who may be considered a representative of the change introduced, and existing since.

There is the Oberforstmeister, chief forest-master, Von Westen, a genuine old German; his wife a perfect pattern of the genuine old German wife. There are three brothers of the Oberforstmeister, who are thus described. The Colonel is a very jolly blade, who is as fond of laughing as Democritus, and to whom a *bon-mot* is as good as all the profound sayings of the Seven Wise Men of Greece. His brother, the Court Marschal, is an author. He has written a great work on the shoulder-knot of the pages, and another on the art of arranging the play-table. He is now engaged on his great work on etiquette, in eight volumes, and in three hundred and forty chapters, one of which contains very learned rules for one's behaviour towards the royal lap-dogs. The third, the Criminal Judge, disputes upon life and death, and cannot bear that any one should yield to him out of desire of peace, which he

calls dying to avoid the trouble of eating. By the way he is a little rough. When nobody will contend with him, he treads on the tail of the sleeping dog, in order to hear him growl. Then he sets himself opposite, and growls at him again. There is a sister too, an old maid, a very natural character, who saves drowning flies, but likes war because so many of those monstrous creatures, men, get shot in it!

The son has given to his intended a description of the various characters of the family, and when they come on an appointed day to meet her and her friends at an hotel in the neighbouring town, in order to see how they like her, she receives them in succession, and dressing herself according to their several tastes, addresses them as the sister of the bride; in a style adapted to their individual notions, and so enchants them, that when they finally come to know who she really is, they are all equally delighted. The conversation with the father and mother may be given here, as presenting admirable notions of the mode of living and thinking in those days.

The son announces the approach of his father, whom he says, "is a true old German blade, to whom every thing new is so hateful that one dare not congratulate him on the new-year. Once after a severe illness he was afraid of becoming deaf, and it was recommended that he should be galvanized, but as soon as he learned that this was a new invention he chased the doctor to the hangman. Geography was once his hobby, but since he has found so many towns called Newtown, and more especially that the old towns have got new masters, he has cast away his Büsching and Gaspari." The youth retreats, and this scene passes between the lady and her maid—

Eliza (the lady). Give me my spinning-wheel.

Lizette. You know nothing about spinning.

Eliza. That signifies nothing, if it only looks like it.

Lizette. Sing at the same same time,—“Hurre, hurre, hurre, schnurre, my wheel, schurre.”

Eliza. Heaven forbid! a song of Bürger's! That is much too new.

Lizette. I hear a pair of great jack-boots on the stairs.

Eliza. Draw thyself directly into the background.

[*Enter the Oberforstmeister.*]

Oberf. Your servant.

Eliza (very demurely). God greet you!

Oberf. Thank you, thank you. That is a brave greeting, which one hears seldom now-a-days.

Eliza. Because now-a-days one does not hear much that is good.

Oberf. Very true my dear girl, or Miss—I know not how you style yourself.

Eliza. Maiden, hear I most gladly. I am a sister of the Frau Von Sternthal.

Oberf. Whom my son is for marrying?

Eliza (rises). Ah! are you the Herr Oberforstmeister? You are welcome (*she shakes him heartily by the hand*), I have heard much good of you.

Oberf. That rejoices me.

Eliza. Permit me to seat myself. I cannot bear to be idle.

Oberf. A hearty child, after the old fashion.

Eliza. I have been desired to point out your chamber to you. It is there, No. 5.

Oberf. Chamber! right brave. A fashionable puppet would have said—room.

Eliza. Shall I prepare you some warm beer, with honey in it?

Oberf. Do you understand *that*?

Eliza. It is my daily breakfast.

Oberf. What do I see and hear? Dear child, do you live thus after the good old fashion of our fathers?

Eliza. Ah! it is my only trouble that I was born a hundred years too late.

Oberf. There you are right. In our days—

Eliza. What manners! What morals!

Oberf. Sodom and Gomorrah.

Eliza. Youth thinks itself old—

Oberf. And age makes itself young.

Eliza. The mothers go to tea—

Oberf. And the fathers to the club.

Eliza. The daughters wrap themselves in costly shawls—

Oberf. And the sons cultivate whiskers.

Eliza. To prate French, is called being well educated.

Oberf. But when one asks, when did Doctor Martin Luther live, then comes the answer, “Three hundred years before Christ.”

Eliza. People go to the theatre rather than to the church.

Oberf. People read Schiller rather than Gellert.

Eliza. They breakfast towards evening—

Oberf. They dine about sunset.

Eliza. They occupy twenty rooms—

Oberf. And are at home in none of them.

Eliza. Coffee steams up before every journeyman.

Oberf. Wine drives the noble juice of the barley out of doors.

Eliza. Without cards there is no happiness;

Oberf. And no respectably old l'hombre.

Eliza. Shameless style of dressing—

Oberf. The fig-leaves scarcely cover them at all now.

Eliza. And thence a thousand new complaints.

Oberf. The nervous affections, they call 'em.

Eliza. Our ancestors had nerves too—

Oberf. Like strings.

Eliza. And Love! Herr Oberforstmeister—Love!

- Oberf.* That was formerly a respectable personage.
- Eliza.* Now people speak of him without hesitation,—just as they do of the weather.
- Oberf.* And of lyings-in, as of a walk.
- Eliza.* Girls are come to that pitch, they stare their lovers in the very eyes!
- Oberf.* And the lovers to that of talking of marriage before they have said a word of it to the father.
- Eliza.* The ladies steal away to literary lectures.
- Oberf.* To stare and be stared at.
- Eliza.* O! they are wicked, wicked times.
- Oberf.* The devil is now the devil indeed!
- Eliza.* The noble old Germanity is gone to the grave.
- Oberf.* It has been poisoned.
- Eliza.* Foreign manners—a foreign yoke.
- Oberf.* One must creep into a badger's hole, if one would not see what is going on abroad.
- Eliza.* O! those good old times! When the father read a sermon on Sunday in his family circle, and the mother, exactly as the clock struck twelve, set on the table the pewter dish of strong soup, which she had cooked herself. When at evening the spinning-wheel of the maid whirred to the gentry in the sitting-room, and at nine o'clock the evening blessing read out of the worthy Schmolke wound up the day.
- Oberf.* (*quite moved*). Ah yes, the worthy Schmolke!
- Eliza.* When at early morning "Wake up, my heart, and sing," resounded from every house floor.
- Oberf.* (*nearly in tears*). Oh yes, "Wake up, my heart, and sing."
- Eliza.* And the daughters clean washed, nicely combed, in dresses spun by themselves, came to kiss the father's hand.
- Oberf.* Yes; thus it was in my father's house. My dear child, you move me inexpressibly. God bless you, what is your name?
- Eliza.* Martha.
- Oberf.* A fine old name. What is your sister called, then?
- Eliza.* Eliza.
- Oberf.* Fie! the devil! But the name does not signify so much. One can call her Elizabeth. Is she like you?
- Eliza.* With some difference.
- Oberf.* I mean in discipline and honesty.
- Eliza.* Why yes;—she has lived in the great world.
- Oberf.* The cursed great world! Through that the little world in one's heart is gone to destruction. We seek every thing out of us; while in us—God forgive me!—there is nothing now to find. All our striving after enjoyment seems to me like our balloon-travelling, where the chief luck consists in a man coming to the earth again without breaking his neck. Till we meet again, dear Fräulein! Had my lad Gottlieb been so discreet as to have chosen you, I would have said Amen! Amen!—(*retires by a side door.*)

The young lady puts away her spinning-wheel, calls for her brilliant earrings, her rings, her fan, rouges herself well at the glass, and prepares to receive the Hoff-Marschal, the Ober-

forstmeister's brother, with whom she talks French, and is very much of the fine lady, according to the manners and notions introduced by the French. Then comes the youth's mother, of whom the youth in announcing her says—"She lives and moves in kitchen and cellar, amongst the fowls and the linen-bleaching. In summer she scolds the dew because it lies so long on the ground, and in winter because it rises so late. Cookery books are her library, and linen is her heart's delight." The damsel takes out her earrings, lays down her fan, washes off the rouge, calls for an apron and a bunch of keys, and puts a cap on.

Mother (entering). My God! how dirty the steps are!

Eliza. There you are right, good lady, and yet this hotel is called an hôtel garni, and reckoned one of the best. When one is accustomed at home to order and cleanliness, one might be in despair over all this dirt and dust. In the meantime I have ordered the maid very strictly to sweep your chamber three times out.

Mother. I thank you, my dear young woman. Do you belong to the house?

Eliza. Heaven forbid! I am a sister of the Frau von Sternthal. My name is Gretchen.

Mother. So! The future sister-in-law of my son.

Eliza. If God will.

Mother. Quite right, my Fräulein. The will of God has not yet, however, very clearly declared itself.

Eliza. It is all one to me, so that we can but get quickly out of the city again.

Mother. You love the country?

Eliza. Ah! good lady, where had one rather be than in one's own yard, where the loveliest hens, the proudest geese, cackle and quackle about one; where the sickle rings, and the butter churn clappers? What prospect is so charming as heaven-blue fields, where the future flax blooms? What sound is more delightful to a brave housewife than the first bleat of a hopeful calf?

Mother. Very true. A field of luxuriant flax,—the heart leaps at the sight of it!

Eliza. One sees already the linen bleaching on the grass.

Mother. One measures it already with the yardwand, and packs it in imagination in the well-preserved chests.

Eliza. Did you see the kitchen as you passed? And the cook, with whose apron to all appearance they have swept the chimney?

Mother. Oh! it horrifies me yet when I think of it.

Eliza. I pride myself in my clean hearth, in my shining dishes.

Mother. Do you go yourself into the kitchen?

Eliza. I am not ashamed of that.

Mother. You may be proud of it.

Eliza. My acquirements in the whole art of cookery are truly yet but small. I draw them entirely from books.

Mother. Yes, we have an abundance of cookery books. The Viennese may be a very good one; the Bavarian is not to be despised; the Prussian is celebrated.

Eliza. I avail myself of the Swedish.

Mother. That of Miss Warg;—also good. But one always does better when one enjoys the oral instructions of an experienced person.

Eliza. Yes, if ever that luck could be mine; if I could but come to school to you, gracious lady, in four weeks I should be a perfect housekeeper.

Mother. Nay, nay! it goes not so fast as that. I have studied and practised twenty years.

Eliza. Twenty years!

Mother. This is no jurisprudence, my child, or philosophy, that a man can make himself master of in three years or so.

Eliza. Yet what science can boast itself of working so immediately on the happiness of mankind?

Mother. None.

Eliza. All that proceeds unquestionably from the stomach. A contented stomach makes a contented heart; and never are men so susceptible of all good as when they are fed to their heart's content.

Mother. A sublime truth!

Eliza. The best husband frowns when the soup is burnt; but the features of the surliest fellow brighten up when the savoury dish steams up against him.

Mother. Incontrovertibly.

Eliza. Whence springs every evil in the world?—Out of bad digestion. And whence bad digestion?—Out of indifferent cookery.

Mother. Truly. There wants seasoning.

Eliza. Therefore the body-and-mouth cook is the chief officer of a mighty prince. War and peace proceed out of his spice-cupboard. Who can tell what would now be the aspect of things in Europe if Frederick the Second had eaten no polenka?—

Mother. And Esau's dish of lentils, that plays a great part in history,—and, without doubt, was superbly prepared.

Eliza. O thou noblest of arts! Thou nourisher of the loftiest thought! Thou unwearied creator of social joys! Thou only art able to unite at one table familiarly, genius and stupidity! Thou bribest the judge, who probably would despise gold! Thou assemblest poets and statesmen around those to whom, without thee, nobody would come! Thou awardest the noblest fame—the highest which man can acquire in the state,—so that men say of him, HE GIVES GOOD DINNERS!

Mother. Thy generous enthusiasm, my Fräulein, enchants me. You deserve that your talents should be cultivated to the utmost. But let not the kitchen alone be your great aim. Never forget that kings' daughters tended their herds, and that Penelope weaved with her own hands.

Eliza. Oh! who feels greater tenderness than I for a lovely herd with their bells chiming the sun to rest.

Mother. But hear me;—how do you feed your calves?

Eliza (aside). Alas! I never reared a calf in my life!

Mother. I know very well that there are people who call themselves philanthropists, who ask first after the bringing up of children. There is one Pestalozzi, of whom there is much talk now, and yet I'll bet a trifle that I could give him a puzzler. The children, good God! they grow up—they are brought up of themselves; but the dear cattle, they must be nourished and cherished, if they are to prosper. So, to come again to the calves, how do you proceed with these noble youngsters?

Eliza. Ah, good lady! what shall I say? I feed them.

Mother. Ay, of course; but how? with what? how often? how much? how long?

Eliza. There remains much for me here also to learn, and with veneration regard I my sublime pattern. When in our neighbourhood doubts as to the best management arise, immediately it is said, "Go only to Frau Von Westen; you must ask the Frau Von Westen that." And whoever has been so happy as with his own eyes to admire your activity and skill, comes home full of your fame.

Mother. O yes! I let no grass grow under my feet. But, to come again to the calves—

Eliza. Your linen then, would fill a whole warehouse!

Mother. Yes, God has blessed me with linen indeed. Linen, my dear child, is the most convincing sign of a good housewife. This must she from year to year collect and hoard up,—whether she want it or not, no matter,—till her chests burst and cupboards crack again.

Eliza. I burn with impatience to gaze on your treasures.

Mother. I preserve it solely in order to shew it to my female friends. There you shall see linen that challenges Silesia, Holland, and Westphalia.

Eliza. How would my eyes riot amongst it!

Mother. Has your sister also a turn and a taste for housewifery?

Eliza. Rather for music.

Mother. Oh music! for that, I have birds in the garden that play music all day long. And is it not true, my Fräulein, that when a proud herd lows, that sounds quite another thing?

Eliza. Ah, indeed! quite another thing!

Mother. Farewell, my good child. You are a sensible person. It will give me pleasure to allow you to copy out my receipt-book.

Eliza. This unmerited generosity.

Mother. For a well-instructed housewife, there is no greater pleasure in the world than to impart good counsel, and to make all things better understood. (*Aside*) Where was my son's head, that his choice did not light on sister Gretchen.

[*Exit.*]

Since that time another and more important and permanent influence has triumphed over that of the French. French dress and French literature still continue to be cultivated; but the English literature has produced a far more decided effect, and the introduction of English notions, English manners, and above all, English manufactures and arts, especially the use of steam,—these are elements which are perpetually at work, and are every day effecting a steady progressive alteration of the system, aspect, character, and feeling of social life. To our eyes the difference yet seems wide. We regard with wonder the simple style of furnishing; the early hours; the old-fashioned habits and amusements; the spitting and smoking; the cooking and housewifery

habits of the ladies ; and many other things, as bringing back to us an image of what England was three hundred years ago. Yet something of this is every day silently gliding away. Rooms are becoming more and more carpeted in winter ; spitting is put under daily more restraint ; smoking is not allowed in the streets of the chief cities, nor in any good society, in company. Hours at balls and parties grow later and later ; the old household sports fall more and more before the more fashionable amusements, of balls, concerts, theatres, operas, and such things ; and it may be feared that only too soon these worthy Germans will not only much nearer resemble us in their notions of luxury and refinement, but too much so in all that loss of quietness, of contentment with simple pleasures, and of hearty equality of intercourse, which prevail in a more artificial condition of society.

Let us sketch them and their social life, as they at present appear before us. Our children, twenty years hence, looking on this description, will at once become sensible of a wonderful change in these matters.



CHAPTER XVII.

SOCIAL LIFE AND HABITS—CONTINUED.

MANY of the traits of the good people, depicted in the last chapter, are still the national traits. The dislike of change in the men, the cooking and linen mania of the ladies, are yet very general. But before we plunge into the social life of the cultivated classes, we must, according to our mode, give a slight glance at that of the great mass—the common people. This need not, however, detain us long, for their social life presents no great variety of feature. Their houses, as we have said, are commonly strongly built, dull, and uninviting to an English eye. The perpetual employment of every member of the family in the fields, destroys all that domestic neatness and ornament which one sees in the rural class in England. Around their houses are no gardens full of flowers; up their walls are trained no roses, no jasmines, caucorus, or honeysuckle, diffusing

their fragrance around. On the contrary, the houses of the peasantry are generally so built that the cow or cows, the pigs and hens, with their family utensils, occupy the ground-floor; and in front, or on one side, grows, instead of wallflowers and polyanthuses, a manure heap. In the house itself, a black stove, instead of a bright fire, gives a cheerless look to the apartment. It is dirty, and often pestiferous with unsavory smells, of which the inhabitants appear totally unconscious. There is, as in country cottages in England, a dresser and set of shelves, on which are ranged their plates, etc. A spinning-wheel is still a regular part of the furniture, and it is only in these rustic cottages that you see beds with curtains. Through the whole country besides, amongst all classes, the people occupy those small beds without posts, and adapted to one person.

The working people, during the summer months, find their chief amusement in their Sunday dance at the wirthshouse, where the young dance and the older look on, take their pipe and beer, and talk over the crops and the news; in their kirchweighs, and such things. The men, as in England, are great frequenters of the public-houses, where they all talk, smoke and drink together, while the women at home get their children to bed, do the necessary mending and ordering of their affairs, and gossip a little besides. In winter, when they cannot go much out, the neighbours get often together around the stove, especially in the evenings, and tell over all the sagas and legends of the country, of which every place has abundance, or read their kalendar, or their folks-books, cheap little books bought at the fairs, which contain many of the old legends and stories extracted from the old romances, of which we shall speak elsewhere.

It is through the winter that they are busy dressing their hemp and flax, and the women all spinning and knitting. In an evening it is a common custom for the women to take their wheels and meet together at their houses in rotation, where they tell endless stories, and make themselves very merry, while their husbands are at the wirthshouse; and these, as in all other countries, are "the short and simple annals of the poor."

In the middle classes, the simple furnishing and simple habits are very striking to strangers. They are generally very fond of

living in large houses, rather than in what the Scotch call self-contained houses, that is, houses adapted for only one family each. Like the Scotch, they prefer houses in which a family can live on every separate story, and there are commonly two or three families of the most respectable and wealthy class in one house. One of those round-headed doorways, already spoken of, often forms the entrance; and it is quite a tour of discovery to find the family you want in it. You see two or three bell-handles on the outside, sometimes with *Oben* written under one, *Unten* under another, and *Dritten Stock* under a third. If you have not already possessed yourself of the exact information in which stock or story the family that you want resides, you must pull a bell at guess, for the name of the occupier of each stock nowhere appears. When you have done this, in awhile you hear a click, and the door opens itself an inch or so. This is a sign that you can enter. You push back the door, and find yourself, if it is one of those great round-headed ones just mentioned, in an entrance to a court-yard. On either hand, in the gateway, are doors; probably on either hand a staircase, but not a soul to be seen, for the door has been opened by a wire, which is pulled from the house to which the bell you have rung belongs, and you are expected to walk up or walk in; but as there is no name-plate on any door, you feel that if you knock you may disturb two or three families before you come to the right one. Before you is a large court, surrounded with buildings, and probably containing heaps of fire-wood, and perhaps linen drying. If, instead of the great round-headed door, you have entered at one of less dimensions, you find yourself, instead of at the entrance to this open yard, at the foot of a great common stone staircase; but you are equally at a loss to find anybody to tell you exactly where the family you seek lives. No person is there, no servant comes out to inquire and direct you, for each house cannot trouble itself about people that may be going to their neighbours. A stranger, therefore, feels himself as much at a loss as in a wood without a path. There is a solitude around him that amazes, and the self-opening of the outer door, and the non-appearance of anybody within, give him a feeling of an enchanted castle. He soon learns from an experiment or two of this sort, that it is equally as requisite for him before calling at a strange house, to inform himself exactly

of the story in which the family resides, as of the house itself. If he have not done this, his only plan is to knock at the first door that he comes to; if somebody answers, to enter; and, if he be lucky, he will soon see a dirty maid-servant most probably issue from her kitchen, or come out above and look down through the banisters of the stairs at him, from whom he may learn where the family he seeks may be found. It is, however, quite as possible that at the very first door at which he knocks, he will hear somebody within call out "herein," "come in," for this is the usual practice. Instead, when a knock comes, of some one opening the door, as we do, they are so accustomed to have the wrong persons coming, that they let them take the trouble of coming in themselves. They therefore call out "herein," and you must open the door and march in, when it is very probable that, instead of your friends, you will find yourself in the midst of a large party at dinner; or in the study of a rusty old professor, five fathoms deep in his books and his next lecture; or will disturb the tête-à-tête of two lovers, or two ladies plunged in matters of as deep moment; or will rouse some worthy Hofrath from settling the affairs of the state. Though these mistakes are rather annoying to you, they are generally taken in the best humour by those thus broken in upon, for they are matters of daily occurrence. We have, however, witnessed instances in which the unlucky visitor has been received with very freezing and disdainful looks, which said as plainly as looks could do—"Mr. Blockhead, do mind another time and inform yourself of the stock."

The living, indeed, in these houses, exposes you to many visits that, to say the least, are troublesome. As there is no porter, anybody walks in that is so disposed. The bell is pulled, the door is opened, and the house is at the mercy of the enterer. Whatever he be, he has now the range of the house before him. He has only to present himself at every door in turn, and he is bade to walk in. You are thus often surprised by the most unexpected guests. Now it is a beggar, with a troop of ragged children at his or her heels. Now a wandering gesell, or journeyman, with his knapsack on his back, who wants to beg a trifle too, to carry him to the next town, or, as has occurred to us, has taken the house for an inn, and wants to know if he can stay all night.

Now it is a wandering tradesman, a seller of eau de Cologne or some such thing, or a tradesman out of the town, who stalks in with a great bundle, makes his bow, and with all imaginable gravity begins unfolding his wares, and informs the lady that he thinks this and that is just what the "gnädige Frau" has sent for; when both you and he at the same moment become aware, to mutual astonishment, that it is the "gnädige Frau" upstairs, or downstairs, that the good man really intends. In this manner, too, enter your rooms collectors of subscriptions, proposers of plays and concerts, speculators in lotteries; and in Catholic cities, monks with their little savealls in their hands, collecting for the hospitals. As your bed-rooms are all on the same floor, it is quite as likely that such early visitors as the monks or begging students will walk into your bed-room as your sitting-room, to your and their mutual shock, perhaps, as you are not *quite* half dressed; and therefore, especially in inns, it behoves you to be very careful to have your door locked till you are ready to issue forth.

People may, if they please, and often do, walk into a variety of rooms before they find anybody. It would be the easiest thing in the world for a designing person to walk into these houses, go into rooms where nobody was, help themselves to any small valuables that were lying about, and go out again without the slightest suspicion, for any one who chanced to see them would suppose they had been to one of the other families on business.

The interior of German houses have, to English eyes, always a somewhat naked look. This arises, in a great measure, from the absence of carpets. You approach by uncarpeted stairs, and then find yourself on naked boarded floors. These floors are generally made of broad boards of pine, laid in squares of a large size in framework of oak. The pine is generally kept clean scoured, and the framework dark with paint or oil. In others, the floors are coloured of a reddish yellow, with a preparation of wax, which is kept bright and clean by a hard and heavily-weighted brush. And here, contrary to the condition of the houses of the common people, and of too many of the lower grade of the burgher class, all is extremely neat and clean. The floors, though of deal, are so white, or are so bright where coloured, that they give a very agreeable feeling of cleanliness, and the furniture, though often plain,

is equally clean and neat too. There is an air of elegance about a good house, which makes up, in some measure, for the richness and wealth of ornament that we are accustomed to in England. In many cases, again, the floors are of hard and handsome woods, laid down in squares, or in graceful patterns of different colours, in a mosaic style, and richly polished. In the palaces and houses of the nobility and wealthy gentry, in winter, carpets are laid down; and in summer these inlaid floors are very tasteful, agreeably cool, and sometimes of singular classic beauty.

The Germans too are very fond of handsome ceilings; and these have often more labour and expense bestowed on them than any other part of the house. They are fond of having them painted in broad arabesque borders, and departments of gay colours; of having the walls too painted in a similar style, in a deep band below the cornice, of classical figures and scenes in fresco, on these and on their ceilings. Paintings in frames are not so numerous found in private houses as in England. These belong more to palaces and galleries. But you find casts, good engravings, and books in abundance. Add to these a not too crowded number of chairs, tables, looking-glasses, bureaus, and cheffoniers, in many parts of Germany of beautiful dark walnut wood, and you have a tolerable idea of a German drawing-room. Nowhere, not even in palaces, do you find that air of richness, of snugness, of splendour,—in short, of general wealth and luxury, as you do in England; you find a plain and tasteful, and often more classic elegance. The stove is often a great eyesore to the room, being of black cast iron, with its pipe carried up in various winding shapes so as to throw out as much heat as possible. Smarter ones, of square cast-iron work painted, are frequent, and still handsomer ones of porcelain; but what is gained in beauty is generally lost in heat. Many of these stoves have no opening in the room, but are fed from the passage without, into which all the stoves of the story open, and where their mouths are concealed by doors, looking like so many cupboards; and in winter it is a good part of the work of one servant in a large family to go round and keep the fires in order.

The Germans endeavour to persuade themselves and you, that these stoves are much superior to our fireplaces. That our backs are starved in our rooms while our faces burn, and so on; but

nothing can make up to the English for the cordial brightness and friendly glow of their hearths; and we find that when Germans come to England, they are invariably enraptured with our fires, and the beauty of our chimney-pieces, and all their ornamental accompaniments. Stoves are a great comfort in chambers, where you want the air tempering only; but in sitting-rooms, nothing but the absence of coals and the dearness of wood are the real causes of the use of stoves. In Germany, coal is uncommon, and wood is generally as dear as coal in London. A house with four fires cannot be well supplied with wood under 30% a-year.

One good thing connected with this is, that you never see boys employed as chimney-sweeps. Sweeping by climbing is totally unknown. All the sweeps are full-grown men, who in a close dress, and as close caps of black leather, come two at a time, generally, and with their machinery clean the chimneys. They, like almost every thing, are under the regulation of the police, and come into your house, at stated periods, without your sending for them, or asking your leave; walking up stairs and down stairs, at their pleasure, with their ladder and scraper and besom, and other machinery; clean out all your chimneys, and make you the charge fixed by law. These men are generally very well behaved, but take things very coolly. One day, as I sat in the drawing-room writing, I heard a sudden thumping and rushing in the chimney. Presently the stove-pipe, where it entered the ceiling, was driven violently down. A round iron ball, as big as a cricket-ball, made its appearance, and after it a sort of besom. The sweep had dropped his machinery into a wrong flue, and finding it did not descend so far as he wanted it, had dropped his weight with such force that it carried all before it. Astonished at this sudden apparition, and at the stove-pipes tumbling into the room, I ran out, and alarmed the active but unconscious operative. The maid had just left all in nicest order; the wood soot had burst out in a dense cloud and filled the room, settling on chairs, tables, curtains, every thing, enough to craze the brain of a housemaid, and more especially of the mistress. "Ah!" said the black knight, "it is nothing particular, nothing at all particular." He clapped his sooty ladder against the beautifully light-coloured and perfectly new paper; knocked up the stove-pipes again, trod the

soot and dust unmercifully into the nicely waxed floor, let fall his heavy iron scraper, of at least four pounds weight, on the toe of a bystander, and repeating that it was nothing at all particular, asked for his money, and withdrew.

Early hours and simple living distinguish the Germans. Three meals a-day are the usual order. The common people are astir extremely early, especially in summer, when wagons and carriages begin to roll about at two o'clock; and after that time, every hour becomes more lively with the country people proceeding to the town with articles for market. The cooks and good housewives are off to market to make their purchases for the day at five and six o'clock. The peasant girls, of course, before that hour, are going along in streams, with their tubs or baskets on their heads, full of vegetables, eggs, milk, fruit, etc. Men who get up early to study, or to work, often take some coffee directly they come down, and then breakfast with their family at six or seven o'clock in summer. This breakfast is, generally, simply coffee and bread, mostly without butter. Dinner is on table at twelve or one. The German cookery abounds in soups, vegetables, and sausages, of various kinds, sour kraut, of course, salads of as many kinds, amongst which a particular salad, made of cold potatoes with vinegar and anchovies, is a great favourite. Their meat, like most continental meat, is very lean. Their beef, though lean, good; their bullocks being fine, but killed just at that state in which we should begin to feed them. Their mutton is generally very bad; the sheep being kept principally for the wool, and never fed, like ours. Veal is killed at about a week old, and is very poor and tasteless. Hood's description of a big man, with a big stick, and a big dog, driving a week-old calf, is of every-day realization in the street. Lamb has no resemblance whatever to that most princely of luxuries in England; and, what is worse, the green peas are always spoiled by being gathered before they have any kernel, and by being cooked with sugar. Fowls they have in plenty, and cheap, but never well fed. Geese, on the contrary, are regularly crammed, when alive, with Indian corn; and are stuffed in the cooking with chestnuts. They are often, however, to our taste, spoiled by the plentiful addition of raisins. Hares are cheap; the common price being a shilling, and are good. Cheese is very

indifferent, and little eaten at table. Their beer is a weak table-beer, very strong of hop, very wholesome, and, with a little use, very agreeable; but, in the wine districts, wine is much more drank at table, being quite as cheap, and in summer being very pleasant, from its weakness and its subacid flavour.

Of puddings they have a variety, and very tolerable. After dinner, a cup of coffee is generally taken. Tea is by no means a general afternoon beverage. Of late years it has been more and more introduced; but in the greater number of families is not drank except when they have visitors, and then one or two cups is all that they can master. They complain that tea makes them drunk, makes their heads ache, heats them, gives them red noses, and, in fact, has all the effects of spirituous liquors on them. The mode in which the English drink off their three, four, or five cups occasionally, is to them amazing, but more so the strength of it. You have to water your tea for your German visitors till it is really not tea, but milk and water; and if you allowed the waiters at inns to make tea for you, it would require a good microscope to find the tea-leaves in the pot. Such is the effect of custom. German families, in general, therefore, have their Abends-essen, or supper, about seven o'clock. This consists very much of cold sliced meat, sausages, potato-sallad, and such like. The eating of meat suppers and drinking of no tea probably produces the common effect, that they require in the morning to supply themselves with that fluid which we take at tea-time. The first thing, therefore, that you see a German do at breakfast, is to toss off a large glass of cold water. Numbers, if they did not get their dose of cold water, could not eat a bit of breakfast.

At inns, the English are universally known by calling for tea. In the evening, when you come into their table-d'hôte rooms, you find everybody eating suppers, often hot suppers. The English call for their tea, and in many parts of Germany get very bad, as well as much dearer than supper; but coffee is everywhere to be had of the most excellent quality. One reason for this excellent coffee is, that it is always roasted at home, and therefore is fresh roasted. Every German servant can roast coffee; and often when she is hardly fit for anything else, with a common earthen pot and an iron spoon, will on the kitchen stove roast you coffee to a nicety.

During the day, while the men are at their various avocations, the ladies are busy in their kitchens, or amongst their linen, or are sewing or knitting as if their lives depended on the labour. The hoarding of linen and of stockings is just as great a passion with most German ladies as with the Frau von Westen. Spinning-wheels abound, and are to be seen in the houses of many people of great pretensions; in still more of the burgher class, and in every house of the common people. The rock is often bound about with a gay broad ribbon, and the wheel itself is very neat. Linen is hoarded up in such quantities, that washing-days come in very many families but once a quarter, in many even but once a year; and I have heard of one wealthy family where the master's shirts were only gone through in six years. Most gentlemen now have their gross of shirts, and other things in proportion. The quantity of beautiful table-linen, napkins for the table and the chambers, and all such things, would be a cordial to any good housewife's soul. The knitting of stockings is an everlasting job. At home and abroad, Sundays and week-days, in private parties and at public out-of-door concerts and in public gardens, the dear, good, industrious souls sit knitting and smiling and gossiping in the seventh heaven of delight. It is to be hoped that there is a German heaven where knitting is one of the appointed rewards of virtue; for without the idea of the eternity of knitting-needles, what German lady could look forward with any comfort.

Cooking is equally a lady's pleasure. The education of a German lady is to us a very singular one. It is composed of the two extremes of household usefulness and social ornament. Accomplishments are carefully taught. All that tends to give the ladies *éclat* in the ball-room and in large companies, they are more regularly drilled into even than ours. Music and dancing are indispensable. The French language has long been universal, and English is now becoming so. Their greater intercourse with foreigners keeps in use their French. Music is so much a national enjoyment, that not only all young women, but almost all young men play on the piano and sing. This is not only a great relief to the monotony of private life, and an elegant and refining enjoyment for the evening circle, especially to weary men, harassed or exhausted by the daily tug of their affairs,—but is conducive to the

pleasure of those agreeable little parties which abound so much amongst the Germans; where singing, a dance, and simple games, pass away rapidly the hours. Here there requires no hired musicians; one after another will sit down to the harp or piano; others will join in singing; and thus social pleasure can go forward most independently. So general are such accomplishments, that they are much less thought of—individuals pride themselves much less upon them than in England. They are rather regarded as the indispensable parts of education, as much so as reading and writing are.

But the accomplishments of cooking and of domestic management are not the less cultivated. Ladies of rank and fortune are still plentiful, who spend their mornings in the kitchen, and are not contented with directing what shall be done, but are up to the elbows in flour, and as busy compounding salads and puddings as ever an old alchemist was in preparing *his* elixir of life. English notions on this head are now very much infusing themselves, and no doubt it will not be long before it will be found that a lady can do far more with her eyes and her commands than she can do with her hands, and that it is a much better division of employment for servants to do the menial work, and for the ladies to be able skilfully to see that all is done. In the present day, however, the old school has the predominance. Ladies are too much of practical cooks and housewives to be much visible before dinner; and there are those who have been for more than a year regular attendants of the kitchen of some great hotel, in order practically to learn all the sublime mysteries of cooking.

The great defect of German female education is, that household and social accomplishments are made the sum of their instruction. The ladies of Germany, with many exceptions, are far below the English ladies, as desirable intellectual companions. Kinder or more attached and affectionate creatures cannot exist; but the good creatures must excuse me when I say, that they too often resemble kind, dear creatures in England, that one might pick up out of the class of our maids and housekeepers, with the exception of the knowledge of music and French, who would make very inadequate companions of our intellectual tastes and pursuits, though they might possess all other virtues under heaven. They

are not instructed in the more solid parts of general learning. In history, in geography, in the wide field of the world of polite literature, in which our English ladies are as much at home as ourselves, they are far, far behind these ladies. They read indeed, the romances and novels, and poetry, not only of their own country, but almost all the new novels of France, and England too, and truly it must be confessed, shew very little discrimination in their taste for these. Not only the works of Bulwer, Boz, Marryat, James, etc., but the most trashy tales of our inferior writers, which are puffed in England, are immediately translated, or reprinted in Germany, and as much read by ladies and the devourers of circulating library pabulum, as they are at home. The men of any standing, from the cheapness of a university education, generally receive such a one, and, as if from jealousy, seem to have a mortal aversion to the ladies possessing the same sort of information as themselves. There is, accordingly, a great vacuum in German literature, which in England is filled by a host of productions which are equally read and relished by men and women; in which all matters of history, science, morals, and religion, are ably and profoundly, though not technically treated. German men are either writers of poetry and romance, or of strictly scientific and philosophical matters, and such things as female writers of first-rate eminence are extremely rare. A Caroline Pichler, a Gräfin Hahn-Hahn, a Bettina von Arnim, a daughter of Tieck translating Shakspeare, are rare exceptions. In fact, literary ladies are looked upon as a sort of pretty monsters, and accordingly, such a series of fine-minded, and noble-minded, and glorious women as adorn the world of English literature do not and cannot exist in Germany. In another chapter I give a notice of its female writers, but it would be a vain quest to seek there for a constellation like that of your Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Howitt, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Macleod, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Southey, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Shelley, Mary Wolstencroft, Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Austin, Miss Austin, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Ferrier, the Misses Porter, Mary Lamb, Mrs. Johnstone of Edinburgh, Mrs. Macauley, Mrs. Bray, Mrs. Tyghe, Mrs. Fletcher, Lady Dacre, Miss Hamilton, Miss Benger, Miss Barrett, Miss Laurence, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Hofland, Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Hannah More, and a host

of other eminent women, who have diffused intelligence and fine feelings, and sound sense and morality, in a resistless tide through the households of England. But of women writing on astronomy, like Mrs. Somerville—or political economy, like Miss Martineau or Mrs. Loudon, the idea would be incredible, and would be enough to set the wigs of all the old philosophers and professors on fire.

With the exception of scientific and historical English works, which are read by the scientific and historical men of Germany, very little besides the novels of England is read there. These are imported in shoals; but of such poetical writings as those of Campbell, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Mrs. Hemans, Southey, Wilson, Tennyson, Ebenezer Elliott, Rogers, Crabbe, Joanna Baillie, few have ever heard. The names of Miss Landon, Mrs. Southey, Miss Martineau, Mrs. Norton, Sergeant Talfourd, Sheridan Knowles, or of most of those introduced above, you can find few Germans who can recollect the mention of them, and scarcely a lady who has the slightest idea of their existence. And yet people talk of their acquaintance with modern English literature.

How intellectual men find themselves satisfied with the topics on which many of their wives must of necessity entertain them, seems to us somewhat puzzling. But probably, as men of business naturally, after the labours of the day, resort to social amusement, or a very light and gossiping kind of reading, as an antithesis and relaxation; so the Germans, from their business and learned labours, find the same relaxation in the small talk of women who to us would seem better calculated for housekeepers and nurses than for intellectual companions. One thing, however, is certain, that there are not in the world more attached, affectionate, and domestically happy people than the Germans; and if their wives are not qualified to solve a mathematical problem with them, to discuss some point of history or politics, to enter into the religious questions of the day, or to decide on the excellence of some new work of taste, yet on the other hand, they do not so much pester them with demand of expensive pleasures, huge parties, splendid dresses and equipages, and all the unsatisfying and greedy dissipations of a more luxurious state of society.

The simple and unexpensive manner in which they entertain their friends, and pass away the winter evenings, when they cannot

get out to those open-air concerts, walks, and other amusements of which we have spoken above, might be introduced with infinite advantage into England. A simple cup of tea at six o'clock, music, perhaps a dance, and then as simple a supper of sandwiches, slices of sausage, a potato or other salad, a cake ornamented in various ways, but generally a sponge, a chocolate, or a fruit cake, a snow tart, with a few bottles of cheap wine,—these form the staple refreshments of those social evenings, which break up about ten or eleven o'clock.

The young people on these occasions amuse themselves also with a vast variety of games which in England would be thought to be adapted rather to children than grown-up people, but which, however, occasion plenty of mirth, and indicate a state of society much more homely and ready to be pleased than ours. Among these stand eminent in favour "Die blinde Kuh," the blind cow; another name for blind-man's buff. They have various other games of forfeits. They write romances; each person furnishing a sentence without knowing what is written before him, so as to produce the most ludicrous medley. They put down the names of their acquaintances, each adding, without knowing to what name it is attached, a character, a circumstance, and what the world thinks of it; which, when read aloud and in connexion, produces, through the oddest combinations, great merriment. They write questions and answers on separate strips of paper, which being hustled together and then read, the answers falling to the questions as it may happen, are generally very amusing. They have various card-plays of the same nature, chief amongst which stands Black Peter, which consists in a pack of cards being equally divided amongst the company, and those which are of equal numbers being thrown out. He who is first out becomes the holder of a burnt cork, with which he makes a streak on the face of him or her who is found at last with Black Peter or the Knave of Clubs. The dislike of receiving this mark, especially by the ladies, and the different whims of making mustachios, whiskers, strokes down the nose, and so on, by the inflictor, produces all the fun. They have a game also with flour, equally popular. The young people sit round a small table, on which a basinful of flour, tolerably hard pressed, is turned out on a plate, and on its top is laid a ring. Each person cuts a slice

from the flour with a knife, and he or she at whose cut the centre flour falls, has to take the ring out of it with his or her mouth. This generally gives a very mealy visage and much laughter.

Happy are the people where whole companies can amuse themselves with such simple usages. The worst custom, however, of German social life, is that in evening parties of dividing the married from the unmarried, and often the men from the women. This is a custom now much gone out in the higher circles, but still very prevalent in all general society. You enter a house, the young and unmarried of your party are shewn into one room, you are conducted into another; the ladies get round one table, the gentlemen round another. The women talk of the gossip of the day; knit and talk of their knitting, of their servants; and the gentlemen of politics, or the like. Nothing is so admirably contrived as this old-fashioned practice to destroy all the advantages and pleasures of social intercourse. You come into general society for general enjoyment and benefit; but that enjoyment and that benefit are most essentially promoted by old and young, men and women, being mixed, and not divided into clusters, or classes and orders, like so many plants in a hortus siccus, or stones in a mineralogical museum. It is a real enjoyment and refreshment for those of maturer years to gaze on the fresh happy countenances of youth, to hear their fresh and youthful remarks; and it must also be one of the greatest possible advantages to the young to enjoy the conversation and become participant in the knowledge of the older and more experienced. Ladies naturally wish in society to converse with gentlemen, and gentlemen with ladies. If politics or other general topics are introduced, ladies are calculated to keep these discussions within due bounds, and often to enter into them with a grace and life which give a peculiar charm to them. All this exchange of pleasures and benefits, and the true end of society, are found in a general association, as they are equally defeated by this absurd old custom. To the English this is particularly irksome, and none feel the tediousness of it more than the ladies and the young.

There is in Germany a particular disposition to establish little social companies. They have their Sing Vereine, their Männer Chores, their Lieder Täfel, where the young of both sexes, and the musical, meet on stated days, for the purpose of singing. These

are sources of great social pleasure, as well as of improvement in this particular object. They have in many towns, their Harmonie, or place of meeting for this purpose, where the amateur singers and musicians of the place sing and play on certain evenings. There you may see, in some, tradesmen and artisans, the business of the day being over, met with their song-books and their instruments, and the place crowded with their friends, hundreds of the humblest people of the city being wedged together in the densest mass, to enjoy the delight of music; in others, you find students; in others, all the most respectable young people of the place. In Berlin, these latter meet in a splendid music-hall, presented to them by the king, and in numbers to the amount of about three hundred.

They have again their Frauen-gesellschaften and their Mädchergesellschaften; their ladies' companies, and their young ladies' companies. There are tea, coffee, or chocolate parties, where only ladies are admitted; or where, as in the second, only young, unmarried ladies are admitted. Here the young ladies boast that, freed from the restraint of men's presence, they can laugh and chatter to their hearts' content. In their meetings the women can talk on womanly affairs; if they are fond of books, can have one read aloud to them; can discuss matters of domestic arrangement, and so on. But we have heard it whispered, out of school, that those meetings are the least in the world dull, and that the grand topic of discourse is the badness of servants.

Of German servants we may here say a word. The genuine German maid-servant is one of the most healthy, homely, hard-working creatures under the sun. Like her fellows who work in fields, barns, and woods, she is as strong as a pony, and by no means particular as to what she is to do. She wears no cap or bonnet at home or abroad. Has a face and arms as stout and red as any that our farm girls can boast; and scours and sweeps, and drudges on, like a creature that has no will but to work and eat, and sleep. She goes to market with bare head, and in a large cloak. She turns out on a Saturday afternoon, with all the rest of her tribe, with bucket and besom into the street, and then, about three or four o'clock, makes a perilous time of it in the city. Before every door, water is flowing, and besoms are flirting the dirty puddle about. Each extends her labours not only to the pavement,

if there be one; but to the middle of the street; so that they are, in fact, the city scavengers. German housewives complain dreadfully of their maids; but the maids themselves certainly lead hard and most laborious lives, such as our servants would not do. They address you with a sort of family familiarity which would be thought strange in England, but yet without anything like insolence, and are much more willing than English ones. You are not afraid, as you are in England, and especially in the neighbourhood of London, that, at any order to do their work properly, they will turn and say, "If I can't give satisfaction, I beg you to suit yourself with another." The worst of them is, that their German mistresses are accustomed to be so much with them, and give them immediate orders for the doing of almost everything, that they have seldom any idea of doing anything but what they are then and there told. They seem to act rather than to think, and to follow orders rather than to exercise foresight; so that, with English mistresses, they are continually letting out fires, leaving things uncooked, and committing similar negligences, totally because they live under the direction of their German mistresses, with no occasion to exercise their heads at all, but merely their hands.

On the other hand, German servants have customs and privileges that would astonish both servants and mistresses in England. They have their public balls, and their invitations to the tradesmen's balls. These they expect to attend just as much as they expect to have their daily food. At least twice in the winter is stipulated for. They have carriages sent to fetch them and bring them back, and go off as smart as their masters and mistresses would. The girls have their ball books, wherein to enter their engagements for the dance, just as well as any of their young ladies, and in short, for these evenings are as much ladies as the best of them. At the burgher balls, the maid-servants will often dance with some of the most respectable young tradesmen, and of course feel no little proud of it. An English housemaid whom we brought to Germany with us being about to return again to England, we were surprised to find that the nurse-maid had made her a parting present of a ball-book, the said housemaid never having learned a step in her life, and never being likely to require her ball-book when in England.

The conduct of servants, as well as every thing else in Germany, is kept strictly under the surveillance of the police. Each servant is furnished with a character book, which contains all legal regulations respecting servants, and the engagements between them and their employers, being quite a little code of menial service. In this book, when a servant leaves his or her place, the master or mistress writes his or her character. This book is then laid up at the police-office, and before a servant can procure a fresh place this book must be fetched, and the character written in by the party whom the servant is leaving, and the book with all its characters must be taken to the party with whom the servant wishes to engage. Thus a powerful check is kept on the conduct of servants, and it is not easy for a bad one to get employ, or to avoid the sharp notice of the police officers.

Amongst the domestic festivals, the chief besides those noticed, as Christmas-eve, New-year's eve, etc., are birth-days and Verlobungen, or betrothals. Betrothals in Germany are much more marked and ceremonious things than in England, and in former years were much more so. When money matters had to be settled, dowries, and so on, these were all settled at this time. Now, much of the formality is done away, and it is a pleasant family festival to which the friends are invited. Here the fact of the betrothal is announced by the father, rings are exchanged by the lovers, each containing the name of the party presenting it. The friends congratulate, and drink the health and prosperity of the betrothed. Betrothal cards are sent out to the whole circle of acquaintance, and in many places the betrothal is formally announced in the newspapers. We have before noticed the ceremonious distance at which the young of both sexes keep in public, not even walking arm-in-arm on any occasion. Now between the contracted parties this ceremony is abandoned. The youth visits the house like one of the family. He and his betrothed walk out everywhere arm-in-arm; and this is a certain mark of the betrothal. This betrothal often takes place when the parties have no immediate prospect of marriage,—when probably the youth has to seek his appointment from government, or his establishment in his profession or trade. Betrothals continue often for years, sometimes for ten or more. In respect of early and long-standing

engagements, the Germans much more resemble the Scotch than the English, as they do in many other particulars; in their houses, their open fields, and style of agriculture, their persevering, plodding characters, etc. The devotion of these betrothed parties to each other is often very marked, and to my taste a little too much so. In company they seem to meet, not for general society, but for themselves alone. They stand together, they sit together, they talk together, they often kiss and coo a little sily, not having heard the good old Scotch song—"Behave yoursel before folk." They do not care, indeed, to go anywhere without the other; and the young lady, if invited to a party, generally takes care to ascertain if her lover is to be there too, or she will decline. I have often wished, that amongst all their social Vereine, or unions, they would establish a Verlobten Verein, or lovers' or betrotheds' union, where all the betrothed might meet and amuse each other, which would be by each pair sitting together and talking, and not encumber general society with their amorous abstraction. The conduct of the girls would often surprise our English damsels, who are taught to keep their loving and cooing at home, and to go out for the general amusement. One girl, the daughter of our landlady, used to amuse us by carrying this folly to the most extraordinary height. When invited to our parties, she would station herself in the room opposite to the door, and thereon fixing her eye in anticipation of the lover's arrival, you might speak to her a hundred times, but would obtain no other reply than—"Was?" "Wie?" or "O ja!" or "O nein!" Whether the beloved youth was absent or present, she had neither ears, eyes, nose, nor mouth for anybody, or anything else. If he were not present, and the company were requested to be seated, she reserved a chair for her swain, and warned every one away from it, even the master of the house. This must seem very extraordinary to English eyes, but used to attract very little notice here.

Birth-days are joyful days. A party of friends is invited to celebrate the birth-day. The dining-room is adorned with garlands, and a splendid garland, sometimes in the shape of a lyre, is hung at the head of the room. Presents are made to the person whose day it is. These are generally laid on the breakfast-table by the person's plate, and form an agreeable surprise on entering

the room. Garlands of beautiful flowers, in spring, often wholly of violets and their green leaves, are sent in by friends. These garlands you will often see hanging in houses as grateful memorials of the affection of friends; yes, even in palaces, as grateful memorials of the affection of the people. They who have visited the palace of San Souci, at Potsdam, will recollect seeing some very beautiful ones there, which had been sent in on the birth-days of the king and queen by the neighbouring people. Such things are tokens not only of the esteem in which the sovereigns are held, but also of the pleasure with which they are received, and cannot be looked on by the royal parties from time to time without producing the happiest tone of mind towards their subjects. Perhaps even a still more affecting tribute of this kind is yet to be seen in the house of an old schoolmaster near Hanau, where the walls are almost covered with the garlands which have been presented by his scholars through a course of no less than *fifty years*. On the supper table is sometimes found a cake in the centre, with as many wax-lights burning round it on the dish as are the years of the person celebrated. This has a very beautiful effect. At the dinner, or supper, which is more generally the meal, the health of the party is drank with clinking of glasses and much jubilation.

But the general family festivals in Germany are the Silberne and Goldene Hochzeit, or silver and golden marriage; that is, the twenty-fifth and the fiftieth anniversary of married life. These are kept with great festivity, much in the manner of birth-days; and in the instances where the latter is arrived at, the whole circle of acquaintance is anxious to be there, as an occasion which, to the aged pair, can never possibly come again. It is a sort of anticipatory farewell.

A pleasing feature in German social life is the language of flowers. This, which is quite extinct with us, is with them as real and poetical as in the East. They have written and printed this language, and it is carefully used or avoided in all presents of nosegays in the little bouquets presented in dancing cotillions, and it extends itself even to colours, some of which, to us lively and pleasing, are to them expressive of violent or hostile qualities. Red and yellow are expressive of pride and state. Thus the flowers and ribbons introduced into all their nosegays, and the

bushes which they hang out on all occasions of festivity, days of national or other joy or triumph, have all their precise, and to them very significant, language,—as the tree adorned with flowers and ribbons, set up on the roof on the covering in of a new house; the garlands which they suspend on the little crosses on the graves, and the garlands of the bride, and the funeral. Garland-making is a distinct trade; and you see these expressive and poetical ornaments borne through the streets, in all directions, by the makers, to the houses where they are ordered. By following one of these to the place of destination, you could, without asking a question, perfectly satisfy yourself that there a marriage, a birth-day, or a funeral, was about to be solemnized; and in the latter case, whether the deceased were a man, or woman, or child, whether married or not. All this is clearly indicated by the absence or presence of certain flowers, as white or red roses, lilies, and so on. The garland for an old married man is merely of uniform evergreen, generally ivy. The funeral garlands are so large that they enclose a great portion of the surface of the shroud, which lies on the funeral car; and, so soon as the grave is filled in, are laid upon it in the same form. Here their social, as well as all other life, making its earthly termination, naturally terminates also our chapter.



CHAPTER XVIII.

CHARACTERISTICS OF GERMAN CITIES AND SCENERY, IN A TOUR THROUGH VARIOUS PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

1. HEIDELBERG TO CARLSRUHE.

THERE is perhaps no mode in which so lively a sketch of the characteristics of the cities and scenery of a country can be given as in that of a tour; and we will, therefore, at once adopt this form for conveying the remarks which we have to make on this subject.

It was in the beginning of August that we started from Heidelberg, on a three months' ramble, amongst the capitals of Germany and the intervening scenes. The weather was and had been wet and cheerless, and everybody predicted its continuance; but, spite of this we set out with spirits filled so thoroughly with the antici-

pation of new experiences, that nothing could daunt us, and our resolution was repayed by three months of the most glorious weather that ever was enjoyed.

We had determined, that we might be at liberty to proceed or stop, to go right or left, faster or slower, at our pleasure, and thus have it in our power to examine, at our leisure, whatever we wished, to travel chiefly by the hired carriages of the country, to be found in plenty in every town, and to stretch across any wide and uninteresting track in the eilwagen or the steam train. We therefore engaged a Heidelberg Lohn-kutcher as far as Baden-Baden. Our carriage was truly none of the handsomest, nor our horses of the best; but our kutcher, who appeared a good-natured fellow, assured us that he was only the man and not the master; that the master was at Carlsruhe, and there we should be provided with a splendid carriage, splendid horses, and all those splendid things which are so readily promised and so seldom performed. We knew, however, enough of the race of Lohn-kutcher to make all sure by an agreement, and we jolted away over the stones of Heidelberg in the best possible humour. Scarcely were we out of the city when a very characteristic and agreeable surprise awaited us. It is the pleasant custom of the German students, when one of them leaves the University, to accompany him a stage or so, in carriages, on his way. If he go to enter on his office, and it be at no great distance, they accompany him to the place of his future abode. This was just now the case with a very worthy young friend of ours, who was proceeding to Bruchsal, the next town, to enter on his appointment under government; and thus, actually rolling out of the city gate before us was the train of our young friend and his intimate associates. There he sat, in his Philister-wagen, as it is called on these occasions; that is, the carriage which bears him from the Burschen-heaven into Philistia, or land of the Philistines, of whom he is about to become one. There he sat, in his Philister-wagen, at the head of the train, with another good friend of ours at his side, and three or four carriages following, filled with his associates. It was to us a very agreeable incident, which enabled us to fall into the train, and thus pay him, who had been the companion of so many of our pleasant hours in this place, the compliment of swelling his departing train. We saw him set

down at his place of future destination, his destination at least for a time; and after taking a parting glass of wine with him and his young friends at the inn, again drove on our way.

When we looked back to the cheerful and socially intellectual life which this young man had been accustomed to in Heidelberg, and then regarded the little dull town of Bruchsal, where a few officers of finance and the army make the most cultivated portion of the society, we could not help feeling what a fall from the Burschen-heaven the greater part of the young German students are destined to experience; to what obscure and uninteresting spots they are often, as it were, banished for life; we could not help more than ever sympathizing with them in the fondness with which they cling to the enjoyment and the memory of their student life.

A few hours' drive through a pleasant country saw us in Carlsruhe, the capital of the little state of Baden. Who would believe himself in a capital? Its name is Charles's-rest, and truly a place of rest it appears. A modern town, as usual, all of white houses, with wide streets, and truly very few people in them. Many of the buildings are handsome. There are good inns; and at the termination of every street you see the distant palace rearing its domes and towers in silent and solitary grandeur. It seems as if the palace was never to be out of sight, lest one should forget that it was there, and forget, at the same time, that we were in a capital. There is everywhere a feeling of silence and loneliness; of a want of life and action, that makes you long to be gone, and that with a feeling of pity for those who must pass their dreamy life there. An officer, a few handsomely dressed ladies, now and then break up the brooding monotony; or the sound of a trumpet and the parade of a body of soldiers give a passing gleam of relief. We wandered through the streets, finding that one part of the city was only pretty much like another, and that all terminated in converging lines at the palace. Before the palace lies a large square surrounded by low houses, but which is very pleasantly planted with avenues of trees, and having in the centre a fountain with a group of figures, a large circular basin of water with swans, and orange trees set out in long avenues as approaches to the central fountain, which diffuse a delightful odour, as well as an air of summer beauty round them.

Behind the palace lie again extensive gardens—to which, as everywhere in Germany, you have free access—with broad and extensive woodland walks. But here again all was still, and as it were dead—a sort of life in death. The only living things there were a soldier, a gardener, and a swan, and they looked very like sleep-walkers.

Were these gardens in the suburbs of a busy city, how charming would they be; but solitude to solitude, that is a little too much. The gardens are bounded on the other side by a vast and dense old forest of oak—the Hardt, with radiating ridings through it, diverging in the same manner from the palace as the opposite streets of the city. The very intensity of the solitude of this forest made us anxious to plunge into it, like that feeling that seizes us on high towers with a desire to plunge down below. It was gloomy, brooding, and immense. The glimpses through its different ridings, terminating in the dim distance of the far-off country, gave one an idea of vastness and loneliness, and the “brown horror” of shades, in which we might wander for days without seeing a human being, that had a touch of sublimity in it, spite of the perfect level of the whole of this neighbourhood. No doubt, too, the charm was heightened by the very same circumstance which made the grapes sour to the fox and the apple sweet to Eve; for while the gardener assured us that there were hundreds of wild swine ranging in this gloomy old Hardt, which we had a particular desire to see, he informed us also that nobody was allowed to enter it.

Carlsruhe, like several other of the German capitals, makes us wonder why it came there. With so many glorious situations in this beautiful little state, especially on the Neckar or the Rhine, or in the vicinity of the Black Forest, for a capital, here is this dreamy place clapped down on a dead flat, and that chiefly in the present century, when we should have imagined people alive to all the necessary considerations of this kind. But Carlsruhe, like many greater things in this world, was an accident. The ancient forest of Hardt, which once extended over a great portion of the palatinate, and of which the woods still stretch themselves from Heidelberg hither, in the last century was here the thickest and most solitary. Here abounded the most famous old boars and great

deer; and the Markgraf Karl, who delighted in the chase, used to frequent this neighbourhood with particular pleasure. He built himself a simple hunting-house here, and with very few attendants retired hither often, for sport and peace from political anxieties. He called it his Rest. Like the rest of rulers in general, it was speedily invaded; the hut grew into a village, the village into a city, and now, in one of the central squares of the city, stands a heavy pyramid, with an inscription informing you that here stood the original hut, here now sleeps its inhabitant, and that this was and is the actual Karlsruhe, *i.e.* Karl's Rest. To us, one of the most interesting spots in the whole city was the Fried-Hof, or Cemetery, in which lies Johan Heinrich Stilling, whose life has been read with so much interest in England.

The cemetery is one of those large ones laid out in walks and planted, so common in Germany, and now becoming desirably more common in England. Amid many magnificent and stately tombs of nobles and officers of state, you find near the little chapel or oratory a rude cross, its feet supported by some rudely piled-up stones. This is the grave of Stilling, and very fitly accords with the simple character of his life. By his talents, and not less by his professed reliance on Providence, the great feature of his mind, he raised himself from the rank of a tailor's son to be the associate of princes. He became a popular Professor of state and political economy in several of the universities of his country; and rendered signal benefit to vast numbers of his fellow-creatures, not only by the diffusion of knowledge in his professional career, but by the restoration of many to sight by successful operation for cataract. Still more, perhaps, was the benefit which he rendered in Germany by his firm faith in a fatherly Providence. His whole history is one of those singular series of justifications of the wonderful divine reliance which he maintained and taught, which afford tough matter of digestion to the sceptical, and are by no means removed by any cavillings at the imperfections of the man—for who is perfect?—or by the application of the terms mystic and visionary. Direct help in the time of need came so continually according to his fast belief—not mystical, but material help; not visionary, but palpable—that if it cannot in some minds establish a thorough conviction of the doctrine that God is a sure helper in the time of need to

those who put their trust in him, yet it demonstrates at least the existence of a chance still more marvellous and inexplicable.

The story of the early life of Jung Stilling, in particular, is one of the most beautiful insights given us into the heart and domestic existence of the village inhabitants of Germany. Through his singular career, amongst the titled and the learned, Goethe, Wieland, Schiller, Herder, Voss, and other illustrious writers, and being an especial friend and favourite of his prince, his simple and unaffected, though not uncalculating character, continued to distinguish him from those around him; and just so now is he marked out by his grave. On a stone at the foot is this inscription:—"Hier ruht Johan Heinrich Jung, genannt Stilling. Geb. D 12 S.P.T. 1740, G.S.T. D 2 A.P. 1817. Herr du weist dass ich dich leeb habe. Evg. Joh. 21 K. 15 v."—Here rests Johan Heinrich, called Stilling. Born the 12th of September 1740, died the 2d of April 1817. Lord thou knowest that I love thee. John xxi. 15. On another stone: "Hier ruht Elizabetha Jung, geborene Cönig. Geb. D 9 April 1756, Gest. D 22 April 1817. Jenseits ist wiedersehen und Vergeltung."—Here lies Elizabeth Jung, born Cönig. Born the 9th of April 1756, died the 22d of April 1817. Above is reunion and reward.

We could not tread the silent streets of Carlsruhe without a lively feeling for the number of students who come there to take their states' examination; that is, all those who have passed their examination at their college, and have still to pass the more severe one before the officers appointed by the state, without which they can neither practise as physicians, lawyers, nor hold a post in church or state. We had heard so much of the terrors of this trial; of young men coming and staying awhile, and then, before the day arrived, jumping into the eilwagen and going off home; of those who have done this several times, before they could bring their courage to the sticking-place; of the anxious and palpitating waiting here from day to day for its coming on; and of the agonies of shame and mortification of those who, according to the phrase, fall through,—that we saw in every silent group in the street, or anxious young face in the inn, a student on the rack of anticipation. The people at the inns know these youths as well as they do blacklegs. The pale cheek, the anxious eye, the want of appetite, the restless

going to and fro, the clinging to the consolatory pipe and to the cheering glass, are the indications of this unenviable state of probation. The greater part, however, get into private lodgings, where both their persons and purses can hide their emptiness of comfort.

2. JOURNEY TO BADEN-BADEN.—LA FAVORITE.

ON issuing out in the morning to pursue our journey, our kutcher made his bow and introduced us to his Herr. The man had driven us exceedingly well; his carriage, if not superb, was exceedingly comfortable; his horses, though lean, were tough and untireable; and for himself, a more accommodating soul could not exist. We had, therefore, no desire to change him, and had forgotten all thought of it; but here stood what he called his Herr, a thick, bluff, gruff-looking fellow in a blue frock, for all the world the picture of an English boatman. The carriage was handsome, the horses famous—but, the man! No—the exchange in that particular was not to be thought of. We declared that we were quite satisfied, that we had no wish to change; but the change was already made. Our luggage was packed; the carriage was so much better, the horses so much better. Then we would have the carriage and the horses, but we would have also our old man. No, the man was *but the man*; the Herr would have the honour of driving us; in fact it was one of those many cases in which in Germany you are handed from one Lohn-kutcher to another in this way. The Herr was no more our old kutcher's master than he was ours, but they were two who play into each other's hands. The one brought parties from Heidelberg to Carlsruhe, and the other from Baden to Carlsruhe, and *vice versa*. Thus both kutchers were always employed, and always near home. We got in, by no means pleased with the exchange, our new kutcher looking bluffer for the compliment we had paid him in not wishing him at all.

A short day's journey over open plains, brought us to Baden-Baden. As we approached, the hills on our left reared themselves higher and higher, became wilder and woodier, and two towers overlooking an opening into those hills, told us without any inquiry that there lay this celebrated watering-place. There was a charm about the mountain-land before us that excited a strong

desire to enter it; but before we did this, we had a treat of another sort. This was a visit to the old palace of La Favorite. This curious old place lies about six miles from Baden, and is a spot to which pleasant excursions are made almost every day in summer. It lies on the level of the plain; in fact, low. You behold before you, as you proceed, a mass of finely-grown wood; trees, whose lofty piles of richest foliage denote a mature growth in a deep soil, and fill the mind with sensations of sylvan majesty and richness. As you enter this mass of wood, you find it consist of splendid avenues of lime and sycamore, with intervening plots of richest meadow full of deep grass, and thick shade of wood and copse here and there, with various kinds of trees, pine and oak, hung with festooning ivy. You find a neat inn, with its garden and gay flowers, and the keeper's daughter will go with you and shew you the house. This lies still lower down. It is flanked and surrounded by these noble avenues, and as you approach it presents a quaint and decaying, though not very antique air, being built only in the last century. On the left hand as you approach it, a long colonnade adjoins the avenue, and on the opposite side is a range of offices corresponding. The place was built by the famous Sybilla, wife of the Marquis of Baden, the friend and fellow champion of Prince Eugene against the Turks. She was equally remarkable for her beauty and her love of building. The great palace of Rastadt, which we had passed on our way, was also erected by her; but this seems to have been indeed her Favorite. It is more like an old house in a romance than one in real life; and its present desertion, and some traces of decay, only give it a more lively touch of interest.

In the centre of the house is a large hall, round which the rooms range. This hall has open corridors, with heavy balustrades of red porphyry. The walls are lined with fine porcelain tiles, and the floors are inlaid with different coloured marbles. Every room has its own peculiar character, somewhat fantastic, but nevertheless very rich, curious, and piquant. The furniture is composed of fancy chairs, with rich gilding and different coloured satin and velvet cushions, curious old cabinets, splendid pieces of china, and most beautiful mosaic work. The walls are richly inlaid with flowers and birds, and different figures and scenes, many of them

of singular grace and beauty. There are everywhere immense mirrors; looking-glass covers whole walls in curious patterns and departments; and not only these, but the portraits of Sybilla herself, in all sorts of costumes; in masking dresses, and of every age, amounting to upwards of sixty, are convincing proofs of the good lady's pride in her beauty, which, in fact, was great. She was tall, majestic, and of a noble countenance. There are numbers of noble china jars, brought by the good Margraf Wilhelm, out of Turkey; and on the wall of one apartment are miniature portraits of all the poets of Germany up to that period, set in the gilt mouldings of the looking-glass which covers it. In the corners of these rooms are huge projecting fireplaces, the front of the chimney running up in a retreating pyramidal style, covered with porcelain tiles, and ornamented with all sorts of figures standing upon them.

The kitchens are not the less curious. These are full of schranks or cupboards, filled with old glass and china. Here you see the tall humpers or beakers, each holding a quart or more, out of which the Barons drank at the Margraf's feasts, and each having the arms and name of the particular baron engraved on it; the humper of the Margraf himself being proportionably large and splendid. Here too you have a curious old china dinner-service. Many of the dishes, with their covers, being in the form and painted exactly to resemble the particular bird or beast which was served up in them. Accordingly you have turkeys, peacocks, fish, a boar's head, ducks, partridges, pheasants, and a variety of others. There is a large figure of a Chinese mandarin seated on the dresser, whose hands and feet, when laid hold of, come out, as drawers, the whole figure, in fact, constituting a spice cupboard. Similar things the visitors to the Japanese palace at Dresden have seen, but here they do not make a part of a mere collection of china; they make, on the contrary, a characteristic part of the furnishing of a singular house, and are regarded with a different feeling. You behold also in the kitchen a huge black board, down one edge of which is painted a catalogue of all good things of life, so that the cook by a mark with his chalk opposite to any of these names, indicated to the first glance of the good lady of the house the contents of the larder for the time, and became his own guide in purveying and cooking.

The little rustic chapel, called Sybilla's chapel, is at a good distance from the house, in fact, in the wood on the upper side of the road from Rastadt to Baden. Here she is said, in her latter years, to have inflicted on herself long and severe penance; and a piece of a hair shirt, an iron cross of links with spikes, a scourge, and other articles of self-torture, are shewn, said to be those which she used. The chapel has, indeed, all the trumpery appendages of the old Catholic places. Crucifixes, a deathly figure lying in a cell to represent the body of the Saviour in the tomb; an altar, confessional, some wretched religious paintings, and two wooden figures of the Virgin and St. John, said by some traveller to have been the guests with which Sybilla used to sit here at her meals, equal portions being served to all three, but their share being afterwards given to the poor. Our guide knew nothing of this story, which may have originated in St. John holding a plate in his hand, for the receipt of any alms that religious votaries might put in. The chapel, in fact, has occasional mass performed in it, and is resorted to with much devotion by the Catholic peasantry.

BADEN-BADEN.

WHAT a little world of human folly is a watering-place! what a contrast to all other German life is a German watering-place. Everything, everywhere else in Germany, has an air of decorum and moral sobriety. All is orderly, rational, domestic, and quiet; but the German bathing-places, on the contrary, are the very concentrations of vice and vanity. The German Spas are both natural and moral phenomena. They seem to be vents by which, at once, the earth relieves itself of its superfluous internal heat and mineral tinctures, and the people of their otherwise pent-up passions. Amid the solemn beauties of nature, what a bubbling up of mortal folly and deformity is here! and the chief root of all this is the detestable vice of gaming, a vice here licensed and sanctioned by the government.

What a delightful place would this little Baden-Baden be, were but this moral leprosy, this horrid disease of social life, but cured instead of being aggravated here. How sweetly stretches itself the little town along its lovely valley. How beautifully rise around in the sunshine the pine-clad hills. How clean, how bright,

how substantial is everything in the little city. How many pleasures of solitude and society, of mirth and quiet, of youthful gladness and the cheerfulness of more sober years, are gathered into and around it; but in the midst of all, lies coiled up ready for its prey, the deadly serpent, the horrible spirit of gambling, and blasts with its breath everything around it. The nuisance here is so staring, so undisguised, so thrust on you and your observation, that it is made tenfold hateful. In large cities vice reigns in lordly style, and you know that it cannot well be repressed; but still, it is diffused amid a huge population, and it is to a degree diluted and lost to notice. Each fashionable or unfashionable crime withdraws itself to its peculiar haunt, the open streets and the open day are surrendered to the busy passage of business and pleasure-seeking crowds. You know, indeed, that crime in a thousand shapes exists around you, but you are not bearded by it. You can avoid it, and its votaries and victims, and in the midst of purer classes, even forget it. But here it is thrust upon you. There is not a population large enough to conceal it. It meets you at every turn, in the black-legs which from every country it brings hither. France, England, Russia, Italy, Germany, all have their representatives in the shape of gamblers and swindlers here. You see the worst and most disgusting classes of men around you, drawn out of the vast mass of corrupt capitals by the infernal loadstone of gambling. You feel that you are surrounded by them; you hear their spirit in the conversation that goes on around you. The very walks that you tread, and the halls that you enter, are supported by the gains of legalized tempters. Folly and vanity in plenty you expect in such places amid the health and pleasure seekers; but this monstrous evil, thus concentrated, as it were, into a small and virulent focus, taints everything, and creates in you an inexpressible feeling of melancholy and loathing. How charming were Baden-Baden were this monster away! and how wise and truly German are those states which, like Würtemberg, refuse to allow it in their spas. To convert the sweetest spots of physical healing into dens of moral contagion, is in every sense an act of moral suicide unworthy of the people of Germany.

Baden-Baden, except that it lies lower, reminds one much of Richmond in its location. It runs along the side of the hill much

in the same way. The ascent of its main street is very similar. It abounds in capital hotels, large and excellent, and for so fashionable a place, is not dear. Our quarters were at the Badenscher Hof, where about two hundred people sate down daily to the excellent table d'hôte; a good band playing in the orchestra during the dinner. This inn occupies the site of a former monastery; and the landlord has lately built a small chapel in the garden in place of one which has been removed in the course of his improvements. It was not quite completed when we were there; and the old images of saints and virgins looked very disconsolate as they lay about the garden awaiting their new apotheosis.

After dinner, following the course of the little river Oesbach down the valley, and crossing a bridge, we soon found ourselves at the Conversation House, the centre of gaiety in Baden. It is a splendid building, with a fine colonnade in front, and before it a broad parade-ground. The scene here was very animated. Crowds of people of almost all nations were walking to and fro. French was heard on all sides; and the people, in richest dresses, looking like so many figures just stepped out of a magazine of fashions. In the colonnade, numbers were seated to enjoy the prospect, the gay scene, and the shade, on chairs which were let by the hour. Others giving their hats and sticks, great coats or umbrellas, to persons who make it their business to keep them for them, were entering the saloon. Others were passing in and out of the casino and confectioners hard by; and others were taking tickets at the theatre, also close at hand. An orchestra like an open temple, at some little distance in front, was filled with a band in full play; and in curious contrast, on the green on which it stood, a troop of haymakers in their rustic dress were as busily plying their rakes and forks. To the right, and extending at right angles with the parade, stretched a double line of booths towards the city—in fact a bazaar, filled with all sorts of such things as are commonly to be found there; lace collars and ribbons, and other ladies' articles, trinkets, jewels, walking-sticks, and in short, all sorts of expensive knick-nacks, recommended by Jewesses, Tyrolese and French dealers.

The whole scene was one of singular splendour and gaiety; a busy ant-hill of fashion, lying thus singularly in the quiet heart of nature, with walks winding away on all sides,—some shady, more

open, some leading along the river side, others up the hills, on which, here and there, you discerned in every direction gay parties, and whence you heard laughter and merry voices. Full opposite lay the cheerful-looking town; part extending along the hill side, and part in quaint and picturesque style running up it; with the ducal castle soaring above all the other buildings; and hills and forests still farther away, and soaring above it; with the ruins of the yet older castle peeping out of the rocky woods on the distant heights.

Enter the Conversation House. There all is equally splendid and lively. The entrance, or conversation saloon, is large and elegantly fitted up. There are crowds of well-dressed people walking to and fro; others in groups, occupying the seats which run round by the walls. On the left you observe an eager group all inclining their heads towards a table. That is a gaming-table. There you hear the everlasting chink of money. There sit the easy and unconcerned-looking possessors of the table, rake in hand; heaps of gold, and roulettes of more lying before them. You hear the continual utterance of the short and mysterious sounds which mark the progress of the play, and see them, now push a few coins towards some lucky winner, now rake up sweeping heaps towards their own golden mountain.

There are three or four other rooms, in which rouge et noir, roulette, and other gambling, are going on. The ball-room is even occupied by such tables when not wanted for its more ostensible objects; and there are more private rooms, where you may get a glimpse of equally absorbed players engaged in games of cards.

The fitting up of the ball-room and of a re-union room at the right hand end are remarkably splendid. The walls of the ball-room are adorned with wreaths and garlands, and borderings of flowers, in the most elegant patterns and beautiful colours; and when you examine these flowers, you find they are not real ones thus disposed for a particular occasion, but artificial ones of the best quality, constituting the permanent embellishment of the place. The re-union room is very richly furnished; and its furniture possesses a particular interest, having belonged to the Empress Josephine.

For those who wish to study human nature in its varieties and

its passions, this scene is a fine one. The crowds of gay people going in and out; the groups in conversation, or watching the rest; the attention aroused by rank and beauty; the various flirtations already in embryo, or in obvious progress; the mixture of princes, nobles, ladies fair and young, old and ugly, and still vain; Jews, Gentiles, gamblers, swindlers, blacklegs, creatures of prey and their unconscious victims; old worn-out roués, with sallow faces and long lanky limbs, clad in cloth of the best cut; old jolly companions, with red faces, white hair, gouty feet, fine gloves and handsome canes; Russians, Poles, French, English, Germans, with enormous moustachios, or without them: the fire of Mammon always burning on his altars, and the doomed flies buzzing eternally about them, and some already with scorched-off wings. A scene of external gaiety with all that is internally hollow, and rotten, and deceitful. To the reflective mind, this feeling poisons all that otherwise were attractive in the show. Like the rest, one cannot help turning one's steps, from day to day, towards this temple of folly and frivolity, of speculation and madness. There are still the gay and buzzing crowds. There are still heard at the table the short French words; the clink of gold; and there to be seen the eager looks of those who are winning or losing it. To watch the first casual glance of a new comer; to see how by degrees his careless air becomes fixed; the gaze darkens; the eye sharpens; the whole man becomes engrossed with the view. To see him make his first hesitating deposit, by degrees go deeper and deeper, and then plunge in heart and life and soul, borne on to conquest or ruin by the great torrent of excitement. To see, here and there, one having won something, draw off, rejoice in his luck, hover undecided whether to go quite away or return. Here, one yield to the potent fascination, and reseal himself; here, one grasped by the firm fingers of a friend, suffer himself to be led away while all is well. To see a timid and amiable-looking woman stand behind, hiddenly draw forth her purse as she watches the progress of the play, hand the stake to the gentleman of her party who stands before her, till, fired by the alternations of loss and gain, she pushes by degrees to the front, takes a seat, and from that moment becomes a prey to the worst writhings and spurrings of the human soul. To watch the dark eye, the pale cheek, the

firm-set lips and teeth, the trembling, but clenched hand of the desperate player for life and death, as he sits opposite to the comfortable and very portly person of some secure and far more indifferent adventurer, or some dowager-looking lady, pricking down on her card very composedly the moves, and having no feeling for all that goes on around, feeling indeed only occasionally her purse, which lies beside her, and the pile of gold pieces, which she now and then lifts, and sets down again calculatingly.

These are the sights that you continually witness; and from day to day still find many of the same figures occupying the same places at these tables. The sturdy and white head of the Elector of Hesse Cassel, who annually spends much time, and it is said about 4000*l.* sterling, at these and other tables, was not then visible; nor those of the expert Russians, who in the former summer had broke the bank twice, and carried off with them several thousand pounds; but there were, to say nothing of the gentlemen, three ladies who daily attracted much attention. One was an actress of some eminence, whom I had before met on the Rhine, and whose amiable expression of countenance and happy spirit had very much charmed me. Here she was, but apparently not the same person. While engaged in play, the selfish greediness which devoured her, darkened and deformed her in a wonderful manner. The sunny smile, the cordial and friendly temperament, and the open, quiet beaming of the blue eye and pleasant face, had now given way to an expression dark and wolfish.

Another was a little Italian, who seemed to play with a very steady and calculating air, but so far as I could discern with very little gain or loss. The third was a full-formed lady of, perhaps, fifty-five, who came every evening, seated herself in very business-like style; took off her shawl, drew off her gloves, discovering hands well garnished with jewelled rings; took out her purse, and laid it, with her pocket handkerchief, before her on the table; took out a certain quantity of gold, and counting it, set it up in a pile as a certain monument to victory; refreshed herself with a few sniffs from her scent-bottle, and then steadily surveying the table, as if to say—"Now, what goes on?" put down her stake, and then for the whole evening sate steadily reaping no inconsiderable harvest.

Revolted as this view of human nature is, it is difficult to avoid, day after day, being drawn to its contemplation. I suppose pretty much under the same fascination that people are drawn to witness an execution, though they shriek or groan when they are there. Let us now away from this scene of heartless speculation and victimized misery. We will not even stay to enter the re-union saloon, where the select party of subscribers meet for conversation or private concerts, nor into any other part of this temple of folly, which, as well as the pleasure-grounds around, are all built or maintained out of the profits of gaming. Rather let us up into the hills and the woods.

We observed that a magnificent new pump-room was building close by the stream. We walked along the banks of this rivulet, down the delightful valley of Lichtenthal, beneath its fine avenue of trees, a couple of miles in length. In our walks through the town, the number of shops with French signs, shops of fashionable milliners, hairdressers, jewellers, and such like; the number of notices in French and English of lodgings to let; the number of servants about the streets in livery; of equipages, and of English, did not suffer us for a moment to forget that we were in one of the most fashionable watering-places of Germany. In the inns, all the waiters spoke French or English. They seemed to have a contempt for you if you addressed them in German. One heard so much of every language but German, that one seemed to long again for its homely, hearty sound.

In our way up the hills we visited the castle. It is a large building having more the air of an old manor-house than of a ducal castle. The Grand Duchess is said to be fond of it, and often to come hither in summer, while the Duke has a greater liking for his castle of Eberstein in the Murg Thal. The dungeons of this castle are the great attraction to travellers, and have been so often described with great gusto, that we may be excused from doing it again. They present revolting evidences of the dark cruelties perpetrated in these underground prisons in past ages. The castle is built on the foundations of one still older, and you are conducted through the remains of a Roman bath to these horrible vaults. The passages are secured with stone doors of a foot or so in thickness, and weighing from one to two hundred

weight, which still remain, and as they turn on their hinges make a deep and moaning sort of music. The iron doors which used to be again within these, with their bars and bolts, have also left vestiges. There is the pit descending down through the whole castle, from the top to these vaults, down which the prisoners were let with a rope and pulley. The traces of the sloping passage from the castle, along which the lord used to enter, and where tradition says that the notorious Ulric of Würtemberg once accompanied him to this horrid tribunal, are yet visible. There is the recess in the wall where the figure of the Virgin stood, which the unhappy victim was ordered to advance and kiss, when a trap-door opened and sent him down into a tremendous pit filled with wheels armed with knives, which revolving in all directions tore him to pieces. You now walk over this pit on planks with which it is concealed.

We issued from the dismal, but still wonderfully dry dungeons, with pleasure, to the daylight, and found our way through the



pleasant gardens, up towards the older castle. This caught our eyes aloft in its wood at about two miles distance. A winding way, a great part of it through fine woods, leads you with ease

thither, especially as you have seats here and there by the waysides. At the ruins you find a rustic inn, where wine and refreshments may be had. You ascend the lofty ruins by broken steps, and stand on crumbling towers, protected by handrails; and gaze over one of the finest and most extensive landscapes imaginable. The town far below you; the conical hills rising round it, crowned with their pine woods; the vast plain with smoking villages; the dark hills of the Black Forest in one direction, those of the Odenwald in another, and the Vogesen on the French frontiers on a third.

At every hour of the day parties on foot or in carriages are ascending to this airy height, and we found an English family there who amused us exceedingly by their adventures. These good people, who had evidently been fortunate in the world, and had made their way bravely through it, without original education, had been inspired with the very rational desire to see more of the world than is cooped within the four seas. They had travelled in France, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, and elsewhere; and were as merry as anybody could be at the accidents which befell them through their ignorance of the languages and customs of these countries. Every summer, father, mother, and two or three children of ten or twelve years old, made a trip. The summer before they were in Austria, but they did not like it. To say nothing of the botheration of dining *by the cart*, where they had to pick the names of the dishes out of a lingo worse than Greek, they had got into a *hell-wagon* to go to Vienna, and a hell it was. They were shook into a jelly, and tumbled about for days and nights like cogs in a mill wheel; and when they got to Vienna, they found that their luggage had not been allowed to go with them, but had been sent by a *fore-wagon* (Fuhr-wagen), which instead of going before, was so far behind that they had to lie in bed for a week for want of their clothes. The really good-natured people were, however, not a whit daunted. They were on their way to the Tyrol, and said while they had health and strength they meant every summer to make a trip somewhere.

The walks through these lofty woods are fine and solitary. One conducts you to a rustic bridge, which leads you out upon an isolated rock of vast height above the valley. But, in fact, the

whole country round Baden-Baden is full of delicious walks and rides. In the very outskirts of this little Babel of Fashion you find villages of the most old-fashioned description buried in their orchards, and exhibiting the aspect and manners of far past ages. But one thing to us was very striking. The surliness and incommunicativeness of the peasantry in the immediate neighbourhood. This, so different to the general character of the German bauers, however, required no explanation. It is the result of the haughty and insolent treatment which they have received from the crowds of empty, corrupt, and purse-proud upstarts, which come in flocks round such a place.

3. JOURNEY BY WILDBAD TO STUTTGARD.

OUR journey from Baden-Baden by Wildbad to Stuttgart, in finest summer weather, was most charming. The way was for the greater part of the distance to Wildbad, through the Black Forest. Besides a very Swiss character, which we immediately discerned in the houses with their outside galleries and projecting roofs, and the church towers with their domes and short spires covered with bright zink or with coloured and burnished tiles, the novelty of this peculiar forest scenery was in itself a great delight. We were now surrounded by those dark woods of which we had heard so much, and whose noble timber we had seen so often floating down the Neckar and the Rhine. Here now lay around us in profoundest stillness these forest tracts. Here reared aloft on the hills, or came shooting up from the deep glens below us, those magnificent trees which we had so long desired to see. We were surprised to find that these were not, as we had imagined, like our Scotch fir, but all of the silver fir (*Pinus Pinacea*), a tree which when it grows alone stands aloft, gradually contracting its dimensions, like a tall Chinese pagoda, and hung with its large cones, as that is with its bells. In these mountain woods it is somewhat different, but not the less striking. Its clear and regular stems, rise in perfect cylinders to the height often of two hundred feet, and generally of more than one; hence an air of vigour and youthful majesty about them which is very beautiful. These stems of a leaden or silvery colour, whence the name, are so perfectly round, so clear, and rise so high without any sensible diminution of their

size, that they look rather like gigantic cylinders planted in the earth, than ordinary trees which have gradually grown there. They give you a continual feeling of strength, youth, freshness, and life that is most agreeable, and keep your attention riveted on them, comparing one with another as you pass. They spring from the deepest glens, and still stretch their fine columns above you, and rear themselves in rivalry of the highest rocks. None are old, or allowed to attain that enormous bulk and picturesque ruggedness and decay which we had looked for, because they are all cut in their prime or before it for commerce; but they are an endless series of young and mighty and everspringing giants, that are glorious in their youth, and their boundless profusion.

Through miles and miles of these fine woods lay our way; now down in the deepest and darkest depths of them, now passing along their highest ridges, and now advancing along broad level tracts, where on each hand ranged the countless and noble pillars of their stems, ever and anon calling forth exclamations of surprise at the size and loftiness of individuals, while the silence and the basking sunshine on the road, and the occasional change to some sweet, green valley, or village lying in the heart of the forest, had a very poetical feeling in them.

At the end of a tolerable stage we emerged from the wood, and found ourselves at once before the ducal castle of Eberstein, and overlooking the beautiful Murg Thal. The valley of the Murg is justly celebrated for its beauty. The little river Murg runs rapidly along its winding depth, bearing with it timber from the forest, to be formed into rafts and floated away to the larger rivers. Villages dot the green meadows and sides of the valley, and saw-mills are busy, turned by the stream. Here aloft, on the edge of the forest, stands the castle of the Grand Duke, also on the edge of his territory, for the other bank of the Murg is in Würtemberg. Behind it tower aloft the black pine woods; deep glens filled with the same, sink below to the right and left; and the castle on its projecting rock looks out cheerfully up and down the delicious valley. A stone figure of a huge boar seated on his haunches, is mounted on a lofty pedestal of masonry in front of the castle, and is at once a good object, and symbolic of the name of the place—Eberstein, the Wild-Boar's Stone; so called from a tremendous boar

which formerly made its basking-place on the rock. Now a sweet little flower-garden basks more homelike in the sun, and around rests the brooding solitude of the black mountain woods.

We descended the deep hollow road into the valley, and at Herrenalp, a village down the valley, stayed to lunch. Here we walked out amongst the ruins of an extensive convent, destroyed in the Peasants' War; and entered the parish school, which we found in the yet remaining portion of the building, and had much conversation with the schoolmaster, a simple and sensible man, who seemed well suited to the place and his office.

It was at the inn here that our kutchner found the "liebes, gutes Herz," which is mentioned in the chapter on German Peculiarities of Character, and beginning to sing his Swiss songs soon after we set off, presently capsized us into a ditch. The way after quitting Herrenalp was calculated to give us a favourable idea of Würtemberg. It was over an elevated road, with wide views of a country beautifully varied, but not too hilly, and full of vineyards, corn-fields scattered with fruit trees, and here and there a wood of silver or Scotch fir; the whole looking like one happy garden land, and the peasantry in it all busy and cheerful. To our great pleasure, it continued thus many miles, the sun shining over all most gladsomely. Then we came to a hollow dry glade, scattered with picturesque old oaks, where as picturesque a lad was herding his flock of swine, and soon after we descended a steep road to Neuenburg. At this large village, or little town, we enacted a deed of patriotism; for, notwithstanding we should have been glad to dine here, as we found the landlord of the only inn, the Post, marked in the Hand-Book as having played a scurvy trick on an English traveller, refusing him post-horses because he grumbled at an extortionate bill, we refused to go in, and told him why. He said: "O yes! he remembered the Englishman well; and the fact was, that he wanted him to give him a bribe to speak well of his inn in the Hand-Book, which he refused, and on which the man went away and gave this report, nothing of the kind having in fact taken place." We, however, heroically stood up for the truth and justice of our countryman (would he have done as much for us?) and passed the required time for the feeding of our horses in ascending to the old castle, admiring the views from it, noticing

the ancient appearance of the town below, and the church just under us falling piecemeal to decay. We found the castle occupied by the collector of the taxes for the district; wandered round its extensive old orchard, and garden walls buried in masses of ivy; listened to the loud chorus of thousands of grilli singing in the sun; and made acquaintance with a venerable winking owl in the ivy-tod.

As we approached Wildbad, the scenery became again more and more like that of the Black Forest. All the hill-tops were covered with sable pine woods, while deep between ran the valleys with rapid streams, and meadows intensely green. The valley of the Enz, in which Wildbad lies, is very singular and striking. High above, stretch the long unbroken slopes of pine; lower down, lie cultivated hanging fields, with houses and fruit trees in abundance; at bottom, richest meadows, dotted over with wooden barns, grey and weather-beaten, in which all the hay is housed; while the river hurries along, bearing with it endless quantities of timber and slabs of wood. Every few hundred yards are weirs and locks, and a sort of traps for timber. Here the pines, which on certain occasions are floated along by letting loose great reservoirs of water in the mountains, are made into small rafts, and guided down to the larger rivers. Here are saw-mills busy ripping up vast quantities also of this timber. You meet everywhere wagons loaded with these boards. You see them stacked up in great piles to dry. Every place abounds with wood, and bears evidence to the great traffic of the country. On the hill sides you see the smoke of charcoal fires, other charcoal floors piled with wood ready for burning, and loads of charcoal also on the road. Here and there you see men with long hooks busy loosening wood in the stream which has lodged, and obstructs the descent of the rest; and as for the wood itself, it is perpetually tossing along the stream in the most restless and whimsical manner. Slabs, boards, and fire timber in pieces about four feet long, all are in hurry and galloping along the waters, and present one of the oddest sights imaginable.

As you approach Wildbad, the ranges of hills become higher and higher, and more unbroken, the valley narrower, and the whole scene assumes a wilder and sterner character. After immediately quitting Baden, the change to Wildbad is not attractive. The

place is a long, ordinary German dorf. It has nothing alluring in its aspect; and the country around has a sternness and a solitary wildness, which makes a disadvantageous comparison with the open riant vale and country of Baden. In fact, you find yourself walled in in a deep narrow glen of the Black Forest between two long and lofty ranges of pine-clad mountains; and wherever you look, you find no objects of that character which are calculated to enliven the spirits of an invalid. Dr. Granville has cried up the place into some notoriety; and much benefit having been received by some Russian princes there, a tolerable amount of company has been drawn thither; but it can never become a formidable rival of Baden. It wants the room, the cheerful open vale, the lively variety of hill and dale of Baden; and the long, monotonous ranges of the pine hills seem to shut you out from the rest of the universe. Yet new baths are building; an immense and dashing hotel, the Belle Vue, is already erected, where we found ourselves received by a very grand porter in livery and a polite landlord, but with more splendour than comfort. It was here that we began to be treated to those damp sheets which we found afterwards so very common in the south and east of Germany, but which they tell you, while they cling round you like a skin, are not damp—only a little fresh.

In Wildbad, we met with two of our Heidelberg friends, the amiable Geheimrätthin Ehrhard and her amiable daughter, with whom we walked down the valley of the Enz, and found its land full of the upper and nether springs, of little headlong brooks and streams, tumbling from the mountains like boys rolling down a hill till they are too dizzy to stop themselves.

To enjoy a place like Wildbad we should not look upon it as a place so much affording amusement in itself, as a centre from which to plunge in various directions into the wild and primitive regions of the Black Forest, which still extends itself from this neighbourhood to Basle and Constance. To explore the deep woods, the wild lakes and waters; to chase the boar from his recesses beneath the thickest shades of the old pine woods, the haunts of the spirits Glassmännlein and Holländer Michel; to talk with the woodmen, the charcoal-burners, and the busy wooden clockmakers of Friburg, and see the timber-floaters preparing their rafts, and setting forth

on their voyage to the Rhine and to Holland. Our route was different. We went up through the woods by a new road not then quite completed, leading thence to Stuttgard. The woods seemed unending, and we went on, again admiring the splendid growth and noble figure of these lordly pines. Great numbers of men were busy finishing the road, from which we issued into a livelier region of oak and beech woods, with deep views of narrow valleys lying between. Here were prospects over a far country; and here a village lying in its own little opening in the woods, so clean, so quiet, so picturesque, and so shut out from the rest of mankind, that it seemed a spot for the inhabitants to dream over their very work in the sunny fields, and for legends and old-world stories to linger in for ever.

On the descending slope of these hills we paused at the beautifully lying and happy-looking town of Hirschau, where are some



manufactories of blue cloth, and attended by a sensible peasant-woman, wandered through the extensive ruins of the castle and

convent, destroyed by the savage Melac, in the war of the Palatinate, in the seventeenth century. Here, in what was once the church, but is now a garden, we saw the tomb of the celebrated Bishop Aurelius, which was only discovered two or three years ago. We dined at the busy, manufacturing, yet miserable looking old town of Calw, where a Gasthaus, promising little, produced at a very cheap rate a most excellent dinner and good wine. Our way hence was through unending corn-fields, all the way to Stuttgard. The people in the Swabian costume; the men in the small black scull-cap, black leather breeches, and long light-coloured coats; others in this dress, with short jackets, remind us unavoidably of the figure of the Sieben Schwaben in the Folks Books. The women in a little black head-dress of ribbon and lace, having also very broad short waists, wonderfully thick full skirts, and high-heeled shoes.



About four miles from Stuttgard we passed the royal park, called the Solitude, with a fence of boards of a very un-English look. We could not sufficiently enjoy, in the fineness of the weather, the wide clear prospects, the country full of busy happy-looking people gathering their corn; and not less, the profusion of beautiful wild-flowers which grew in the openings of the unfenced woods and by the road side. They were such as are common to our gardens, but not to our fields. Amongst them were some splendid specimens of salvias, and others that we did not know. The wild pinks were profusely abundant and beautiful; many of them with their intense crimson, marking the turf between the beech woods with their vivid bloom, and others, a foot or more in height, of fringed lilac, and of the most delicious odour. The charm of all woods lying open as you travel, is inexpressible. We descended at every slight ascent in the roads from the carriage, strolled sometimes through the woods, sometimes along the grassy margins of the road, and at one grasp could take up a whole sheaf of flowers, that would have been the pride of our gardens, and that to the great amusement of our bluff kutchner, who had been accustomed to see them on the road-side all his life.

STUTTGARD.

Evening saw us descending into Stuttgart, and enter which way you will, you must descend. Stuttgart is another of the German capitals which appears to have been set down by accident. It lies in the bottom of a deep basin, and is surrounded by hills covered with vineyards, and very barely diversified with trees, so that in summer it is intensely hot. The winds pass over it, and the rays of the sun striking on the high enveloping slopes, make it something like a brass basin on a good fire. One might have imagined that it was the bank of some inviting river which had induced this location—but no. There is no river at all; and to create the presence of water, a series of ponds has been made in the public gardens, which, being totally stagnant, are in this boiling hollow, not refreshments, but additional nuisances. What makes it the more remarkable is, that Stuttgart is likewise quite a modern city; and only two English miles off lies the delightful Neckar, in a beautiful country, which offered its attractions and advantages for the founding of a capital to the blind mortals who set it down here.

Stuttgart, which might possibly be a little dull, as a place of residence, is a very agreeable little city to visit. Its population does not amount to forty thousand, yet there is much more evidence of life than in Carlsruhe. Its main street, the Königs Strasse, is a noble one, running through the whole city; and the castle, the palace, the theatre, the parliament-house, its squares and churches, give it much more of variety. Here too is an immense barracks of soldiers, and their parade and moving to and fro add to the vivacity of the scene. The people too are very cordial and hospitable, well meriting the character of *Die guten Schwaben*; the good Swabians. The residence of Danecker, and of many celebrated men, has also given a feeling of art and literature to the place, besides that it lies in a beautiful and flourishing country. The worst things about it are its immediate position, the blinding hills around it, the want of water, and the glaring whiteness of its streets and houses—a general drawback to German towns, where the houses must all be white, to the severe trial of your eyesight in the blazing summer sunshine.

Our inn was in the Post Platz, formerly the Waldhorn, now

the Hotel de Russie, one of the most charming inns of Germany. We were at once at home here, in its clean, elegant, comfortable rooms. The landlord himself was one of the most polite and friendly men imaginable; and, as a natural consequence, the same spirit was visible amongst all the servants. There was a zealous, though not fussy appearance of desire to make you quite at home. Tea and breakfast, which we took in our own rooms, were served elegantly and promptly, and our longer abode only confirmed our first impressions.

The next day being Sunday, enabled us to take a view in our walk through the city, of the general air and appearance of the Stuttgard people. As everywhere else in Germany, they were a well-dressed and happy-looking population, swarming abroad in the streets, the palace gardens, and into the country on all sides.

The castle, or old palace, soon arrested our attention in the heart of the city, by its size and old feudal air, so different to the buildings around, which have sprung up during the last forty years. Its lofty towers and battlements; its heavy-arched gateways, and pillared courts traversed by slow-passing sentinels, seemed to belong to the days of Ulric of Würtemberg, and the times so well described in Hauff's *Lichstenstein*, when the sovereign was expelled by his nobles for his oppressions, and they in turn were pursued for theirs by the enraged peasantry, their castles burned, and themselves massacred when taken, in the servile war so well known in German history, as the *Bauern-Krieg*.

Near this old palace, and in front of the Stift's Kirche, stands the statue of Schiller by Thorwaldsen, cast in bronze by Stiegel-meyer of Munich. It is a figure larger than life, wrapped in a long robe and crowned with laurel. The head is inclined, as deeply thinking. I cannot say that it strikes me as one of Thorwaldsen's happiest efforts, nor to be compared at all in merit to Danecker's fine intellectual bust. The figures of Schiller in plaster are miniature copies of this statue.

The new palace stands not far from the old, in a fine open space, with avenues of trees, and its extensive gardens coming up to one side of it. It is a building of great extent; its chief front fine, and surmounted by a huge gilt crown, which has been much criticised. The palace itself, however, has a cheerful and very

homelike air. With the exception of the great crown, it has too a very unpretending air; and its gardens full of flowers and orange trees, and a fine group of nymphs by Danecker, make a very agreeable impression on the spectator.

The house and studio of Danecker are near the palace. The house is small and modest, seeming by its contrast with the palace and theatre and other buildings around, to say as plainly as possible that genius beautifies large houses, but does not dwell in them. The interior had the same domestic look; yet you saw at once that you had entered the abode of mind. A maid-servant opened the door for us, and conducted us into the studio. An outer room was filled with casts from the most celebrated antiques; as, the Apollo Belvedere, the Venus de Medici, the Head of Antinous, the Sleeping Fawn, the Achilles, the Dying Gladiator, the Head of Minerva, etc. The studio itself seems to present to you the history of the artist. The walls were covered with rough sketches. There were numbers of first attempts, and the models of works afterwards completed and become celebrated. There stood the model of the first work which won him fame, the Milo of Cortona. But glorious amidst these stood forth one of his most noble works, the magnificent bust of Schiller. We had heard that Danecker in his latter years, and when his genius was sinking beneath the ruins of a time-worn constitution, had, with a fatal fondness, been perpetually at work on this splendid image of his old friend and countryman, touching and retouching till he had annihilated the most striking marks of genius. How great was our surprise and pleasure to find how happily unfounded this was. If it be indeed now inferior to what it ever was, we may lament the fact; but we cannot in any degree feel sensible of it, for a more beautifully expressive bust cannot be imagined. It is colossal, but only enough so to answer to our conception of the genius of the man. The fine philosophic calm, the lofty, pure, and gentle humanity which breathes from every feature, are wholly worthy of both the poet and the sculptor. The author of "Wallenstein" and "The Robbers" stands before us as we imagine him in the moment when he had sketched the lovely character of Thekla, or the erratic nobility of Karl Moor, and reflected on his work with the deep satisfaction of the intellectual creator, who feels that he has realised his finest conceptions

of human nature, and conferred on mankind a perpetual addition to their objects of admiration and affection.

By this grand achievement of united friendship and genius stands the first bust of Schiller, taken from the life, and which so much disappointed him, inspiring him with a despairing feeling, that while retaining an exact likeness, he had conveyed with it no idea of the poet's power and sentiment. The conception of the poet and the philosopher in the mind of the artist was far greater, as it must be in those of his readers, than the actual dimensions of the physical man; and it was only when he amplified his idea in the marble, that he found it at all commensurate with his internal sense. One sees at once, by the comparison here afforded, how astonished and disappointed he must have felt in beholding the bust after nature. There is all the likeness as preserved in the large head, but there is not that spirit of the broad and beautiful about it which animates this larger work. In the one, we have the physical form and dimension; in the other, that form and dimension which Schiller would present to the imagination of Danecker as he lived before him in the serene greatness of his genius. In the one, we have the real poet, godlike, and in that "large utterance" which the power of mind gave to the outward form; in the other, that outward form as it would appear to the eye ignorant of his great and generous genius. There is also a cast of Schiller's features taken after death, equally bearing testimony to the fidelity of the sculptor in preserving the genuine features of the man, while by his faculty of ideality he has given to us a satisfying image of the greatest writer of Germany, so far as true greatness consists in a godlike use of godlike faculties and qualities, a lofty and independent nature, a noble heart, a proud and magnanimous love of freedom and of intellect, and an incorruptible sentiment of purity, modesty, affection, and gentleness.

A cast of his bust of Goethe, equally excellent in its kind, testifies how perfectly Danecker had entered into the differing genius of the two great intellectual lights of Germany. Here stands Schiller in his simple greatness, the very embodiment of a man who bore his faculties meekly; here Goethe, in his more knowing and many-sided character. Here is the unworldly, pure, patriotic and philosophic essence; here the courtier, the Geheimrath,

the man of the world and the age. Here the broad, transparent mind, which seeks and commands admiration rather by its clear breadth, by the grasp and compass of a production as a whole, than by the verbal and fanciful beauties of any individual part. Here the restless, active, subtle and searching spirit which pores into all corners of life, systematically clothes itself with all knowledge and accomplishments, has the same relish for the satirical as the tender, for the ridiculous as the passionate, and follows the bizarre adventures of Faust and Mephistophiles with as much gusto as he dwells on the morbid sensibility of Werter, or the patriotic plans of Egmont. The one, calling us up to the heights of loftiest humanity, of philosophic purity and generous heroism, with the eloquent earnestness of a demi-god; the other, like his own demoniac hero, appearing in all places, in all shapes and disguises, dancing with witches on the Brocken, with handwerk-burschen and their fat maidens at the Wirthshaus, lingering for months in a company of strolling players, now hammer in hand geologizing, now philosophizing on light and colours, now throwing off endless slight snatches of wit or satire, complimentary or jovial song, and now seriously working out a splendid tragedy, presenting to you in all his sorrows a Tasso or an Iphigenia, with the most living fire of passion and heroic greatness of sentiment. The one, perhaps, the most wonderful in the extent and variety of his powers, his tastes, his acquirements and experience; the other, more sublimely great by the full and conscientious embodiment in himself of all that is high, and pure, and magnanimous in the heart and soul of man.

The simple-minded sculptor has given to his country, and to the civilised world, gifts of inestimable value in the exquisite busts of these two great men; but he has given to mankind at large a still more precious one in his statue of the Christ. This, which was his favourite work, the offspring of his inmost heart and mind, has been often sharply criticised, and much carped at by some of his own countrymen. Bonstetten, in a letter to Frederike Brunn, from Stuttgard, in 1822, says, "I was yesterday with Danecker. I thought myself in Italy, and sought you in all corners. Danecker was so kind to me! He spoke his inmost thoughts to me. For three years he has been employed on a statue of Christ, which commands his whole soul. He related to me many things of ladies

and children, who, at the sight of the statue, were so greatly moved that it gave him the greatest joy. I restrained myself from saying that they would have wept just as much before the most wretched image of the Virgin, as perhaps the Egyptians before their dogs and birds heads. To me, this statue of Jesus, which the Empress-Mother has ordered for Petersburg, is not striking. I hate allegorical images in general, and Jesus-god is to me too metaphysical for an image. Very beautiful it cannot be, on account of the coarse clothing. Bodily beautiful as Apollo or Hebe, it may not be. The gentlemen from Olympus are beautiful, since they are idealized men; but a god-man appears to me as adventurous as an Anubis with a dog's head. As I observed to Danecker that there was something in the under-lip from the Apollo, he told me that he had been obliged to chase Apollo out of his studio as a seducer. The Jesus strikes me as a handsome country clergyman. Michael Angelo alone has in his Moses hit off our demi-gods. But Danecker is quite Michael Angelo in Schiller's bust. Flesh, life, and truth are in his bust so as they are in no others. There is no death in his marble—not in the eyes, even,—and there reigns a German nobility in his portraits which cling fast to the truth, but fully reach it."

The remark of Bonstetten, that a Jesus-god is too metaphysical to be beautiful, will probably be by many thought itself more metaphysical than just. His observation that a man-god cannot be made beautiful as the mythologic deities, is little short of absurd; for all these idealized men which he so much admired, were in the eyes of their worshippers, men-gods. Our gifted and art-loving countrywoman, Mrs. Jameson, who is moreover an enthusiastic admirer of Danecker's genius, has, on the contrary, not found his statue equal to her ideal of the subject; while to me it appears one of the most holily successful creations of genius that modern times have produced. The Ariadne, of which here is a cast, and of which I have seen the finished work in Frankfort, is full of the poetical felicity of its mythological subject, and places Danecker amongst the ablest creators of grace and beauty. Seated on her panther, she looks forward into the Olympic heaven, to which she is approaching as the bride of a god, and yet with the sure confidence of that beauty which Schiller so finely says, is a born queen,

that she is worthy of her destiny. But what a far higher and more difficult subject is the Christ. The very fact of the man-god, which in the eyes of Bonstetten stands in the way of its success, only serves to enhance immeasurably the glory of success where it is achieved,—the mystery of Christ's unparalleled position, of this unparalleled phenomenon; the strange and mysterious blending of the qualities and powers of the two natures; the God in the humblest walks of humanity; the man permeated and etherealized by the God. Yet, to my feeling, Danecker has in nothing succeeded more than in this daring and most arduous attempt. It was after his own heart and soul, and in none of his works do we find so much of his own peculiar character, that of simple spirituality and deep devotion.

The finished work, as remarked by Bonstetten, is gone to Russia; but the model, in clay, stands in the Spital Kirche, the munificent present of the artist himself. There it stands, seeming to cast around it an atmosphere of peace and holiness. The figure is above the size of life, wrapped in a rather tight robe, such as he is represented to have worn, which, without any ornament in itself, yet displays the figure of the Saviour in the freshness of youth, with sufficient grace for him who was to appear on the earth without "mark or comeliness," attracting attention not so much by personal beauty as by his divine disposition. It is in the head and face, which are at once youthful, noble, and dignified, that this sentiment and character are most eminently displayed. You feel that such might Christ have appeared in the streets of Jerusalem, in the mountains and fields, and by the waysides of Judea. The young and earnest man, with his divine character written broadly on his whole form, but more pre-eminently in his face. The phrenological character of his head has not been forgotten: there *must* exist a godlike intellect, a godlike benevolence; pity, deep as from heaven to earth; firmness, calm but fixed, and clear as the sky; but nothing but a soul thoroughly penetrated with the sentiment of the New Testament, and with a living comprehension of the whole nature of Christ, could have stamped on clay the mingled attributes of divinity and humanity as they are here molten into one heavenly whole. The divine intellect, the authority without haughtiness, boundless love without passion; the most gracious tolerance, yet

“severe in youthful beauty” enough to awe the presumptuous and denounce the base; the gentleness to feel for human sufferings, and the philosophic power to sustain his own: these all answer here to the requirings of your heart and understanding, a far more glorious result of the artist’s deep spirit of love and adoration, than mere intellect could win from the highest combination of mythological beauty and sentiment.

In the artist’s studio were also the three heads of the Christ which he had successively modelled till he had completely developed his conception, and each succeeding one shews for itself that each following attempt brought him nearer to it. By the side of these, his Psyche appeared somewhat childish. His Cupid, and the Nymph weeping over the dead bird; his St. John, his Sappho, and others, particularly charmed us; but a bust of Lavater, and two heads of a husband and wife whose names I have forgotten, attracted much more our admiration. Than the two latter nothing could be more beautiful, so full were they of affection, amiability, and refined mind. Besides these were heads numberless of kings and queens, dukes and duchesses; amongst them a very fine and characteristic one of Prince Metternich. Here also stood a little family group from the Flood, by Professor Wagner, a pupil of Danecker’s, most exquisite in its natural pathos.

It was a high gratification to us, after quitting the studio, to be introduced to the venerable sculptor himself. It was but just in time; they who seek him here now, will not find him—he is since deceased. We found him seated on an elevated wooden bench in his garden, under the shade of a large pear-tree, where he could overlook the square in which stands the Palace and Theatre, and amuse himself with watching the passing people. He was upwards of eighty years of age, of healthy but of feeble appearance, and looking himself like one of Homer’s old men sitting on the wall of Troy in the sunshine, in the quiet enjoyment of nature’s out-of-door blessings. We had heard that he was quite childish, and were agreeably surprised to find him so perfectly rational, collected, and with no further appearance of childishness than that resulting from the feebleness of old age. In his venerable face and long white locks we could recognise much of that simple and christian character which had dictated the statue of the Christ, and in his

cordial manner, the spirit which he had drawn from Christ's religion. He came to meet us, told us he had planted that pear-tree with his own hands, as well as most of the plants in the garden, and gathered us pears, and roses for our daughter. Mrs. Danecker, who is much younger, appeared a very kind and judicious guardian of his age. Peace to the ashes of the good old man.

The next visit in Stuttgard which gave us the most pleasure, was to Gustav Schwab, one of the most hearty and popular of the living writers of Germany. Gustav Schwab is a Protestant clergyman, and a perfect specimen of "Der gute Swaben." He has written poetry, history, and much miscellaneous literature, all characterized by great talent and kind-heartedness. He seems particularly to delight in whatever does honour to his beautiful native state Württemberg. He has described in graphic colours the interesting region of the Swabian Alps. He was the friend of Hauff, the young and popular romance writer, who was cut off too soon for his own full fame and the public enjoyment. We found Herr Schwab inhabiting a large old-fashioned parsonage, and just returned from delivering his forenoon sermon. He received us in the heartiest manner; and in truth, you saw at the first glance more conspicuously his native good cordial-heartedness, than his poetical character. He is about the middle height, broad built, with a reddish face, very round brown eyes, and a deal of rough, short, straight grey hair. He entered from a side door, with a profound bow and a wondering air; but when we made our explanations, he welcomed us in the warmest manner, and in a few moments we were talking of Hauff, of Lichstenstein, of Swabia, of poetry, as if we had been acquainted for years. He took us into his study; a large old room full of books, and ornamented with a bust of Hauff and a portrait of the poet Uhland. He introduced us to his daughter, and to his wife; the latter, to all appearance, a genuine German housekeeper. He appeared delighted to learn that I had translated, in "The Student Life of Germany," one or two of his Student songs, in particular his "Bursche's Departure." He told this to his wife with great animation, saying to us, as he pointed to her, "There is the Liebchen of the song!"

At the table d'hôte we found several English. The obliging host, after dinner, drove us out in his handsome carriage to Kanstadt,

a watering-place some six miles off, very agreeably situated near the Neckar. Here we wandered over the hills, having a fine view of the hills round Stuttgart; and on our right of Rosenstein, a summer palace of the king; and then entered the Kursaal, a handsome new building, behind and within which spout up fountains of the bright effervescing water, much resembling Seltzer water. Here the country people, and also crowds from Stuttgart, were walking about or in the gardens and avenues, in great enjoyment. The hall is adorned with beautifully painted ceilings, and has on its walls views of the most celebrated baths in Germany. The most striking thing to see is, how much is done everywhere for the public enjoyment of the people, and how perfectly natural they seem to think that it should be so.

4. JOURNEY TO MUNICH, BY TÜBINGEN, ULM,
AND AUGSBURG.

HERE we dismissed our bluff, but with the serious exception of capsizing us, very tolerable old Kutscher, and engaged one returning to Tübingen, a tall, thin, chattering fellow, in a great pair of old boots. This man was loud in his praises of Würtemberg. Ah! we should see a country now! He would go all the way to Augsburg with us. He knew the Swabian Alps, Lichstein, the Nebel Höhle, and heaven knows what. He went singing along, on his dicky, "Der Wirthin Töchterlein," and other songs of Uhland, the poet of his native Tübingen. Who shall say that a prophet has no honour in his own country? And truly a lovely country it was; not in any great or romantic features, but waving in hill and dale, all full of sunshine, corn-fields, vineyards, fruit trees, and a busy, sunny, and happy looking peasantry. Our jolly leather-legs, as we named him from his great boots, drew up at the dirty, yet interesting dorf of Waldenbuch, where we were received by the good talkative host, mentioned at page 193, and conducted by him to the grave of Danecker's parents; for Danecker was born here, being the son of a groom of the Duke of Würtemberg, and himself a stable boy. How many great sculptors have risen from such a station! Here we saw the solitary apothecary, and heard the adventures of the sledging-party, also mentioned in the same place.

Of the old-fashioned university town of Tübingen we need not say more than that it is sweetly seated by the Neckar, in an opening in a range of hills that stand in the level country; has steep streets, an old castle, an old University (a new and splendid one is now building), old houses, an old-world-looking set of long-haired students; an old inn, with old looking-glasses set aloft on the walls for giants to look into them, but quite out of the reach of ordinary men; and an old table d'hôte, where some of the oldest-fashioned and blacksmith-looking people were assembled that we ever saw, all of whom we were assured were noble, with some young men, also noble, part of them being modern and fantastic, and part antediluvian.

But in this town, which has educated numbers of the most celebrated men of Germany, and has stood many a siege and storm in the stormy times of the nation, lives Uhland, one of the oldest and one of the finest lyrical poets of his country. Like his town and townsmen, Uhland has somewhat of an old-world look. He has never travelled much from home; has a nervous manner, and that the more remarkable in a man who, as a member of the Würtemberg parliament, has distinguished himself as a bold speaker and maintainer of the most liberal principles. In consequence of his very liberal political creed, he has now withdrawn both from the chamber and from his professorship in the University; and possessing a competent fortune, devotes his life to life's happiest, and one of its most honourable pursuits, that of poetry. It has been said of him, by a witty townsman, that he is a genuine nightingale; to be heard and not seen. But this is a little too severe. Though somewhat plain in person, and fidgety in manner, these are things which are speedily forgotten in the enthusiasm of intellectual conversation. He lives in a house on the hill-side overlooking the Neckar bridge, as you go out towards Ulm. Above lie his pleasant garden and vineyard, and hence he has a full view of the distant Swabian Alps, shutting in with their varied outlines one of the most rich, beautiful, and animated landscapes in that pleasant Swabian land. His wife, a bright-looking cheerful lady, came in from the garden with her work-basket, in which was an English edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, which she had been reading. She appeared well used to society, and very well read and intelli-

gent. They have no children, but have adopted a very pretty sharp boy as their foster son. Uhland, indeed, appears to lead a happy and independent life here. Happy in his amiable and sensible wife, who highly admires his genius, and in the midst of his native scenes, to which, like all Swabians, he is much attached, and enjoying throughout Germany a high and firm reputation.

Uhland has rarely attempted any poems of much length. His forte lies in lyrical harmony, and felicity of expressing the poetry of human life and of the national taste. Simplicity, elegance, and imaginative essence, eminently characterise his productions. In simplicity he often reminds you of Wordsworth in his small poems, as his "Lucy Grey," his "Ruth," his "We are Seven," etc.; but unlike Wordsworth, he is never metaphysical. The Germans have so much of metaphysics in cloudy, long-winded, and unintelligible prose, that they have a very natural abhorrence of it in poetry. Hence they cannot bear Wordsworth, and have little relish for more of Coleridge than his "Ancient Mariner." Uhland's "Der Wirthin Töchterlein,"—the Landlady's Daughter,—is a perfect specimen of truest pathos in the extremest simplicity. It is set to music as purely simple, and is sung and played with enthusiasm all over Germany.

Uhland has the rare art of saying much in few words, and these too, words of no pretence to startling or astonishing power; but they are the true servants of the imaginative faculty, and convey far more to the mind than to the ear or eye of the reader. He rejoices in all the amenities of the seasons and of nature. "The Boy on the Hills," "The Shepherd's Sunday Song," "The Gardener's Song," "The Mild Day," "The Herd Boy," "The Churchyard in Spring," "The Songs in Spring," "The Gossamer," "The Lark," "May Dew," "The Poppy and Mallow in the Fields," "The Hunter's and Wanderer's Songs," and numbers of such things, which in ordinary hands would be very ordinary affairs, are made to speak the sentiments of a heart and soul in fullest union with nature and with man. His Fatherland Songs are equally full of the spirit of patriotism. In every custom, ceremony, and feeling of social life, he is the representative of the popular feeling, in the happy and the sorrowful, the festive and the sober. The opening or the closing scenes of life; the garland of the bride,

and of the funeral; the tears of separation and of perished love; the song of the poor man, and the triumphant lay of the victorious soldier,—all find their natural and their necessary place in his poetry. But where he seems even still more to be at home, is in the romantic regions of the Middle Ages. Almost all the striking characters of the old romances have a tribute, almost all their noblest incidents have received from his pencil new life and a new colouring. In these he has confined himself to no one country, and besides the “Little Roland,” “Roland the Shield-bearer,” “Siegfried’s Sword,” “Bertram de Born,” “Ritter Paris,” “The Ritter St. George,” “The Jungfrau Sieglinde,” “Charlemagne’s Voyage,” “The Blind King,” “The Dying Hero,” “The Lost Church,” “The Sunken Convent,” “Robert of Normandy,” etc.; the English reader will find the “Chase of Winchester,” that is, the Death of Rufus, “Merlin,” and “The Luck of Eden Hall.”

Our journey on leaving Tübingen was still through this cheerful, busy, corn-land of Würtemberg, the Swabian Alps rising more and more distinct before us. These are hills which, though called alps, are of no very great elevation, but very much varied in their outlines, and very attractive in their aspect;—vineyards below, where their feet stretched themselves into the richly-cultivated plain, and old castles, and lofty peaks, and solemn woods above. We were now in the very midst of the scenes of Hauff’s admirable story of “Lichstenstein.” There was the little fortified town of Reutlingen. There were the peasant girls, exactly such in person and costume as described by him. The yellow hair uncovered with cap or bonnet, and falling down the back in two long tails plaited through and through with many-coloured ribbons. The round, friendly faces, full of health, tinged with the sun, but not so much so as to darken the lovely youthful rose of the cheeks. The lively blue eyes glancing beneath the long lashes. The white and many-plaited sleeves, covering the comely arms to the wrists; the red bodice, or Mieder, as they call it, laced with silver chains across the front, and bound with white and ornamental lines, fitting neatly to the body; with a short, full, black petticoat, reaching scarcely over the knee. The snow-white jaunty apron, and white stockings with tall clocks, held up by handsomely embroidered garters.

Presently we were in Pfullingen itself, the dorf whence George Sturmfeder, the hero of the story, set out to Lichstenstein castle; and in the very inn where he passed some of the most torturing hours of his life. It was curious to hear the very dialect spoken by the pretty Barbele, the daughter of the Piper of Hardt, and the "runde Frau," her mother, spoken all around us, and to see the vast popularity which Hauff's romance had attained here. The rooms in the little inn were all adorned with rude, coloured prints from the story. The Wirth, the most goodnatured of his goodnatured profession here, was delighted that we foreigners were so much charmed with their favourite writer. He brought us out Hauff's works, and all the people came to talk of Hauff and his capital story. But they told us one thing that was not very agreeable. That the Graf Wilhelm of Würtemberg had rebuilt the castle since the celebrity it had acquired through this story, but that it was not yet internally completed, and till then he had strictly forbidden any one to see it. We were resolved to go to it, were it only to see its situation and exterior. Then off ran our good host to get us a vorspan, that is, an additional pair of horses, as the ascent was about six miles and very steep. He told us what we were to pay for it, and then, after scratching his head, and putting his finger to his nose in very German style several times, and saying it was very unlucky that we could not see the inside of the Schloss, suddenly he recollected that he had a very good friend in the master painter there, and down he sate and wrote a letter to him that he thought would open the doors to us. All this the good fellow did, though we could scarcely spend a kreutzer with him, having just before breakfasted; but that he said, throwing up his hands, was nothing, it was his pleasure, it was his duty; and he was delighted to assist foreigners who were admirers of Hauff. In short, so goodnatured a fellow never was seen.

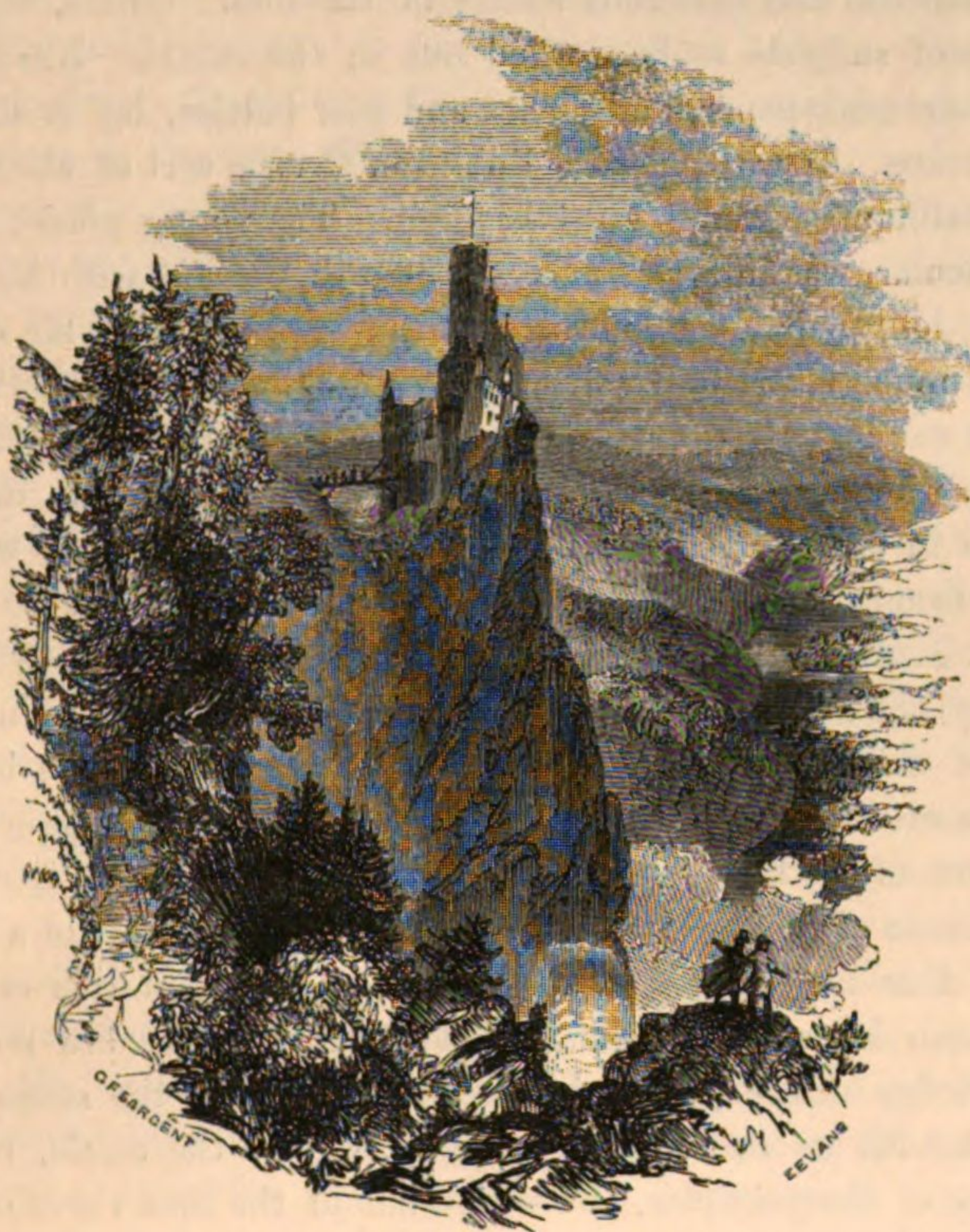
Away then we went towards Lichstenstein. The hills reared themselves in many a tempting form before us. The way became steeper and steeper. We got out and walked up before the carriage. Wild flowers of many beautiful kinds, and wild raspberries in abundance, invited us forward through the mountain roads. As from time to time we looked behind us, the views of the green valleys, forests, villages, and far-stretching country below, became more and

more enchanting. In about two hours we seemed to have reached the height of the hills. Our guide with his vorspan led us through woods and untrodden grass, till halting in a thicket, he told us we must here descend to the Nebel Höhle, or Cave of Mist, where the expatriated Prince Ulric of Würtemberg had concealed himself from the pursuit of his nobles of the Swabian Band and their allies the Bavarians, coming every night to Lichstenstein for food and warmth, and standing before the drawbridge announced himself by saying: "Der Mann ist da"—The man is here.

A boy had been sent before to give notice to a peasant of the next village who shews the cave, and he was there prepared with pine torches, by whose light we descended into this vast and truly fine cavern. The entrance is very small, in the side of the wooded hill, in a place very obscure; and being in Ulric's time only known to his firm adherent, the possessor of Lichstenstein, and its entrance concealed by thick boughs, it was a most secure though not very enviable retreat for the outlawed prince. Its stalactite halls and pillars, its fanciful throne, Ulric's cave aloft, far within the cavern, its echoes, and starry glare as lit up with the torches, are very graphically described by Hauff. We proceeded hence through woods and over corn-fields, down sudden descents and over actual rocks, without any real road—in a style which would have knocked any English carriage to pieces—and at length arrived at the castle itself.

The delightful and impressive situation of Lichstenstein Schloss is one of the things of which neither pen nor pencil can give any adequate idea. With all the poetical enthusiasm with which Hauff has described it, he has still left you, on reaching it, a feeling of delightful surprise. It stands aloft in this elevated and solitary region, amidst brooding woods and alpine fields; and it is only when you come to its foot that you perceive that in front of it the ground is torn away and rent open into a deep and winding valley, the bottom of which nature and man have now clothed in the richest green; while on each hand, and at its head, where the castle stands, rise the great walls of rock, high and naked. Above these cliffs you see, right and left, woods and mountain tops, and in the valley below you lie smiling fields and villages, and beyond these opens out upon the plain this charming valley (where at its

right-hand point rears itself a singular conical mountain), and gives a vast and airy prospect over the lower country. The castle itself is necessarily small—a true eagle's nest—standing at the head of



this valley on an isolated mass of rock, and only accessible by a drawbridge; passing over which, you may look below and see the black precipices around descending to a vast depth.

Our worthy host's letter had the desired effect. We found two artists here: one, the painter in question from Nürnberg; the other, a glass-painter from Regensburg. They were young, well-educated, and superior men. They had established themselves in a very characteristic style here, in a sort of outhouse fitted up for them near the castle, at once for their lodging and studio. Here we found them living with their great dogs, having beds and rude furniture knocked up for the occasion. There was a strange and

picturesque confusion of drawings, colours, books—amongst them some of Scott's novels,—and household utensils scattered over the large room. The walls were all covered with designs in charcoal; some, fanciful and ludicrous whims of the hour; others, the first outlines of subjects to be worked out in the castle. Knapsacks, rolls of drawing-paper, and dishes and beer bottles, lay in singular conjunction. It was indeed a Robinson Crusoe sort of abode, and the inhabitants were in good keeping. The young glass-painter, in particular, was in appearance a thorough Bursch, with his loose surtout, long hair, open shirt-collar, and moustachios. He shewed us with much alacrity his painted glass for the windows, with coats of arms and historic figures, all most rich and beautiful. His brother painter, who was decorating the walls and ceilings of the interior, took us in and shewed us the works in progress. They were all in the beautiful style and taste of which we shall have to speak anon at Munich. The lower suite of rooms consists chiefly of the armoury, the library, and a sweet little chapel, then quite unfinished. Some of the ceilings were most gloriously carved; others had the walls painted in the most graceful richly-coloured arabesques, and scenes out of the history of Ulric, in connexion with the place, from the romance of Hauff. It is a proud thing for the fame of a young author, that his pen should have thus raised again this castle to more than its ancient splendour, and that princes are ready to acknowledge native genius by their embellishing the scene of its triumph with its own proper trophies. Near the castle, too, on the edge of the precipice, and where one of the best views is commanded, the Graf has placed on a short column a bust of the young author who has given so lasting a charm to this spot.

We dined at the house of the Forstmeister near, which is also an inn, and were waited on by his pretty and merry daughter; and on leaving experienced a striking instance of good sense in a village Bürgermeister. The man with the vorspan had contrived, while we were looking at the castle and dining, to persuade our kutchler that we had another hill to ascend, and that it would be impossible for him to reach the next village without taking him farther. The Forstmeister's daughter said: "Nothing of the kind; it was all descent, and most of it steep." Still the kutchler was so much frightened that he would not go on without the man. I therefore

told the man that he might go on at a fixed price, and if there proved to be up-hill, I would pay him, if nothing but down-hill, I would not. He went on, and all was rapid down-hill. When, therefore, he took off his horses at the point where his homeward way diverged, I refused to pay him, and he became very violent and menacing. I told him, that if he insisted on the payment, he must come to the next village to the Bürgermeister, and ordered the coachman to drive on. He attempted to stop the horses, the coachman appeared frightened, and it seemed likely in that wild spot to be a troublesome affair. My firmness, however, prevailed; the coachman drove on, and the man followed. At the village inn I inquired for the Bürgermeister, and the Wirth cried out to a servant: "Hole den Schmied"—fetch the blacksmith. I replied, I did not want the blacksmith, but the Bürgermeister. "It is the same man," said he. Presently appeared the blacksmith in his shirt-sleeves, and tolerably smutty, from the forge. When he had heard the case, and the man was running on very volubly in his Swabian dialect—"Stop!" said the worthy welder of iron. "There needs only one word. Did you put your horses before the carriage or behind it?"—"Before, to be sure," replied the man very confidently.—"Then," answered honest Vulcan, "you can go about your business. Everybody knows that it's all down hill from Lichstenstein hither—and who wants a vorspan to pull him down hill? Had you put your horses behind to drag, I would have awarded you your money." A number of people in the inn before which this primitive administration of justice took place, and amongst them some genteel-looking travellers, all applauded this judgment. Not the highest minister of the realm could have given a more prompt and better one, and certainly not a cheaper; for the good man refused to receive anything for his trouble, even to partake of a bottle of wine; but wiping his mouth on his shirt-sleeve, drank a glass of beer at his own cost, expressed his satisfaction in being able to prevent imposition on a stranger, and only begged, that if we saw a countryman of his in similar need, we would help him if we could.

This night we slept at a dirty dorf amongst the hills. Our inn was the post, but the posts in villages are, as may be expected, generally wretched places. A dirty house, a dirty landlady, a

melancholy-looking landlord, a troop of dirty, squalling children, —these were the first miserable objects of our notice on entering. Our rooms upstairs were tolerable, but the floors under our feet were gritty; every thing had a dusty feeling; dead flies lay about; and who does not know the feeling of disgust towards every thing which such a spot creates? Yet the man treated us with some excellent roe-venison to supper; and we gave orders to the coachman to be moving very early in the morning.

But who can sleep in a German dorf, especially on a summer's night? At ten o'clock the watchman commences his rounds. In some cases he has a rattle, with which he introduces and concludes his call of the hour. In other cases a horn, which he blows lustily, on the good old principle of waking all the people every hour, to let them know that he is on duty, and at the same time if any thieves are about to give them notice to keep out of his way. Besides springing his rattle or blowing his horn, he sings out a rustic rhyme, varying it every hour with some piece of advice or moral saw. As in an old and very pious one:—

Hear, my masters, what I tell!
Ten has struck now by the bell.
Ten are the Commandments given
By the Lord our God from heaven.

Human watch no good can yield us.
God will watch us, God will shield us.
May He, through His heavenly might,
Give us all a happy night.

Hear, my masters, what I tell!
'T has struck eleven by the bell.
Eleven were the Apostles sound,
Who did teach the whole world round.

Human watch, etc.

Hear, my masters, what I tell!
Twelve has struck now by the bell.
Twelve did follow Jesus' name,—
Suffered with him all his shame.

Human watch, etc.

Hear, my masters, what I tell!
One has struck now by the bell.
One is God, and one alone,
Who doth hear us when we groan.

Human watch, etc.

Hear, my masters, what I tell!
Two has struck now by the bell.
Two paths before our steps divide;
Man beware, and well decide.

Human watch, etc.

Hear, my masters, what I tell!
Three has struck now by the bell.
Threefold is what's hallowed most—
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Human watch, etc.

Hear, my masters, what I tell!
Four has struck now by the bell.
Four times our lands we plough and
dress;
Thy heart, O man, till'st thou that
less?

Human watch no good can yield us;
God will watch us, God will shield
us.

May He, through His heavenly
might,
Give us all a peaceful night!

Some watchmen are fond of a different, of a jocose and satirical strain—warn their neighbours to beware of fire and thieves, and to take good care of their wives and daughters. Thus they go on from ten till four o'clock, some with a longer story, some with a shorter. In the mean time, as if the hourly watchman was not enough of a public disturber, on the church tower is stationed a still more pestilent rogue. This is the fire watch, who often lives up in the church tower with his family. His business is to walk round the tower every quarter of an hour through the night, and watch if any fire is anywhere breaking out, either in this or the adjoining dorfs. Every quarter of an hour out he comes, marches round the balcony of the steeple, gives a tremendous and dolorous blast of his horn; and if he luckily spies out a fire, rings lustily the alarm bell, or fires off a gun. In some towns a cannon is fired off when a fire is discovered breaking out anywhere in the night. If it be in the town itself, it is fired once; if in the country, twice.

The street watchman and the fire watchman aloft having kept up this disturbance very manfully till about two o'clock, the cocks also crowing against one another from every part of the place, by that time all the hamlet is astir. They begin to let out their geese, which fly rejoicing, making a most infernal clangour up and down the streets, till the goosemaid or boy with infinite pains and prolongation of the hubbub collects them together, and drives them out to the common feeding-ground. Then come out the cattle. There is a lowing here and a lowing there, as first one and then another bauer lets his loose, and they make their way to the village brunnen to drink, and then the cowherd collects them, or they are again immured in their stalls. Then rush out herds of swine, more wild and bedeviled than those which ran headlong into the sea in the country of the Gadarenes; huge, gaunt, long-legged, arch-backed, greyhound-stomached, with snouts double the length of any reasonable hogs' snouts, and manes like their cousins-german the wild boars. Out they bolt savagely, here and there, as their various styres are opened, with screams and horrid guffaws, shaking each other by the ears, and scouring like hounds up the street, while the swineherd with his heavy-lashed whip, which he slings behind him, with enormous sweeps and snatches in a style peculiar to himself, makes the streets echo with as with so many

musket shots. This larum, mixed with plentiful quackling of ducks, rumbling of wagons, smacking of wagon-whips, cries of children beginning to play, and loud talking and greetings of the people going along, being somewhat abated, at three o'clock a bell rings, a band of musicians mount the church-tower, and there, with pipes and voices, commence lustily Luther's Morning Hymn.

A fine old hymn is that of Luther, and a very pious and poetical custom is this of sounding it forth from the church-tower in a morning, but to the ears of weary travellers a little too soon, rather a little too soon, is this three o'clock serenade. Yet if one could but ejaculate a hasty prayer at "this sweet hour of prime," turn over and sleep again, it would not be much amiss. But at four the watchman goes off his post, and having it in commission from certain heavy sleepers to arouse them before he departs, he now goes from one door to another, thumps loudly with his staff, rings a bell if there be one, bawls up to the chamber-window, and having pretty well wakened the whole place, and being barked at by all the pent-up dogs in it, goes home no doubt with a very pleasing feeling of well-discharged duty, and with your hearty curse to boot. Now swarms the whole living hamlet abroad; children play, bauers shout and talk, wagons rumble on more livelily than ever, troops of men and women are seen going off to the fields with hoes or rakes over their shoulders, and just as you are dropping to sleep, your coachman knocks at your door and tells you that it is five, and the carriage ready below; for in summer, if you do not mean to be baked alive on the road, you must make good use of your mornings and evenings.

Having passed much such an agreeable night here, at five we were on our way to Ulm. A lovely morning it was, and a lovely country we were in. Pleasant hills, covered with the most attractive woods, through which we walked at leisure; fields with far-off views; people busy in their corn; free airs blowing over us, and as we reached an open eminence what a startling surprise awaited us. It was the Alps! Filling the whole horizon to the south, they stretched themselves into the blue ether, and glittered and flashed their eternal snows in the morning sun like the very hills of heaven. The sight was so sudden, so totally unexpected, so overpowering in its beauty and silent sublimity, that after an exclamation of

astonishment we stood rooted to the spot in indescribable emotion. There needed no inquiry to learn what they were, though we had no idea that such a pleasure awaited us before we reached Munich—the magnificent features of that glorious mountain region were not for a moment to be mistaken. The feeling they inspired was too peculiar and exciting to be ever again effaced. Those proud mountains, with their eternal peaks and eternal snows, and about which so much of the sublimity of nature and of history hangs; over which so many of the great spirits and rulers of the world have wandered; on which the noblest poetry of the noblest human souls has been poured in wonder, and deep homage, and glowing with words fused into the richest eloquence by the fervour of intensest emotions; how clear, how delicate, as if carved in mother-of-pearl, and yet how solemn and mysterious they lay. It seemed almost too much to believe that thus in a moment, and without a moment's anticipation, that grand region of European history and sublimity had thus spread itself out before us. Those vast Alpine masses, those glittering peaks and glaciers, which, not only the lights and shades, the tempests and the silent sunshine of ages, but the spirits of Hannibal, of Cæsar, of Napoleon, of Tell, of Hofer, of Milton, Byron, and Shelley, of Rousseau and Coleridge, and millions of brave hearts and worshiping souls, have arrayed in an evergrowing interest, and have stood as the very ramparts of poetry and liberty in the eyes of all Europe.

At this moment we could not be less than sixty English miles from the nearest point of this great mountain range, and more than twice that distance from some of the chief peaks which were visible, for we were assured that almost every peak of greatest note might be hence discerned; the Jungfrau, Mont Blanc, and even St. Gothard. Be that as it may, the distinctness with which they lay in the transparent blue sky was wonderful. It was not that they seemed near, for there was a feeling of their remoteness about them, a brooding spirit of dream-like silence shrouding them. They filled the whole vast range of the south-western sky, in the very extremities of which you could discover their white and ivory-like fronts, dimly and sublimely reared; but their feet were lost in the obscurity of the far distance. They seemed to rise, as it were, out of a shadowy gulf, in mysterious contrast with their clear

sharp wall of frontage, their dreamy peaks here and there raised sublimely in the blue ether, their white snowy tracks lying between them, and the star-like flashing of glaciers, as the morning sun flamed full upon them.

This magnificent spectacle marked an epoch in our lives: it was the first glimpse we had seen of the Alps, and the peculiar and indescribable feeling which it excited continued with us for days, and still comes back on reflection with an imperishable poetic effect. It was as if we had suddenly had a peep into the mountain-land of heaven, or as if one of the planets had at once swept near the earth, giving us a view of its strange and unapproachable hills. For a great part of the forenoon our way lay over a high tract of open country, from which this glorious scene became momentarily more and more distinct. If we turned our eyes away for a short time to the bleak country around us, when we lifted them again this silent and magnificent apparition was still there, stretching like a divine and unearthly dream along the southern sky.

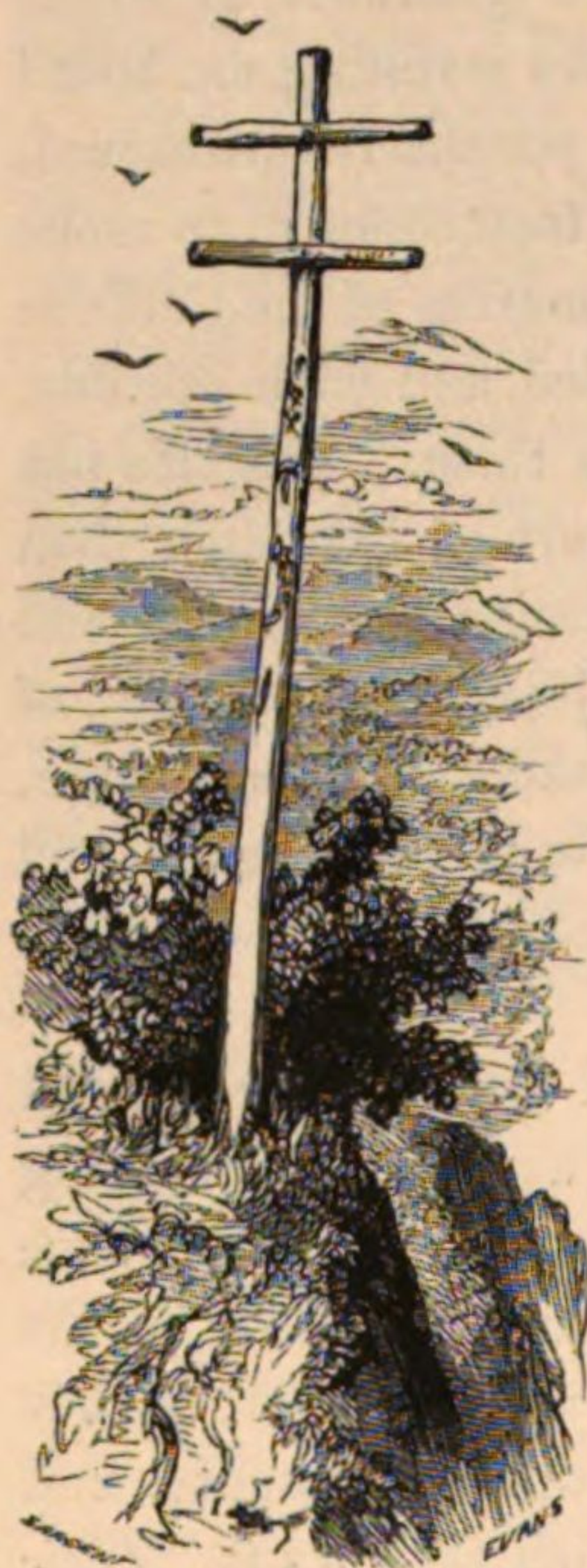
But anon we descended into lower regions, where these noble objects of contemplation were for hours together shut out, and scenes of another and not less strange, but of a humiliating kind forced themselves upon us. We were fast approaching Bavaria. We were already in a Catholic country, and beggars and wayside shrines became every moment more abundant. Wayside shrines! How beautiful, how poetical! how full of a thousand holy and traditional charms would these words have struck upon our ears in England! They would have brought all the pious and picturesque Middle Ages before us. The pilgrim, dusty and travel-worn, halting before them, and putting up his heartfelt orisons and thanksgivings. The proud baron and his train, doffing their caps and bowing lowly, as they rode to battle or the chase. The stately cavalcade going in merry pilgrimage to some distant famous shrine, crossing themselves and uttering a prayer as they went by; and the poor and weeping countrywoman, with a heart bowed down with a mountain of sorrow, here kneeling and softening the very stones with her tears, and calling in the eloquence of a wrung heart on the Mother of God for her tenderest intercession. How naturally will all such as have not witnessed the reality of these wayside shrines thus feel and think; and how lamentably different is

the truth. Not that the poor creatures for whom these things are so plentifully provided, do not thus use them; do not thus bow and pray before them; do not often feel such needs and make such appeals; but the things themselves, and the ignorance by which at the present day they are made requisite, how revolting are both!

It seems as if superstition itself had been purposely caricatured, and the very worst aspect given to the worst features of it, to make it loathsome. As if the rites and physical resources of the Catholic church had been purposely disfigured, degraded, and made hideous, in order to wean the wretched votaries from them. But this has been done with a deeper insight into the nature of ignorance than those possess who have not had so much occasion to study it, and the consequence has been such as fully to justify the cunning of the church; and this in a land where Luther and Melancthon arose, and where the light of Protestantism has been cast strong and wide by thousands of brave hearts and masculine minds, was more than we expected.

All these shrines, crosses, and images of saints, which crowd the bridges and waysides in Catholic Germany, have something especially ugly and disgusting about them. One would have thought at least that they would have been made attractive to the imagination by some degree of art and beauty; and attractive they are made, though not by beauty; but by a different quality, and a principle well understood by the church which employs it. *Their* principle of attraction is that of ghastliness and bloodiness—the principle which irresistibly draws the ignorant and superstitious mind, and that which has been employed by Paganism, the step-mother of Catholicism, in all ages, and which yet compels so many victims to the temple of Juggernaut. In the very face of the Alps, in the presence of the sublimest features of holy nature, before the handiworks of God's greatness and the beauty of his poetic revelations of himself in mountain and overarching heaven, they have dared to set up their most impudent forgeries of divinity in bareness and distortion, and have succeeded, strong in their knowledge of poor human nature. The holiest personages are here depicted in these profane and disgusting forms, which nothing but a false religion dare to attempt, and all that is intellectual and refined in Christianity is commonised and imbruted. Wayside crosses you

see in all parts of Germany, but in the more Protestant parts with some regard to art and elegance; but as you approach Bavaria, these crosses tower up into lofty slender beams of wood, generally



with two crosses on each. On the slender stem are painted or carved all the instruments of Christ's torture; the nails, the hammer, the pincers, the spear, the scourge, and even the sponge and reed. In the centre of the highest cross is often depicted the Almighty with a taper crown, and his robes spread out downwards, so as to present a fanciful figure of a triangle, and thus a symbol of the Trinity. On the lower cross is the figure of the Saviour, generally of a most ghastly kind, with streams of red paint, for gore, running down his face in great drops, down his side, and from his feet. Some way lower down on the post is nailed an image of the Virgin, generally on a thin board or piece of sheet-iron painted. Wherever you look, on almost every bare hill top, stands one of these dismal crosses, looking high and dark, like so many gallows; and besides these, every

few hundred yards you come to a saint or a shrine.

These shrines are generally built of brick or stone, rudely; have often been plastered over, and the plaster is falling off, from the weather. They have generally a heavy and neglected look. In front they have a large niche, often a space amounting to a little chapel, in which sometimes is a painting of the Crucifixion, done in the most flaring sign-painting style and colours, and with plenty of representations of blood and ghastliness. Often there are pictures of the Almighty and the Virgin. In others there are images of Christ, sometimes lying on the mother's lap, as taken from the cross, bloody and haggard. In others a skeleton-like figure is lying, with every rib shewing strongly through the tight skin, and with shriveled limbs, to represent Christ lying in the sepulchre. In others he hangs on the cross, with the customary

streams of gore from face and feet, and a great iron wire of nearly half an inch thick hanging from his side to the ground, and painted with red-lead to represent a stream of blood. In others stands a yellow half-starved saint in chains, with the most unshorn and villanous look imaginable. These figures and paintings are of all sizes, from that of life to that of dolls, according to the size of the shrine, some of which are not larger than a beehive set on a post of two or three feet high. Some of them containing pictures in flaming colours, some which are scarcely discernible from age and weather. The only poetical things about them, are the offerings of flowers which the peasants make.

But nothing is too wretched or mean to serve for one of these shrines and idols. As the Indian will worship devoutly a chip on which a few words are written, or the African an old anchor thrown up by the sea from some wreck, so these poor creatures stick up, in some of these little shrines, a paltry picture on a bit of paper, or a little paltry image in staring red and yellow, bought of a wandering Italian. These shrines are mostly guarded in front with gratings of iron-wire or iron-bars, and look vastly like meat-safes, and are really more bloody than many butchers' shops. The degrading and vulgarizing of all that is ideal and beautiful in Christianity



is beyond conception; and nothing can so forcibly demonstrate the low grade of taste and intelligence of the peasantry of Bavaria as the veneration which they testify for these foul abortions of a wretched superstition. There are saints at every turn; Saint Nepomoks on every bridge; and holy, beggarly helpers in every

spot of the slightest danger. Where there is a steep road, stands some paltry shrine, with a paltry picture, in which a group of queer figures are on their knees to a saint for the safety of wagons and carts; and a rude sketch of one of these useful vehicles is displayed in the picture. Where there is a rapid current in a river, on the bank stands a shrine, with a picture of a boat, and a similar group praying for the safety of boats to a saint. In a wood, is one with robbers falling on travellers, and people praying to the saint for the safety of travellers. The poor people, instead of being taught in all difficulties to trust in the one universal God, to thank him for his fatherly protection, and to take courage, are everywhere taught to look to wretched objects in wood, or paint, or plaster, which are greatly in need of help and repair themselves.

But this is not all. On almost every house-front are little niches with similar figures, or paintings of the same, on the plaster. The Almighty and the Virgin spread out their triangular figures on shutters and on signs. The Virgin, with that species of superstitious profanity which distinguished the mysteries of the Middle Ages, not unfrequently figures as the recommendation of a public-house; the *Gasthaus zur heiligen Maria*. In the churches abound all the same ghastliness of figures, bloodiness of decoration, and paltriness of taste.

At Ehingen, where we dined, we walked into the church, and were quite astonished at its great size and character for so small a place. But it stands in the midst of a very Catholic district, and the pilgrimage banners which stood in it before different shrines, shewed that it was a great centre of religious resort. This church was large enough for a minster, and surprisingly handsome. The ceiling was slightly concave, and painted with large designs in fresco, of Scripture subjects. These designs were enclosed in framework of arabesque-bordering in plaster of singularly elegant forms, the designs being extremely bold and beautiful. Besides the main altar-piece at the east end, with its large painting and showy ornaments, round the spacious body of the church stood other ten altars, in recesses, with their paintings, images, and banners, and other embellishments. The whole was so stately and so superior that it would have done honour to a great city;

but when you came to look closely at the images on the different shrines, you were again disgusted with the striking exhibition of blood and bad taste. There was the iron blood-coloured wire from the side, this fictitious stream of gore, falling on a bare skull, and other such horrors; while again, equally revolting, because it was ludicrous, was a Christ sitting above one altar, in a recess, with his gore-dripping crown of thorns, yet looking very comfortable, with one leg crossed on his knee.

As we issued from this very Catholic town there was a complete row of these shrines again; a burial-ground full of the same trumpery, and troops of beggars of the most horrid description. The exhibition of beggars on the borders and on the roads of Bavaria, is beyond what I ever saw anywhere, and must be almost a match for Italy itself. They seemed to have collected from far and wide to the highways, and were objects so disgusting that you were glad to relieve them to be rid of their presence. Some without eyes, others without noses, others with the hideous stump of a hand, which they thrust in at the carriage window. How one country could be supplied by the curse of heaven with objects so revolting, was astonishing, and seemed to amount almost to a miracle. Strong in their loathsome deformity, their dogged importunity was invincible. Grasping the edge of the open carriage window with one huge hand, and thrusting their disgusting maladies as much as possible before you, they clung fast, and kept up an incessant whining supplication as the carriage went on. They had always the cunning to station themselves on the slope of a hill, where they knew that German drivers never proceed at more than a foot's pace, either up or down, and where you consequently are at their mercy. If the windows were closed it was the same. You heard a hollow murmuring begin. If the fellow could contrive to thrust in his face or finger anywhere, he was sure to do it; whether he could or not, the hollow whining went on till you or your driver dropped something to the inexorable leech. Protestant Germany has no nuisance like this. The occasional begging, or fighting their way, as they call it, of the handworker, or a peasant woman, has something healthy and modest about it, and is most tolerable in comparison.

But a much more agreeable object greeted our eyes near this

Ehingen. It was the Danube! It was no common day on which, for the first time in your life, you saw the Alps and the Danube. The Danube here was truly but in its infancy; or, as we might say, in its boyhood; for it rises some fifty or sixty English miles higher at Donau-Eschingen. But the moment we saw it we were struck with it. Though not larger than what you would call a rivulet, yet it went winding on with a rapidity, and at every turn became so much augmented, that it seemed to carry in its air a consciousness of future greatness. It had the vigour and life of a young giant about it; or you might imagine it the tail of a mighty serpent, whose body stretched itself over vast lands, whose head was in distant regions, but whose immensity and power were indicated by the very motion of its extremity. There was something sublime in the idea of the far countries through which this noble river ran to pour itself from its broad mouth into the Black Sea. How wonderfully had grown this young river as we crossed it again at Ulm; how lordly was it become when we afterwards found it once more at Linz, in Austria, and sailed on its waters to Vienna, where we bade it good speed on its magnificent journey to Constantinople.

The costumes of the peasantry, and in particular the head-dresses of the women working in the fields in this district, attracted very much our attention. Every little neighbourhood seemed to have a different one. In one place appeared the singular cap of lace and gold, called a Gimpel Haube, which looks like an expanded turkey-cock's tail. These are very expensive, costing often as much as three louis-d'or. A more general one was that of a handkerchief thrown over the head in a particular form, and tied under the chin with long ends. In one place, these were all red; in another, bright yellow; in a third, black or white, and had a good effect in groups in the fields.

Evening saw us at tea in the large old inn Zum Schwartzten Ochs, in the picturesque old town of Ulm, the boundary town of Würtemberg, and overlooking the great plain of Bavaria. A very interesting city is Ulm, of about 16,000 inhabitants; once a free city of the empire, and a place of great spirit and trade. Like Augsburg, a city of wealthy weavers formerly; it is now one of the most venerable and picturesque towns in Germany. The figure

which it has cut in different periods of German history connects with it many striking associations. It was here that the chiefs of the Swabian Band assembled to march against Ulric of Würtemberg; and in the broad meadows on the banks of the Danube, tradition points out the scene of the meeting of the Confederate Generals. But as in visiting Scotland we are more powerfully drawn to the scenes made so interesting by Walter Scott, so in Ulm we look more eagerly for those rendered conspicuous by Hauff in his story of Lichsteinstein than those belonging to history alone. It was thus that we sought out the venerable old Rathhaus, covered with remains of ancient frescoes; for the Erker-fenster, the oriel window where stood the two young damsels, Marie von Lichsteinstein and Bertha von Besserer, to watch the entrance of the chiefs of the Band. In the square before the old Rathhaus is one of the handsomest brunnens in Germany, newly restored, with a figure of a youthful knight bronzed and gilt, of the most exquisite workmanship.

But the glory of Ulm is not in its old Rathhaus, or other houses and streets of old-fashioned picturesque effect, nor its great trade in edible snails,—but its minster. This, and especially its western front, is a glorious object. It is a monument of the art of the fifteenth century which might be visited and studied daily for months with undiminished pleasure. Murray, in his otherwise so generally correct and valuable Hand-Book, has by some one, who has read the printed account of this church, but was not much acquainted with the language, been led into a very erroneous account of it. He says it exceeds in dimensions any other church in Germany. It only exceeds that of St. Stephan at Vienna and that of Strassburg, not those of Cologne and Speier. Its extreme dimensions are 485 feet long, and 200 feet wide. It contains only 57,639 superficial feet, Paris measure, while Cologne minster contains 69,400, and Speier 69,350. He says the architect was Matthew Ensinger. The real architect is not known. It has been supposed to be Ulrich Ensingen, a member of a celebrated family of architects of Uichtlande, in the canton Freyburg in Switzerland, of which this Matthaues Ensingen mentioned by Murray was another. No stone about this fabric records the builder's name; but a contract was made with Ulrich Ensingen as builder in 1790;

and as the building commenced in 1777, it is still doubtful who was the original designer and architect. Three or four architects in succession superintended its progress, of whom Matthaus Ensingen was an after one. The building was 130 years in progress, of which 117 were required to bring the tower to its present height. At this period, while the people were at worship at noon, two stones fell from the arch under the main tower. The people fled out of the church in consternation. It was expected the whole tower would fall, and the then builder took to flight. On examination, however, the cause was obvious,—the insufficiency of the arches under the tower to bear its enormous weight. They were underbuilt, and the tower stood firm; but it was never ventured to complete the original design, that of carrying the tower to the height of 500 feet, terminating in a beautiful crocketed spire, of which the plan is extant. It is now only 237 feet high. On the parapet, Murray tells you there is a tablet informing you that the Emperor Maximilian once stood upon it on one foot, balancing on the other in the air a wheel. There is a Latin inscription, saying that he stood on one foot, *wheeling* his other in the air: but the chronicler, Crusius Schwab, tells a very different story. He says, when those who ascended the tower with the Emperor told him, on proposing to do this feat, the danger of it, he said: “Mir nicht, ich meines Orts wollte die ganze Welt nicht nehmen, dass ich mich in eine solche Gefahr begeben.” That is—There is no danger to me, for I would not for the whole world place myself in such danger.

The history of the origin and progress of this building is very interesting. The citizens determined to build it entirely out of their own resources, and not only did not apply for, but rejected all the usual means of raising such structures by papal acts and licences. The Bürgermeister Ludwig Krafft, when he had laid the first stone, accompanied by the nobles and gentry of the city, by a procession of youths and maidens, and a band of music, drew out his purse, and laid on the stone 100 gold gulden. His example was eagerly followed by the other nobles and gentlemen; all, great and small, rushed down one after another to the foundation to deposit their offerings, whence so much accrued that it enabled the building for a long time to go on. A hut was erected near, to which all

who wished to contribute daily carried money, jewels, bracelets, rings, gold and silver articles, etc.; and as the walls arose, dishes were set in the church, into which offerings were thrown. Workmen came far and near to Ulm, offering to labour for a certain period gratis; farmers and peasants came pouring in with their wagons to convey materials; and this and that guild, rich family, or rich person, undertook to complete a certain part at his or their own expense. Thus, for near a century and a half, was kept alive this patriotic fire; and besides all the gratuitous labour and material, were expended on it 900,000 florins, a vast sum for those days.

The light and graceful architecture is most beautiful. The western portal, consisting of three pointed arches with their corresponding pillars and canopies, the central arch being forty-five feet high, forms a porch of sixteen feet deep. The pillars are clustered and filled with niches, all furnished with images; the back and sides of the porch the same. The whole is one of the most perfect and glorious things of the kind in the world, and the whole tower is of correspondent proportion and perfection. Its great windows, pillars, bands, tracery, buttresses, and all its ornaments, are most exquisite, whether surveyed in the whole or in detail, and had the tower been finished it would perhaps have had no rival in Europe. At the back of the porch is a curious history in old alto-relievo figures, brought from an older church, which they had pulled down for the occasion. It consists chiefly of a representation of the creation of the world. There is the Almighty, as a venerable old man, Adam and Eve, and particularly the Lord scolding them for eating the apples, and afterwards bringing them clothes, where he is in the act of putting over the head of Eve a new chemise. In the transept porches are similar old figures. The south porch also has a curious representation of the origin of arches. Its arch is represented as a tree, with its boughs rudely lopped off and bent archwise, as you might suppose such a thing to be in one of the old wooden churches of the earliest Christian ages.

Before the Reformation, this great minster was most gorgeously and wealthily fitted up internally. It had no less than fifty-one altars ranging round the main body of the church, with all their rich accompaniments. These are now all cleared away: but the

pulpit and its lofty carved canopy; the stalls of the choir, ornamented with heads of almost all the celebrated characters of antiquity, Greek, Roman or Hebrew; the tabernacle in the choir; the chapels of the Von Besserers, the Neithardts, etc., with all their carving, images, paintings, and emblazoned windows, are still splendid testimonies of the zeal and talent with which the native artists, Syrlin and others, attracted hither by the fame of the work, emulated each other in this great temple of the city. The sculptors and carvers, Jörg Syrlin, father and son; the glass-painters, Hans Wild and Crämer; the organ-builders, Schot and Schneider, and Konrad Rottenburgher, a barefooted monk; Wassermann, the image-founder, with the painters Moosbrucker, Schaffner, and other artists, have yet evidences of their genius here remaining, perhaps unsurpassed by any in Germany. In the sacristy too may still be seen a figure of Christ the size of life, seated on an ass on wheels, as it used to go round the city in the procession on Palm Sunday. The cathedral yard is shaded with venerable lime trees, planted, it is said, in 1699.

Crossing the bridge on our way to Augsburg, we were reminded that we had entered Bavaria by the police officer issuing from his bureau to examine and sign our passport. In leaving the little kingdom of Würtemberg we could not avoid paying it the tribute of our regret. A more pleasant, flourishing, contented country we never saw. The king is popular; the people active, cheerful, healthy, and good-hearted. The scenery, if not on a grand scale, is in many parts very beautiful, and everywhere inspiring a feeling of general happiness and comfort.

The great plains of Bavaria now lay before us. To our left ran the Danube, with its peculiar boats with their broad yellow and black stripe, the Austrian colours. To our left lay the Field of Blenheim, and far out before us, corn-fields, pine-woods, shrines numberless, churches with a one simple form of peaked tower, and beggars in abundance. We dined at a good country inn, Die Krone, at Burgau, where the innkeeper's family were the only Protestants in the village, and talked with various of the peasantry, who seemed much poorer, and much worse informed than those of Würtemberg. As we drew near Augsburg, the perfect flatness of the country became a matter of surprise. In the immediate neigh-

bourhood of the city, we at first imagined it must have been rendered so by art; the whole was as truly level as a bowling-green.

AUGSBURG.

The famous old city of Augsburg makes an imposing appearance, with its various towers and steeples overlooking its suburban villages and gardens as you approach. Long public walks extend along the road-sides into the country, and numbers of people, walking and driving, announce a place of consequence. You pass over the old moat, and behold the strength of its gates and walls, its ancient ditches, now planted and converted into a public promenade; and with water from the river or rivers, for the Lech and Wertach unite here, streaming through them. You feel how much the wealth and independence of Augsburg in past times, for it was a free city of the empire till Napoleon added it to Bavaria, demanded strong watch and ward, and the police officer issuing from his lodge on the drawbridge and demanding the delivery of your passport, impresses you with a feeling that you are even now in the hands of a strict and cautious government. The formality, however, is mere formality; the police are very civil, and your passport ready signed, is, without your trouble, handed to you at your inn the next morning, unless you are going to make a considerable stay in the place.

As you proceed into the city, you are more struck with its aspect. It is indeed, one of the handsomest, most substantial, and wealthy-looking cities of Germany. The Maximilian Strasse is justly celebrated for its extent, breadth, and imposing character, with its three bronze fountains, large and tasteful, and its lofty, clean, bright, and palace-like houses. It is, in fact, one of the finest streets in Europe. You feel that these abodes must be those of wealthy people; and indeed Augsburg is now as famous for its millionaire bankers and brokers, as it formerly was for its diets and weavers. The farther you penetrate into the city, right and left, the more you see evidences of its ancient importance, when its weavers were also merchants trading to the east and to the west, and supplying Europe with spices, gold, precious stones, silks, ivory, etc. When its merchants became nobles, they entertained emperors, and their daughters married the sons of emperors. On all sides are old churches and chapels, towers and bastions, orphan-

houses, convents and monasteries, Bürger-hospitals, and many other institutions of support and instruction, both Catholic and Protestant; the Catholic Brothers' Pfründe, or beneficiary-house; the Protestant college, the evangelical orphan-house, the evangelical poor children's house, the Catholic orphan-house and poor children's house, the general sick-house; the religious institution, endowed for the education of English young ladies by a certain Boinz de Acton Ireton, of the princely family of the Earls of Torky, probably Torkay, still ably maintained, and furnishing excellent lady teachers for the higher as well as for the female Folks' schools; the Incurable, or sick-place of St. Gervatius, etc. etc.

Surely never was a city of the same extent so nobly endowed with institutions for the protection of the young and old, of the deserted and infirm. Amongst the benefactors are conspicuous the great Fugger family; and in the lower part of the city you find a part called the Fuggerei, which consists of a hundred small houses for the residence, at a low rate, of the poor. In another part you find a street called after the celebrated weaver's daughter, Phillipina Welser, the romantic story of whose marriage with the son of the Emperor Ferdinand I. is known to most people. The house in this street where she is said to have been born, is also pointed out, but must have been modernised since those days.

In the lower part of the town you find streets as wretched and crowded as the others are grand and airy. Old mills there are working away, their huge wheels driven by a river which is conveyed roaring under houses and streets, and here and there shews itself, foaming and raging impetuously. The fish-market is a singular scene, what with the curious costumes often to be seen in it, and the articles of food there offered for sale—fish, frogs, snails, and venison.

The Rath, or Ding-Haus, in the Maximilian Strasse, which was, in fact, the parliament house of the city while it was free, is one of the chief lions of the place. It is a vast building, erected by the native architect Elias Holl, and abounds in old wainscot, old tapestry, statues of no great value, and stoves enormous. Der Goldene Saal, or Golden Hall, the council chamber, is the boast of Augsburg. It is 110 feet long, 58 wide, 52 high, and has 52 windows, three rows in height. Its floor is composed of 2800

pieces of white, red, and blue marble. Its ceiling has no visible beam, and is covered with allegorical frescoes; the walls with wainscot, gilding, and bronze busts of Roman emperors. But there is nothing more curious in the city than the old cathedral, the Weber Haus, and the inn of Die Drei Mohren.

The cathedral is a most ancient-looking church; and claims so early a date for its foundations as 312, and for the main part of the present fabric as 994. Its bronze gates in the north porch are said to have been cast in 1072, and are covered with quaint figures of Adam and Eve in Paradise, the Serpent tempting them; centaurs, and other ancient oddities. The south porch dates 1336, and has its pillars, arches, etc. covered with whole histories of the Virgin, of Jesus, with all their ancestors, according to St. Matthew; apostles, prophets, and saints—a most grim and antique assembly. The whole church has the same ancient air. It is crowded with chapels, shrines, paintings, bass-relievos; again from the history of Christ and the Virgin; carvings in wood, tombs of many very old bishops, with enshrined skeletons, relics, and all such things, which wonderfully rivet the veneration of the people. The doors generally stand open, and it is curious to see the numbers of people that are continually kneeling at one shrine or another. The country people, as they return from market, seem regularly in the practice of going through this church to take a new stock of holiness home with them, as they have taken their stock of milk, or vegetables, or frogs, or snails to the market; and you see the most singular costumes as well as solemnly worshiping faces here. On the outside, too, is a sort of niche at the foot of the church wall, representing a sepulchre, with a figure of the dead Christ in it; and of course, round this you often see most devotional kneelers, and many flowers scattered.

The Weberzunft Haus, or Guild-house of the weavers, is a singular and most characteristic building. It is connected with the rise and prosperity of the trade of Augsburg, and was the resort of those great merchant princes, the Fuggers, the Welsers, and others, who stretched their enterprises east and west, to India and America. It still remains in all its antique dinginess. On the outside you see faded traces of its once splendid frescoes, the work of Matthäus Kager. You can see stately horses and their

riders in procession through grand streets, and the inhabitants crowding to roof and window to behold them. Still plainer are the figures of the celebrated Anton Fugger, the founder of the trade of Augsburg with America and the West Indies; an American Indian; an Asiatic; and a patriarch of the Greek church, with the last of whom he is making those arrangements which were so auspicious to the flourishing of trade and of the Greek literature. The great Ungarn Schlacht, or Battle of the Huns in 955, which is said to have been very splendid, is now scarcely visible, but a master builder, supposed to be Elias Holl, his wife, and two children, are represented as looking out of a window, and are admirably natural and lively heads. There are also snatches of very droll scenes; as boys laughing at a dog in spectacles, and such like.

Internally, the Weber Haus presents one of the most singular scenes imaginable. It is heavy and dark. The lower part is a sort of mart of cloth, where different master-weavers are busy, surrounded by heaps and bales of their stuff, and numbers of peasants in their costumes, men and women, some of them out of obscure places in the country, the oddest of figures, are purchasing. The cellars are also occupied with the weavers and their wares; and over their little windows looking into the streets, they have signs on which are painted patterns of chequered cloths. The staircase leading to the upper story is wide, heavy, and dingy. There is the room where the cloth is measured off before a master, and the leathern cushions on which it is stamped. On the walls are written many pious verses in heavy German text. There is an adjoining room, the former Amtstube, or place of official meeting. In this are kept a piece of linen woven by Conrad Fugger in 1446; a silver gilt cup, given by the general trade members to the guild, with other cups, and amongst them one of cocoa-nut set in silver, a gift of St. Ulrich, to the guild. There are the banners of the guild; and on the walls are displayed the coats of arms of all the great weavers, besides portraits of heroes, ancient and modern, kings and emperors, with their names, and choice Bible histories, done by Peter Kaltenhofer. The master-weavers once amounted to 3000, but now to little more than 200, employing about 400 looms. Besides this, let the reader understand that, by ancient

privilege, the rest of the house is inhabited and used as a public-house, where all comers on business can refresh themselves, and drink and smoke, and he may conceive what a strange scene it often presents.

After all, no spot in the city is more interesting than the inn which we were at—Die Drei Mohren, or Three Moors, not excepting the castle, in which the citizens read to Charles V. the famous Augsburg Confession of Faith. This inn is one of the largest and best in Europe. It was originally the palace of the magnificent Count Fugger, weaver-merchant, where he entertained Charles V., and afterwards consumed in a fire of cinnamon a bond for a million of gulden due from the emperor. This celebrated room is now, in fact, a lumber room, but it has one of the most superbly carved cedar ceilings in the world. For this, the landlord told us, Lord Oxford had offered him 6000 gulden (about 500*l.*), to take it to England, which he had refused; but added, perhaps double that sum might tempt him. The apartments are spacious and handsome enough for any palace. Ours were what had been occupied by Napoleon when here. But, indeed, all the crowned heads and most celebrated statesmen for the last half century engaged in the affairs which embroiled or again settled the peace of the Continent, seem to have taken up their quarters here, besides numbers of other remarkable people. There is a small chapel in the house, too, on the altar of which stands a framed letter of the late Pope to the landlord, thanking him for civilities shewn him when under the heavy hand of Buonaparte. The Fremden Bücher, or Albums, kept here for the entry of all arrivals, have accordingly become celebrated. They are in constant requisition by the guests, to see the many great names they contain; and we copied from them the following as amongst the most curious:

1804.—Auguste de Kotzebue, Conseiller de S. M. l'Empereur de toutes les Russies.

Madame de Kotzebue, son Epouse.

1805.—Le Prince Maurice de Lichstenstein, avec tous les Officiers du Regiment, Lanciers du Schwarzenberg. Tous marchant à Ulm et vers le Rhine.
Son Altesse Le Prince Metternich Wurmerbourg, Prince regnant de l'Empire.

S. A. Madame la Princesse de Metternich Wurmerbourg; et le Prince Clement, et la Princesse Pauline les enfants avec M. le Docteur.

1805.—Sa Majesté, Napoleon le Grand, l'Empereur de Français, Roi d'Italie, etc. etc. etc.

Son Excellence, Monsieur de Talleyrand.

Deputation du Tribunal de Paris, pour feliciter à Sa Majesté l'Empereur Napoleon de ses Victoires, rapportées contre les Autrichiens.

Deputation du Senat de l'Empereur François, pour remettre à Sa Majesté l'Empereur Napoleon, l'Address de Felicitations, votée dans la seance extraord. du 24 Octobre, par le Senat.

Cette Deputation que se rendait le 2 Nov. au Quartier-General à Linz, retournait au 3 Maures le 3 Nov. rapportant beaucoup des Drapeaux conquis, cadeau de Sa Majesté pour le Senat de l'Empire.

Sa Majesté Josephine, Imperatrice des Français, etc. etc. etc. avec tous les personages de leur Cour.

Sa Majesté est parti pour Munich pour assister aux Fiançailles de leur Fils Eugene Beauharnois avec l'amiable Princesse Auguste de la Baviere.

Son Altesse Imperiale, Madame le Princesse Caroline de la France, Sœur de l'Empereur Napoleon, Epouse du Prince Jerome Murat, avec la Princesse leur fille.

Madame Soult, Epouse du Maréchal Soult, avec leur famille.

1807.—Doctor Gall, Professor der Schädel und Gehirn Lehre, mit Frau und Nichte, und Professor Spurzheim.

1810.—Sa Majesté, Marie Louise, Imperatrice des Français, Archiduchesse d'Autriche, etc. etc. etc.

Sa Majesté Gustave Adolphe, Roi de Suede, sous le nom de Comte de Gottorp, avec deux valets-de-chambre, revenant de la Suisse.

1814.—Le tres honorable Robert Henry Stewart, Lord Castlereagh, Ministre de l'Angleterre, avec ses Secretaires et suite; venant de Paris, allant au Congrès à Vienne.

Lord Viscount Cathcart, allant au Congrès à Vienne.

Sir Sidney Smith, avec sa famille, allant au Congrès à Vienne.

The Embassy of his Britannic Majesty, on their way to Vienna, to invest the Emperor Francis II. with the Order of the Garter, viz.—Sir Isaac Head, Garter King at Arms; Francis Martin, Windsor, Herald at Arms; Francis Townsend, gent., Rouge Dragon, Pursuivant; Mr. George Belly, Earl Marshal's Secretary, and Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod; Mr. Wales, Messenger.

Aug. 17th—Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, knight, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, etc., going to invest.—All returned in October.

Claud James Rich, the Persian Traveller, returning from Babylon.

1815.—Duc de Wellington.

Jan. 28th (Note by landlord, in his own English). Great honour arrived at the beginning of this year to the Three Moors. This illustrious warrior whose glorious achievements, which cradled in Asia, have filled Europe with his renown, descended on it.

His Grace

Arthur Duke of Wellington, Marquis Douro, Peer of Great Britain, Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, etc., Grandee of Spain of the first class, Duke of Vittoria, Marquis of Torres Vedras, and Count Vimeria in Portugal, Generalissimo of Great Britain, Ambassador of his Majesty the King of England at the Congress of Vienna, etc. etc.

Accompanied by

His nephew M. Wellesley, and his Aid-de-Camp, Colonel Freemantle, for Vienna, from Bruxells. His Grace had in his suite four persons.

Sa Majesté l'Empereur Alexandre de tous les Russies, avec ses Adjutants Genereaux et suite.

1816.—Sa Majesté Gustave Adolphe, ci-devant Roi de Suede.

Jerome Buonaparte, ci-devant Roi de la Westphalia.

July.—James Morier, the Persian Traveller.

Henry Keppel Richard Craven.

Sir John Sewell (lawyer).

Mr. Sotheby, and family.

Douglas Kinnaird, and Lord Kinnaird.

The Duke of Devonshire.

1818.—Sir William Ingelby.

Lord Stewart Wortley, and family.

J. W. Agar Ellis.

Sir Thomas Lawrence.

1819.—Prince Leopold.

Lord Londonderry.

Lord William Bentinck.

Duke of Bedford.

1820.—Poulet Thompson, and family.

1821.—Marquis of Northampton.

Baring, Lord Ashburton.

Lord William Russell, and family.

Le Compte d'Orsay.

1822.—Duke of Wellington.

Washington Irving.

Mr. and Mrs. Sneyd Edgeworth.

1824.—Lord Leveson Gower.

1825.—Lord Stanhope.

Mr. Charles Dilke.

1827.—William Huskisson, President of the Board of Trade, etc.

1828.—Erasmus Darwin.

Marquis of Lansdowne.

Mr. and Mrs. Galley Knight.

Sir William Molesworth.

1829.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lushington.

Le Chevalier Nicolo Paganini, avec un Secrétaire et deux domestiques.

1832.—The celebrated author of Waverley, Sir Walter Scott, of Abbotsford, baronet, accompagné du Mademoiselle sa fille, et de Monsieur Charles Scott, attaché de la legation historique à Naples, avec courier, une femme, et valet-de-chambre, revenant de Naples à Abbotsford.

1833.—Mr. G. P. R. James.

1835.—Captain Basil Hall, and family.

Lady Davy.

Mrs. and Miss Trollope, and Mr. Hervieu.

1836.—Sa Majesté Othon, Roi de la Grèce, et suite.

1837.—Sir Robert and Lady Peel.

1838.—Mrs. and Miss Clara Novello.

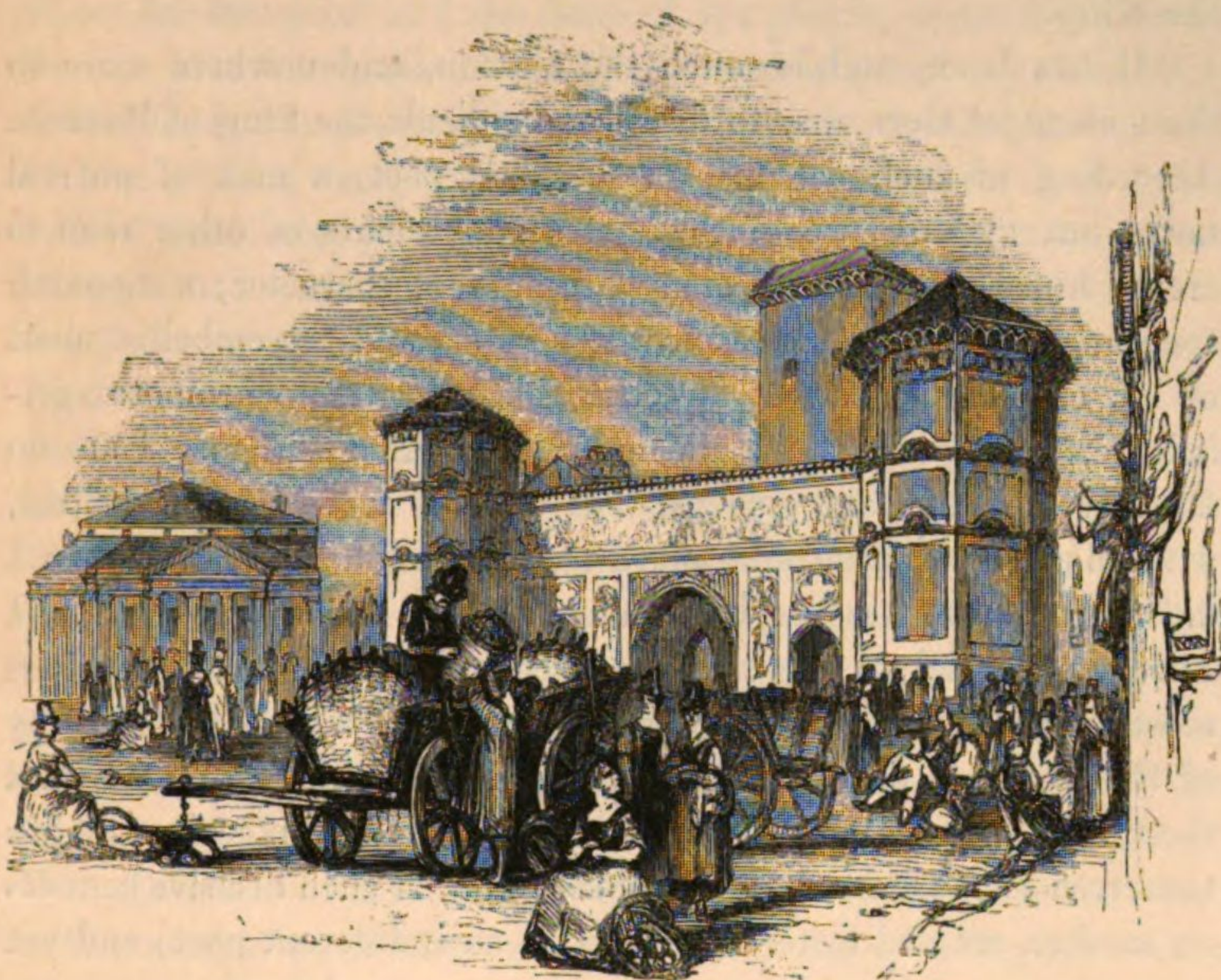
1839.—The Right Honorable Henry Goulburn, and family.

1840.—Lord and Lady Lyndhurst.

1841.—Maurice O'Connell.

What a history does even this slight catalogue of people, entertained in one house, revive in one's mind. Napoleon, the disturber of the world; his cunning old minister, Talleyrand; his discarded Josephine, and his Austrian empress; his brother, under the character of an ex-king, and his conquerors. Now, a deputation hastening from France to congratulate him on Germany laid prostrate; now one from England to invest his victim, and his father-in-law of Austria, with honours for his overthrow. Ministers, again, settling the constitution of Europe, who have now passed away by different tragic fates; authors,—the most popular and perhaps the most wonderful of his age, returning home to die,—painters, musicians, dethroned and reigning monarchs; and so many who have already ceased to play their parts, and have taken their departure from the great inn of this world.

Two hours by railway, over a perfectly level plain, containing more extent of grass land than we had seen at any one time in Germany, carried us from the stately and interesting city of Augsburg to



5. MUNICH.

MUNICH has won, in the present age, a distinct name and character amongst the German cities, of the most splendid kind, which there is no danger of being confounded with that of any other. Vienna may be the gay capital of pleasure, the Paris of Germany; Dresden, of sober gentility, and of pride in its gallery of old paintings; Leipsic, of trade and of books; Prague, of a stately eastern dignity; Berlin, if it will, of sand and of rank kennels—or, if it prefer it, of its modern assemblage of learned professors; Frankfort and Augsburg, of their bankers, and of their king-aiding Jews; Cologne, of its Dome and Carnival; Carlsruhe, of its profound repose; Stuttgard, of its Danecker, Schiller, and its thousands of lightning-conductors; Heidelberg, of its Tun; Weimar, of its Goëthe; Salzburg, of Mozart, and its mountains; and Hanover, of its king and constitution: but Munich is the unrivalled queen of modern art in sculpture and painting; and in these respects is not only the first city of Germany, but unques-

tionably of modern Europe. And this she owes to one man—the King.

It has been, and is much the fashion, and nowhere more so than amongst Germans, to decry and ridicule the king of Bavaria. According to such persons, he is a bad poet; a man of no real taste, but making use of the tastes and talents of other men to create himself a name; a man of indifferent character; a monarch spending all his resources on works of art and the embellishment of his capital, instead of directing his energies to promote agriculture, trade, education, and a hundred other things. I am no flatterer of kings and queens; but I must avow I never beheld, with more admiration and approval, the works of any man than I did those of the king of Bavaria on walking through Munich. I will not pretend to say whether it be envy, or whether it be the most profound and philosophic taste, which has directed so many of the critiques on the king of Bavaria; but this I will say, that there is no king of modern times, not excepting Napoleon, who has conferred so substantial glory on his capital, or such decisive benefits on modern art and taste. Let him be an indifferent poet; and yet he is, in my opinion, a better one than many who enjoy a greater reputation; and I have read his works. Let him be an indifferent king; a neglecter of the solid interests of the people, if you will: but with all this, he has, from his earliest youth, displayed a taste of the most honourable and refined kind; and has done more for the fame of his kingdom, the embellishment of his capital, and the interests of art, than any king who has ruled over any kingdom within the last several centuries, be that kingdom where and however great it may; and let his successor but devote himself to more ordinary, but not more useful objects of a monarch's attention, to the interests of agriculture, or trade, with a zeal as active and efficient, and Bavaria will have no reason to complain. The inhabitants of Munich do not now complain, but far the contrary. They see with pride the yearly growing influx of strangers from all parts of Europe, and feel that what they there expend is a substantial advantage to them.

It is something for a king to have a decided intellectual taste at all. To rouse himself out of that luxurious langour, that fatal sybaritic drowsiness to which his exotic and unnatural education

renders him so prone, and actively to devote himself to any one object for the good and the fame of his people, is no mean merit. No one man is capable of all things, and it is not my business to defend his faults as a monarch or as a man; be these what they will, let him at least receive praise for his real virtues: for how do the bulk of monarchs, however enormous their power and income, pass through the world? Unless they are roused to war by a bad ambition or a petty interest, they eat, drink, and are forgotten. But here is the king of a small realm, and of a capital small and of no distinctive character, who devotes his years of peace, his whole income and all his energies, to raise his capital to a proud rank of distinction and of admiration in the eyes of the world. How does he set about it? By the destruction of liberal constitutions?—No; that he has left to the Englishman, Ernest of Hanover. By great military restlessness, threatening the peace of his neighbours?—No; but by crowning it with the distinctions of art. In this pursuit, too, has he followed the hackneyed practice of other rulers in other places? Patronised those who now want no patronage? Run with the crowd in the admiration of what is now fixed in the everlasting admiration of mankind? Has he collected the precious relics of past sculptors and painters?—He has done this; but he has not left the other undone, the more daring and original attempt. He has collected the *living artists* about him. He has struck out for himself a new track. He has dared to think and act for himself; not contenting himself with the very ordinary merit of gathering together that which the best judges had pronounced good before him, but judging of those works and those workmen who were claimants for present and future applause. He has shewn that he was capable of discerning real merit. He has sought out and patronised the young and aspiring. That is the genuine royal road to honour. The patronage of the already established may be safely left to the public. The genuine benefactor of art is he who has the eye to see it in its living candidates, and the heart to cherish and give it wings. He has done this in the most efficient manner. He has employed rising artists in many national works, and has made the whole public the spectators of their achievements, even by throwing open his house as a daily exhibition to the crowd of eager admirers.

Had the Queen of England, with her immense revenue, done a

hundredth part for London what the King of Bavaria, with his kingdom of little more than four millions of souls, has done for his capital, which before his time was no more than one of our country towns, what a jubilee there would have been amongst our host of able native artists! What a spur would have been given to art in England. What a taste and emulation would have been created amongst our opulent nobility. What miracles of painting and sculpture would burst forth from the pregnant but depressed soil of British genius; and what happiness would have been diffused through hundreds of families; what glory would be cast round the national name!

There wants nothing in England but this warmth of royal patronage to start into universal bloom a spring and summer of British art such as Europe has not yet witnessed. Englishmen in this, as in other directions, have genius and energy enough for anything; but there wants the sunshine from above, as well as the vigour of soil from beneath, to call forth the growth of national talent and glory. The King of Bavaria, with means small, compared with those of royalty, or even of nobility in England, has done more for art than all Europe put together. With less than what kings, nay, than what nobles expend in our country on dinners, equipages, routes, and rivalry, he has given to his capital a standing, eminent and every way beneficial. He has made it the admiration of all Europe for its public works; and more than this, he has given an example and an impulse to art, which is now working, and will and must work, to the vast advance of modern art, and to the great refinement of taste of the whole civilized world. The flame of emulation has already spread far and wide. It is this very flame which reveals itself in many quarters in the blueness of jealous fires. This flame, with a more generous heat, has seized on the heart of the King of Prussia. He also has built his Glyptothek and Pinacothek, including them in one building, which he has planted directly opposite to his palace, as the object, of all others, on which he delights to fix his eyes. He has called from Munich the great head of its living artists, Cornelius, and set him to embellish its colonnade with frescoes. He has collected around him from all quarters the most learned professors to adorn his capital with their presence, to raise the tone of its society, and to

disperse through every office and quarter of his kingdom young men instructed by the ablest philosophers, lawyers, and literati of Germany. Though no poet himself, he has called to his particular companionship the poetical and imaginative Tieck; and has given at once to literature and liberty a noble token of his favour by calling to him some of the most distinguished of the professors, the victims of the King of Hanover's despotism, amongst these the brothers Grimm, the collectors of the popular "Kinder und Haus Märchen."

There can be no doubt that this spirit of truly glorious emulation has grown out of the spirit and achievements of the King of Bavaria, and in so flourishing and powerful a kingdom as Prussia must produce distinguished effects. But it is with the liveliest feelings of pleasure that I have seen of late this emulative flame communicating itself to England; to that England which, for its wealth, for its gigantic commerce, its restless and indefatigable spirit of enterprise, its conquests on all sides of the globe, its foundation of colonies more immense and important than any other country in any age possessed, its soul of liberty and indefatigable labour, is, without hyperbole, the envy and admiration of the world. May it spread there, and give that scope for the national genius in modern art, which will place our noble country as high in that sphere of fame as she is in many others.

But while it is not true that the King of Bavaria has done nothing else for his country, for it in truth owes to him the origin of the Zoll-Verein and the existence of the grand canal which now runs across Germany and unites the Danube and the Rhine, is it not a proud thing for the King of Bavaria that he has given this impulse to art? that he has planted this feeling for the great and beautiful in the heart of the most influential nations? that he has turned the eyes of all artists and lovers of art throughout Europe and America upon his little capital? that statesmen begin to consider how they too may introduce similar tastes and similar works amongst their countrymen? that he has, in fact, revived not only the beautiful arts by which the ancient Greeks and Romans embellished their houses and towns, as yet seen in Herculaneum and Pompeii, but has given to architecture and statuary too, as it were, a revived existence?

Those who shall think that any portion of these remarks are overdrawn, let them view Munich for themselves. Let them see the buildings which the King has raised; the remains of ancient art which he has collected; the triumphs of modern art which he has achieved; the splendid frescoes with which he has adorned his palace in profusion; and the sculpture, painting, and castings in bronze, which are going on at this moment, and then will any feeling of excess in these remarks speedily be swallowed up in wonder at the reality.

Had the Queen of England raised, out of her private income, a building like the Glyptothek; a building, such as we have none in London, and filled it with the most exquisitely selected assemblage of the finest order of Grecian remains of sculpture; had she done this as princess, as the king did as crown-prince, what universal applause, and that justly, would have been showered on her. What a miracle of fine taste she would have been held. Had we heard that, since coming to the throne, she had built but one church out of the superfluity of her civil list; that she had not only done this in a crowded and poor suburb, where it was greatly needed, and that in doing this she had not been contented to build it plain and cheap enough for poor folks, but had erected it in the purest style of Gothic architecture; that she had caused the windows to be painted in a manner rivaling the very glories of the old window painting,—how much would be thought and said of it? But these are, as it were, but incidental acts of the King of Bavaria. The whole city is a monument of his taste and active spirit. The palace, itself a glorious epic poem, filled from end to end with the richest and most graceful painting from the hands of living masters; the theatre; the noble post-office, with its colonnade and classic frescoes; the great Ludwig-street, stretching far on, wide, and in novel and proud architecture; with its new and superb library, its university, its schools, and convents; its church, adorned with the last productions of the pencil of Cornelius while here; the magnificent Glyptothek and Pinacothek, standing in another suburb of the city, like two noble temples of the best ages of Greece, and filled with the finest works of ancient and modern art; the public arcades round the garden facing the palace, full of fresco scenes from Italian landscape and from German history; the grand Isar

gateway in the older city, with its Gothic towers and fine frescoes; and all the works going on in the different *ateliers* of the different artists, of Kaulbach, of Schwanthaler, of Stiglmaier; they are, in fact, most astonishing, both in their extent and workmanship. The sunny, poetical paintings of Kaulbach; his great work in progress, the Destruction of Jerusalem; the statues and friezes of Schwanthaler, for the Walhalla at Regensburg,—a great national temple to the honour of the heroes, both martial and literary, of Germany, undertaken by this truly magnificent king; the bronzed gilt figures of Bavarian princes for the new throne-room, at the foundry of Stiglmaier; and the great figure of the Bavaria, eighty-five feet in height, there in progress, intended to be erected on the plain near the city, where the people hold their annual feast: these things cannot be contemplated without wonder, and make us feel as if we were transported to the ages of Grecian genius and marvellous energy.

To give a detailed account of the present state and public works of Munich would require a separate volume, and a large one. I shall not attempt it, but merely take a cursory and admiring view of what those who wish to conceive it in its whole merit and extent can do by no other means than a journey thither. That done, it would require a whole summer of assiduous attention to fully familiarize themselves alone with the wonders of art which the poet-king of Bavaria has here planned and achieved by his taste and zeal.

Munich has no natural advantages of situation. It is another of the German capitals which have, as it were, been thrown down by accident. It stands on a thoroughly level plain of vast extent. Marshy and wet lands on all sides, and a high though flat position, 2136 Bavarian feet above the level of the sea, make it subject to cold winds from the Alps, and to nervous fevers. What natural charms it possesses are the greenness of its meadows, uncommon in Germany; its woods, scattered here and there; its rapid river Isar; its extensive and finely-wooded gardens; and its views, even from some of the city streets, of the distant and glorious Alps. The city itself is now extensive: partly traversed by the Isar in two or three separate streams, old, dirty, badly paved, and its foot-paths, such as they are, crossed every five yards with nasty kennels; partly new, beautiful, and imposing.

In taking a passing view of the most remarkable objects in Munich we will suppose you at the Blaue Trauben, a good inn by the city gate leading in from Augsburg. A few hundred yards brings you into the Max-Joseph Platz; where you are at once struck with the peculiar taste of the king, and the character which he has stamped on his city. Turning your back on a row of but tolerable houses which forms one side of the square, on your right hand is the General Post-Office; on your left, the Palace, and before you the Theatre. On everything on which your eye falls there is the impression of a rich and classical taste. The post-office, an extensive building, is well constructed for the uses of a German general post-office, that is, for an office where not only the letters, but the parcels are sent; and to which all eilwagens run, and where you must procure your post-horses and carriages, if you want them. One façade of this great building forms one side of the Max-Joseph Platz, and is enriched with a fine colonnade, its back wall coloured of a warm ruddy hue, and embellished with figures of horse-breakers with their horses, in Herculaneum style, in fresco. The theatre is a beautiful Grecian building, with a noble portico of eight Corinthian pillars; on the pediment of which is a brilliant fresco group of Apollo and the Muses. The façade of the palace on the left side of the square is simple, but imposing by its extent, being 430 feet long, and 135 high. It is copied in its general form from the Pitti Palace in Florence, but differs essentially in its details, particularly in its greater height, the varied style of its quoinings, and having an open gallery in the upper story, as well as in the form of its windows. In the centre of the square is a massy monument in bronze of Maximilian Joseph I. in a sitting figure, modelled by Rauch of Berlin, and cast by Stiglmaier. The whole effect of the square is novel and beautiful. It is classical, and yet more brilliant than we are accustomed to see classical structures in England. It introduces you to a new style of architectural decoration, that is, new in modern times, and prepares you in some degree for what is to follow.

The palace is now an enormous building, for it includes the old palace, which is left standing in the centre, including three or four courts, while on each side of it rises a new and more magnificent structure. Here rises what is called, Der neue Königsbau—

the New King's-Building,—while on the other side facing the Hofgarten rises a still newer, more magnificent, and yet unfinished range, called *Die neue Residenz*, or New Residence, with a magnificent portico, with statues and splendid frescoes, forming, in fact, the real front of the whole palatial mass.

In these new portions you have a fine assemblage of the achievements of the living artists of Munich; of Von Klenze the architect, Schwanthaler the sculptor, and of the principal painters. The rooms are all painted, walls and ceilings, by Cornelius, Hess, Schnorr, Kaulbach, and many others; with designs of the most beautiful conception and character, of the richest colouring, and of the most graceful masterly execution. In other palaces you have loose paintings hanging on the walls, which are, as it were, part of the furniture, and can be removed at pleasure; but here the paintings are part and parcel of the palace itself. They give their charm and their character essentially to it, and will ages hence remain a monument of the royal taste and of the national talent. They are virtually a part of Munich, and can belong to no other place. Every fresh suite of apartments has its peculiar subject of illustration, and combines classical taste with national glory. In the lower story you have a series of the most magnificent illustrations of the old national poem, the *Nibelungen Lied*, the Iliad of Germany. These are the works of Julius Schnorr, in fresco, and are glorious productions of modern art. They are intended to extend through five rooms, but are not yet complete, the artist having been called off to put in progress the still greater works in the New Residence. Those, however, which are finished, are grand emanations of the poetry of painting. They are of vast size, one picture covering one whole large wall. The entrance-hall contains a sort of illustrative summary of the origin, the nature, and the chief characters of the poem. Over the entrance is the poet surrounded by the *Mähre*, the Legends, and the Saga, the Poetic Traditions, as the two sources of his song. To the left of the entrance are Gunther and Brunhild, to the right Siegfried and Chriemhild, the hero and heroine of the poem. Farther right follow the grim Hagen von Tronegk, Volker the harper, and Dankwardt the marshal. On the same wall above are the dwarf Alberich, guardian of the *Nibelungen* treasures, and Eckewardt the

messenger of Chriemhild. On the third wall, Dietrich of Bern and Master Hildebrand; farther, King Etzel, or Attila, and his true vassal Rüdiger. In the arch over the window, Hagen hears from the Mähre of the Danube, the prophecy of the destruction of himself and all his people in Hungary; farther to the right of Etzel, are Siegfried's parents, Siegmund and Siegelinde; and finally, the queen Uté, Gunther's mother, with her two younger sons Gernot and Giselher the child. On the ceiling are four small paintings, the most eventful moments of the poem: the quarrel of Chriemhild and Brunhild for precedence in the procession to church; Siegfried's death; Chriemhild's revenge, and Etzel's lament.

In the second, or Marriage-hall, are comprehended the most important moments of Siegfried's life. Above, on the wall, opposite to the window, is the first arrival of Siegfried before the palace of Gunther in Worms; over this window, the return of Siegfried with Chriemhild to his parents. In the lunettes are displayed knightly jousts. The great paintings are, Siegfried's return from the Saxon war, followed by the captive monarchs Lüdiger and Lüdigast, and saluted by Gunther as conqueror. Opposite, Brunhild's arrival in Worms, as the second occasion of grateful thanks from Gunther to Siegfried. Opposite to the windows, the marriage of Siegfried and Chriemhild; and between the windows, the imparting of mysteries from the girdle of Brunhild; and thence the bitter quarrel of the queens, and all the succeeding misfortunes. Besides these, in four smaller paintings over the doors, are, a messenger relating to Chriemhild the deeds of Siegfried in the Saxon war; Gunther, Siegfried, Hagen, Dankwardt, journeying to Isenland; Siegfried and Chriemhild, as the royal pair, in their own country; and the same as parents.

These, as it may be supposed, from the mere bare recital of the subjects, are a series of grand pictures, full of all the beauty, poetry, and noblest colouring of romance. The figures of the youthful heroes; of the lovely and queenly dames; of warriors, minstrels, messengers, and miscellaneous characters, are larger than life, and all noble of their kind. The landing of Brunhild at Worms, in particular, is a piece of the life of the romantic ages brought into actual existence before you. The glorious beauty of the two rival queens; the manly grace of the young warriors; the

assembled group of king and courtiers in front; the armed and bannered company in the background, beneath the forest trees; the stalwart boatman, holding fast the boat as Brunhild steps proudly upon land, and seeming to worship the very foot which she sets on the earth by him. The whole is a glowing and superb scene, such as often has lived in the heart of a young poet, but has rarely been thrown forth to the day by the hand of the painter. Any one of these scenes would have been enough to have stamped the high fame of Julius Schnorr.

The great characteristics of these modern painters of Munich are the living spirit and form of the past ages, which they communicate to their subjects; the warmth and richness of their colouring, and their exquisite feeling of beauty in all that they paint, whether in nature or in man. For their colouring they are indebted to their deep study of the Byzantine school. The bright draperies of these old painters; the vivid blues, crimsons, and yellows; nay, even the golden backgrounds, they have adopted with wonderful success; and, by their masterly skill, instead of suffering them to become glaring and gaudy, they have made them rich, glowing, and beautiful. They have, in these respects, a life and a character peculiarly their own. In their illustrations of mythologic subjects, they give us not the cold formality of the hackneyed forms with which we are wearied, but they make their scenes and persons live in all their original glory and grace. They give us a similar feeling in such subjects as the poetry of Keats, Shelley, and Barry Cornwall. In the romantic, they awake all the freshness of sensation with which we first read Sir Walter Scott or Spenser. They who would feel how they have succeeded in the development of personal beauty, may place them in contrast with their great antipodes, the powerful but often revolting paintings of Rubens, where no sentiment of the ideal of beauty exists; and may, so far as this quality is concerned, even compare them with the highest models, Raffaele, Carlo Dolci, or Correggio. They are, however, widely different in their general spirit. They are, in fact, masters of their own new and glorious school—embodiers of all our finest dreams of poetic romance; and creators of a new and most delightful epoch in the history of painting—if what a popular traveller says be true. “It has occurred to me as a matter of

surprise that no one has thought of forming a gallery, the principle of selection being beauty alone: forms and faces such as those of Murillo, Titian, or Albano, Correggio, or Da Vinci; landscapes such as those of Claude, Breughel, Cuyp, Ruysdael, Hobbima, Van der Velde, or Canaletto; no Dutch Boors, even by Ostade or Gerard Dow; no harsh-featured old misers nor attenuated saints, though by Rembrandt or Spagnoletto; no martyrdom of holy men, or massacres of the Innocents, even if from the workshop of Rubens or Caracci. I would have exquisite painting illustrate beautiful subjects: it is then that the divine art 'is the most divine.' ”*

The second story of this part of the palace, forming a suite of seventeen magnificent rooms, is equally embellished by the paintings of living artists—some in fresco, some in encaustic. The first nine, those of the king, with subjects from the Greek; and the eight of the queen, with subjects from the German poets. It would require a volume itself to go through the details and point out the beauties and merits of all these. The first ante-chamber of the king is embellished with monochromatic paintings in the style of the ancient Greek vases, from the Argonautic expedition, from Orpheus, designed by Schwanthaler. The second ante-chamber, with scenes from Hesiod, by Schwanthaler, painted by Hiltensperger and Streidel. The service-hall, with splendid scenes from the Hymns of Homer, designed by Schnorr, and painted by Hiltensperger, Olivier, Streidel, and Schulz. The throne-room, from Pindar; the dining-hall, from Anacreon; drawings by Zimmermann; and paintings by Anchütz and Nilson. The reception-room, from the Tragedies of Æschylus, designed by Schwanthaler, and painted by Schilger; the king's writing-room, from the Tragedies of Sophocles, by Schwanthaler, painted by Röckel and Hanson; dressing-room, from the Comedies of Aristophanes, also Schwanthaler, painted by Hiltensperger; the king's bed-chamber, from Theocritus, painted by Röckel, Schulz and Bruckmann, partly from their own designs, and partly from those of H. Hess.

The scenes in the queen's apartments are from Walther von der Vogelweide, from the Parcival of Wolfram, two old German Minnesängers; from Bürger, Klopstock, Weiland, Goëthe, Schiller, and Tieck.

* Inglis's Tyrol and Bavaria.

Nothing but actual seeing can convey any idea of the grace, variety, life, and sunny beauty of these paintings. Many of the latter are by Kaulbach; with others by Schwind, Lindenschmidt, Foltz, Herrmann, Dietz, Wendling, and Gassen of Coblenz. They consist of paintings on the walls, friezes, and designs on the ceilings, all accompanied by scrolls, flowers, birds, vases, and such embellishments of the most graceful fancy and delightful colouring, so chaste, and yet brilliant. To this magnificent permanent gallery—to this glorious poem of a palace—the public is freely admitted, on stated days and hours, when the court is there; and when absent, nearly every day, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

But even this portion of the palace and its paintings yield in extent and splendour to those of the still newer erection. This is intended for the scene of courtly gaiety, on all great and festive occasions. Here are six halls, embellished with paintings from Homer's *Odyssey*; the splendour and interest of which the very names indicate,—Mercury sent to the cave of Calypso; Ulysses departure thence; his being thrown on the strand of Pheacea when Nausicaa the king's daughter is playing there with her maidens as their linen dries in the sun; Ulysses in the palace of Alcinous; the feast there; the games; and Demodocus singing the downfall of Troy.

In the first story we find a ball-room, 130 feet long and fifty wide, with basso relievos on the walls; the subjects, Greek dances; the painting in the Pompeii style; the colours of the ceiling, blue, lilac, scarlet, and gold: the Hall of Beauties, with statues of modern female beauties: a banqueting-hall, 53 feet by 58, with battle-scenes by Hess, Adam, etc.: a throne-room, 112 feet long, 85 wide, and 58 high, with a gallery supported by twenty statues of white marble. Between these statues are to stand the fourteen bronze gilt colossal statues of the Bavarian princes, now in the hands of Stiglmaier. This will unquestionably be one of the most splendid throne-rooms in the world; and it is approached by three halls, the walls of which are covered with gigantic paintings illustrating the histories of Charlemagne, Frederick Barbarossa, and Rudolph of Hapsburg, thus connecting the glory of Bavaria with that of all Germany. On these great works, equally astonishing by the boldness of their

projection and the mastership of their execution, are actively employed, Schwanthaler, Stiglmaier, Schnorr, Hess, Jäger, Giessen, and others.

But even here you have not done with the wonders and profusion of modern art about the palace. Behind it stands the new Hof Capelle, a perfect model of the beauties of architecture, carving, and painting. The whole walls are lined with the richest marbles and mosaic work. The body of the church is divided from the aisles by rows of pillars of the finest red Salzburg marble, their bases being of white marble, and their capitals gilt. Gold, carving, marble, paintings, niches, arches, and inscriptions in Latin in antique characters on all sides, meet the eye. Even the background of the paintings are of gold, after the old Byzantine style. Yet so skilfully is all disposed, that the general effect is not tawdry, but admirably rich, the gold ground causing the figures to stand forward in bold relief, as in a strong sunshine. The ceilings, side arches, altar-pieces, are all covered with paintings by Hess and his pupils, representing, in different departments, the history of the Chosen Race to the death and glorification of Christ, with addition of Catholic features, as the Father, the Holy Ghost, the Virgin, Christ deified, and various saints. In one side scene, St. George, St. Hubert and his stag, with a little crucifix bound between his horns, and all looking up in adoration to Christ, who is above, is a most beautiful little pictorial episode from the poetic legends of the church. The general effect is as if you were looking with a glass of great magnifying power into a splendidly illuminated missal.

Hence you may wander to the Ludwig's Kirche, its paintings being the last work of Cornelius before leaving for Berlin: a wonderful display of pictorial genius in great scenes of the creation of the world, in the latter of which the artist has called in the imaginative force of Dante to aid him in this bold and sublime design. You may then proceed to the church of Maria Hilf, in the Vorstadt Au, already mentioned for its exquisite Gothic architecture and its gorgeous windows; and thence to the great basilica of St. Bonifacius, finished in 1835, with splendid paintings by Hess from the life of the saint, and of the spread of Christianity in Germany, and you will then find, that besides many other great

fabrics raised by the present king, you have still two to inspect, which of themselves alone would have constituted the glory of any city, and which have collected into them such treasures of art as are rarely to be found in any two buildings, except in Florence or Rome. These are the Glyptothek and Pinacothek.

From the description of these noble fabrics and their contents, the pen of the mere visitor shrinks in despair. Volumes only can detail their wealth; vision only make palpable their beauty and value. The Glyptothek, built by Von Klenze for the present king when crown-prince, and at his own cost, was begun in 1816, and only completed in 1830. It is of the purest Grecian style, having a noble Ionic portico, its pediment embellished by a group of nine colossal statues of white marble, Minerva in the midst of the plastic arts. The building is a large square, inclosing a court. It is apparently only of one story, lighted from above; and without, instead of windows, are niches containing statues of the most celebrated sculptors. The front is wholly faced with red-and-white marble, and in its whole aspect is most chaste and simply noble. It contains twelve splendid halls, all floored with marble, and the walls lined with scagliola of different and richest colours. Many of them are embellished with designs from Cornelius, painted by him, Schlotthauer, Zimmermann, and with relievos by Schwanthaler. The mere mass of marble employed here is astonishing. Inglis, who saw it when it was scarcely finished, said that he had seen the marbles of the Escorial, and others of the most celebrated palaces of Europe, but none of them were to be compared with the marbles of the Glyptothek. It is, in fact, a worthy abode for the treasures of ancient art which it contains, such indeed as no other monarch has erected; and the arrangement of those treasures is equally admirable and instructive. In twelve halls you have illustrated the rise, progress, decline, and modern revival of the art of sculpture. You have first, remains of Indian and Egyptian art; then the most ancient Greek and Etruscan; then the *Ægina* marbles, filling up the period preceding Phidias; then those of the very time, and probably from the hand of Phidias' master, the chief the colossal Apollo Citharödu; then, in the Halls of Bacchus and of the Niobedæ, those of the period of perfect Grecian art. The Halls of the Gods and of Troy are appropriated to the frescoes of

Cornelius, illustrative of the Grecian mythology and the Trojan wars. The Hall of Heroes contains statues and busts, Greek and Roman, which betray strong symptoms of that decline of art which only becomes too prominent in the Roman Hall; the inferiority of these to the Grecian sculpture striking most forcibly on you, after passing from one to the other. To these succeed the Hall of Coloured Works, and of the Moderns.

Amongst the most justly celebrated of this collection are the Ægina Marbles. These are fragmentary groups, from the portico friezes of a fallen temple in the Isle of Ægina, where they were discovered by Baron Haller and others in 1811, and were purchased by the king for 6000*l.*, much to the chagrin of the British government, which had sent an order to purchase them for 8000*l.* They fill up an otherwise irremediable vacuum in the progress of Grecian art. One group represents the battle of Telamon and Hercules with Laomedon, king of Troy; the other, that for the body of Patroclus. Part are fighting, part fallen, and display an astonishing attention to anatomical proportions, but an equal want of expression of countenance. In neither form nor face are the soul and the predominant character and sentiment or passion of the moment expressed, as they are so finely in those of after ages, especially in the Venus of Cnidos, the Barberini Faun, and the Kneeling Son of Niobe; the last most full of life and expression of all the figures which are supposed to belong to the Niobe group at Florence. In the Hall of the Moderns, are the Venus and the Paris of Canova; the Sandal-binder and the beautiful Vittoria Caldoni of Schadow; the bust of Iffland, by the father, George Schadow; Rauch's Admiral Van Tromp; Carli's Winckelmann; and the bust of the King as Crown-Prince, by Thorwaldsen; Thorwaldsen's Adonis; Love and the Muse, by Algardi; Napoleon, by Arachi; the Kneeling Christ-child, by Algardi, etc.

The effect of walking through the halls of the Glyptothek is indescribably and serenely delightful. The admirable arrangement in regard to progressive art, the equally admirable selection of subjects, have the most tranquillizing and harmonizing effect on the spirit. You are offended or disturbed by none of those mediocre objects which in some collections are obtruded on you because they are antique. All is pure and chastely beautiful, and full of that

peculiarly etherial and poetic sentiment which lives in the statues of the truly great masters. There is an air and spirit of the life of gods, a refined and elevated feeling, a divine sentiment about them, which calms and raises your own soul. A tender pathos, a sublime ideality, a youthful and heroic grace, a profound revelation of the divinity of beauty,—in a word, a higher nature, a nobler development of psychological being, draw you into a sympathy with them, and make you for the time, and often long after, conscious of a more spiritual and generous heart and aspiration than are found in you amid the contagion of the ordinary world. I never felt this tranquillizing and elevating effect so strongly as in the Glyptothek, and should esteem it a peculiar privilege to be able, like the inhabitants of Munich, to walk through it at least once a week.

The Pinacothek, which stands not far distant, a building in the Roman style, of great beauty, is equally rich in works of the pictorial art, and equally well arranged. It has its nine halls and three-and-twenty cabinets, all full of paintings from the earliest date to the latest: the old Byzantine, old German, Italian, Netherland, French, Spanish, and from all great masters of each of them. It is impossible here to give any idea of the multitudinous contents of this great gallery, in which are found all great names, from the old church painters Rogier van Brügge, Meister Stephan, Van Eck, Mabuse, Taddeo Bartoli, or Spinello, to those of Raffaele and his compeers. Rubens has a whole hall and a cabinet to himself, containing no less than ninety-five paintings, great and small, under his name. But vast and incalculably rich as this great collection is, it yet wants to me some grand and cardinal attractions of sweetness and grace. Some Madonna del Sisto, to which your steps naturally direct themselves, as in the Dresden Gallery. Less display of the magnificent horrors and savage strength of Rubens; of his dowdy women and naked figures rained down in torrents from the top to the bottom of the canvass; and of that peculiar flesh, which has a tint of decay rather than of health about it,—a something which reminds you irresistibly of bad fish. In fact, Rubens' most pleasing, and at the same time not least powerful works, are not here: such as his grand St. Ignatius Loyola casting out Devils, and his St. Francis Xavier preaching to the Indians, in the Belvidere Gallery in Vienna. It is an assemblage that fills

you with wonder rather than with love. It is a world of miracles of art and genius, but somewhat wanting in those soft emotions and that divine sentiment which spring up in the charmed quiet of the Glyptothek. Not the least delightful and attractive are the illustrations of the history of painting, and of striking moments in the lives of the great painters by Cornelius, in the five-and-twenty Loggie of the Corridor. Here also are 300,000 engravings.

Besides these splendid temples of art, there are various private galleries in Munich; the most excellent, and in every respect most valuable one, is that of the Prince of Leuchtenberg, that is, Eugene Beauharnois, the son of the Empress Josephine. In this you have an admirable selection from the masters of the different schools. A considerable number of French, amongst them a very interesting full-length of Josephine by Gerard, and Napoleon by Appiani. There are also among the statuary, the Eros and Anteros of Algardi, the Three Graces and the Magdalen of Canova.

But leaving galleries and collections, in order to know what is doing in Munich, and the wonderful spirit which is working there, and has now collected within its walls upwards of 800 artists of one kind or other, you must visit the Atelier of the principal ones; particularly Kaulbach, Schwanthaler, and Stiglmaier.

Kaulbach's Atelier we found in the St. Anna Vorstadt, Tattenbacher Strasse, in a large half-neglected building, in a wild neglected sort of paddock, enclosed with high walls. Here was the artist, amid all those objects which render an artist's studio so interesting. We entered a large room in which on all sides stood the works in progress, and the original sketches of those which are completed. Amongst these were many of his first designs for his paintings in the palace. We immediately recognised that of Faust and Wagner in the Goethe room there. There were various portraits painted by him in Italy. A full-length of a fine-looking young noble, in the costume of the Middle Ages, in the background the beautiful head of a young girl; a portrait of a young artist in a masking costume. But the great object was standing opposite to you, his cartoon of the Destruction of Jerusalem, said to be purchased by the king, and on which the artist is now actively employed. This is of vast size, and the bold genius of the artist is at once visible in the characters and actions which it compre-

hends. Titus ascends into Jerusalem over its ruins. The eagles of the Roman legions are planted on the altar of the temple, the abomination of Desolation in the Holy Place; the high-priests put themselves to death with their followers. The Levites with broken harps are lying on the floor. Terror and despair seize the women; frantic fury the leaders of the people; demons drive the Wandering Jew with blows and mockery forth to his long pilgrimage through the world. Angels conduct the Christians safely out of the devoted place; other angels of vengeance descend with fiery swords from heaven to execute the long-menaced wrath of God; while the five great Prophets of the Old Testament, who have been for ages the proclaimers of this judgment, behold from above the fulfilment of their words.

Perhaps if we might venture to suggest a fault in so sublime a production, it is a want of a sufficient central point of interest in the picture. The attention is drawn here and there, and finds distinct groups of striking effect, rather than one undivided whole. But this in the completed painting may be corrected. One little touch in a subordinate part of the picture is extremely beautiful. As the angels escort the Christians forth, the Christian children, who child-like, in the midst of public calamity have been playing in the streets, are collected as they go on from their companions, the children of the unbelievers. One child of this class, however, pleads powerfully with the angel near him to be taken with those of the Christians, and you see by the face of the angel that he will not plead in vain.

In the inner room, on the easel that a pupil might copy it, was his picture of Anacreon reading his Poems to his Mistress. The beauty of the figures, the glow of colour and of poetry in the whole scene, were perfectly astonishing, and justly place Kaulbach in the first rank of his art as a master of the expression of beauty, and for colouring which rivals that of Titian.

In this room also were pencil sketches of the illustrations of *Reineke der Fuchs*. On a door leading into a third room were painted a boy and girl, as if done in the very exuberance of fancy, of such loveliness that they would enrich the walls of any house whatever. In this room we heard one of his pupils amusing a leisure hour with singing and playing on the guitar in a very

superior style. Kaulbach himself is very interesting in his appearance, scarcely yet of middle age, he is of delicate constitution, and bears traces in his countenance of his frequent suffering. His great modesty and gentlemanly politeness were very attractive. He spoke with much enthusiasm of his sojourn in Italy; regretted that he had not time for more travelling; and when we asked if he spoke English, replied pointing to his painting, "No, I speak no language but German, and—that!"

The Atelier of the celebrated sculptor Schwanthaler, which lies quite on the opposite side of the city, had a very different aspect. Here, instead of the solitary artist pondering over his sublime designs alone, was a whole host of busy workmen. Here was room after room full of models and statues in every stage of progress, and other models of which the finished statues were complete. In the first room was a gigantic statue of the Grand Duke of Baden for his monument at Carlsruhe. One of Rudolph of Hapsburg, for the Walhalla; and one of Mozart, the bronze cast from which has since been set up in his native city, Salzburg. There were the first small models of the Electors of Bavaria, the finished statues after which are intended for the new throne-room of the palace. A model of the frieze of the Walhalla, the Hermannschlacht, or Battle of Hermann with the legions of Varus; and several of the figures already finished in marble.

In another room were two Nymphs in marble; Belisarius and his daughter, a small group in bronze; the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden; and a small model as Nymphs of the Rhine and Danube. In another were men modelling in clay an immense figure of the Grand Duke of Baden's father; and in a hole in the wall stood one of the small models of the figures in the Glyptothek frieze. But the grand figure at this moment in Schwanthaler's atelier, was the just completed one of Hermann himself. He is the central figure of the frieze of the Walhalla portico; the opposing one, of course, being Varus the Roman general. The figure of Hermann is ten feet high, and is one of the finest creations of the chisel, ancient or modern. The artist has caught all the spirit of the Grecian genius with the bold originality which gathers inspiration from others, but makes its work its own. The young warrior stands in combat with his antagonist, like a glorious demi-god. Full of youth,

strength and grace, his face, of the finest manly beauty, is kindled with the fire of patriotism and courage. There is the triumph of certain conquest and of patriotic vengeance in his eye; on his cheek the cool steadfastness of watchful wisdom. The statue is of fine white marble, the figure only partially covered with a robe, and every limb, every fold of the dress, is full of spirit and expression. The wings on his helm seem alive in every feather.

The figures of this noble frieze are not in relieve, but perfect, and standing separate from the pediment. With the boldness which characterizes the king and the artists of Munich, they have ventured on what has never been attempted since the classic ages; that of adorning the friezes of their public buildings, not with mere relievos, but with distinct and perfect statues. The frieze of the portico of the Glyptothek was the first; and this is the second splendid example of this in modern times. The frieze is seventy-two feet long, and will stand sixty feet above the position of the spectator. The whole group consists of fifteen figures. Hermann stands high above the rest: for, as on the southern portico the artist has represented the successful close of the war of Germany with France; here, on the northern one, he seizes the moment when Hermann strikes down the power of Rome in Germany. He is now not the assertor, but the achiever of his country's freedom. Varus, who stands before him, is in the act to stab himself; the Roman, behind Varus, is turning to flee; a standard-bearer is falling; and behind him lie the slain. Behind Hermann are three German warriors rushing on with battle-axe, sword, and club; the bard, with his harp; the prophetess; and a group of women tenderly binding the wounds of an old man who has fallen in battle. Since we saw the figure of Hermann the whole frieze is completed, and excites general admiration.

What astonishes you in these Munich artists, painters, sculptors, and bronze-founders alike, is their daring, free, adventurous, and prolific spirit. There is nothing servile; nothing imitative; nothing merely neat and clever. They seem to have taken inspiration from the ancients, but not to have been overawed by them; to have drank from the same fountain of soul and beauty, and to aspire to the same greatness. All their works have a freedom, a master-ship, a novelty and livingness about them, which prove them to

belong to a new era of art; and they are poured out in that vigorous abundance, which testifies the power and confidence of the master. As we walk through their studios, and from one to another, we feel as men must have done in the days of Greece, when Praxiteles and Phidias were busy amid their pupils, hewing out glorious form after form, to embellish the temples of the gods and the palaces of princes. When we recollect that we are not in one of the great capitals of the world, in Paris or London, but in that of little Bavaria, our wonder is the greater; and what in those cities is progressing, bearing any resemblance to these works, in their spirit, their greatness, or their affluent abundance?

It is the same in their architecture. They have no fear, and produce novelty out of the most unexpected quarters. The Ludwig Strasse is a striking example of this; where vast ranges of houses extend, in which the old Saxon ecclesiastical style is introduced, with its round arches and short round pillars, and peculiar zigzag tracery, and other ornaments; and that with the most new and even elegant effect.

The bronze foundery of Stiglmaier, at which we next arrived, is the continuation, or, as it were, appendix to the Atelier of Schwanthaler. Here his teeming models are converted into bronze. These works are again immense. We went into four or five great rooms, each of which was full of workmen, busily employed in polishing, hammering, and filing huge limbs of bronze just turned out of the moulds; others in preparing the moulds themselves. Here lay Titanic heads, here a booted leg of bronze as big as an ordinary man. Groups of workmen, reminding us of the earlier outlines of Retsch's song of the Bell, were building up and screwing together these huge forms. The sounds were deafening. We were then ushered into a small room, in which, like a scene in an Arabian tale, stood eight colossal golden statues of the Electors of Bavaria; part of those which we have mentioned as preparing for the throne-room. The effect was perfectly dazzling. These statues are each ten feet high. Masterly figures, wrought in the costume, each of his own age, in the most exquisite style of workmanship. Every smallest fold of raiment or piece of armour, their massy swords and flowing locks, are most beautifully finished, and the splendour of such masses of gold is superb beyond con-

ception. The whole series consists of fourteen of these gigantic figures, of which eight were here complete, and the remainder were to be finished in the course of the following year. Five years had already been employed upon them; and, including the designing and modelling, each figure costs 2000*l.* sterling; half the value consisting in the gold with which they are overlaid.

In a lower room where the workmen were preparing the moulds stood an immense swan, intended by the king to be placed in the centre of a fountain at one of his country palaces. Here, in a pit sunk into the earth, was a vast plaster figure of the Grand Duke of Hesse, having an iron ring in its head, and a pulley by which it can be raised, and a large hole in its back, by which if necessary to descend into it. Here also, besides huge parts of figures, and seven-leagued boots lying about, were designs in relief for the front of the monument of Mozart, very beautiful.

Coming out of these works we observed a lofty tower near, and asked what it was. "O! that was only the wooden structure in which the men were building up the clay model of the figure of the Bavaria, intended to stand on the Theresien Meadow, where the people hold their annual feast in October." We entered, and stood in astonishment. What a figure! It is that of a female, standing with a lion by her side; a female figure of fifty-five feet high! and to be placed on a pedestal of thirty feet, altogether, eighty-five feet high! It was as if the days of the Anakim were come back, and this were the statue of one of their queens. The statue is perfectly sublime in its immensity. The grace and majesty of the design are no less wonderful than the boldness of the idea. The first model from which the workmen mould, although many degrees larger than life, appeared dwarfish in the presence of this nearly completed Titaness. The head alone of the Bavaria is taller than the tallest man; and the thumb-nail of one of the hands, which was reared against the wall, was as long as a man's whole hand. Scaffolding, a perfect network of poles and ladders, was raised about this modern female Colossus, on which swarmed the workmen busily building it up. In one corner stood Schwanthaler's plaster model, and in another lay a mountain of clay for completing the figure. When this stupendous statue is set on the place of its destination, lofty as a tolerable church tower, it

will be an animating thought for the people when they collect around it, that it is not only a symbolic image of their country, but is formed of the cannon taken from their enemies, heaps of which were lying about ready for the purpose.

But we have been so deeply absorbed with the wonders of recent art in Munich, that no space is left us for a hundred other things in it. Its social life, its festive resorts, its customs, and costumes. We could linger long in its painted arcades in the Hofgarten, with its brilliant frescoes, and mottoes by its own royal builder. In its English garden, with its extensive woodland walks, through which, in various channels sweeps the "Isar rolling rapidly" its waters of beautiful malachite green. In its garden-temple, with its summer evening music, the streaming tide of people in their gay "München Tracht" ever pouring on. We could visit its Museum, its Odeon, its Frohsinn, its Kunst Verein, and many other Vereins. Its gay resorts in the country round; Tivoli, Schwabing, Nymphenburg, Sendling, Harlaching, and a score of others, where Bavarian beer, music, and laughter abound. We would view again, and more exactly, that fine Isar gateway, with its splendid warrior array in fresco, the Emperor Ludwig and his knights returning from the battle of Mülldorf; its Virgin and Child on one side, so mild and holy, and its venerable bishop on the other, both painted on a gold ground; and its towers, on which hang its lordly row of shields with armorial emblazonments painted in bright colours.

Shall we say nothing of its merry Folks-theatre in the Vorstadt Au, to which we marched resolutely, through dirty streets and wet days, to its heroic plays, such as Kätschen of Heilbronn, that favourite of all the common people of Germany, in which the Armourer's reputed daughter turns out to be really the Emperor's daughter, and the Vehme Gericht holds its secret tribunal, and castles are burnt, and the faithful Kätschen, patient as Griselda and devoted as Jeannie Deans, finally triumphs over her fate and her rival, and marries her beloved knight? Shall we say nothing either of its farcical and humorous pieces, reflecting the life of their own order, and applauded with thunders of enthusiasm by the joyous spectators? Nothing of this popular old theatre of wood, where for a few kreutzers each, four representations per day,—in the after-

noon at four o'clock and eight o'clock, are given, and crowded artizans, on Blue Mondays and other leisure days, sit with their wives and families, or their Schätze (treasures, their sweethearts), and are as happy and critical as the king can be at the opera?

And of that opera, that royal theatre, is nothing to be said? Yes, we must allow ourselves to express our sense of the pleasant and satisfactory manner in which all that relates to theatric representation is conducted. The early hours, the well-regulated house, the *morale* of the pieces, all deserve the utmost attention of the friends of the drama, and might be imitated with the utmost advantage in our own country. The theatre, the opera, the ballet, all which we witnessed, were of a class to which the strictest moralist could have nothing to object. The orchestra, the acting and singing, were equally excellent and scientific, if no stars of the first magnitude could be said to present themselves. Then the order, and the early hours, how admirable! At half-past six you can walk to the theatre, after your family tea. You have already secured your places, the very best of which are where our inferior ones are—in the pit, because here you have at once the most direct view of the whole stage, and can locate yourself as to distance as you please. No one can possibly usurp your seat, because it is no seat at all till you arrive, being turned up and locked to the back. Thus the most perfect order and quiet are produced. You find, whether you go to box or parterre, the most respectable class around you. Between the acts, ices and confections are handed about by servants in livery; sentinels stand at the door to maintain order there. The house itself is handsome and convenient, and you are sure to witness acting, and to hear singing and music which are scientific and superior, if they do not happen to astonish you by their genius. All is over by ten o'clock. In retiring, you find, owing to the early hour and the excellent arrangements, all order: no crushing, hurrying, crying for carriages, nor yourself thrust, as it were, out of the mouth of a furnace into a midnight shivering street; but families in groups can walk home, if they please, just as they came.

By this means, instead of a dissipation which destroys the night, and condemns the next day and personal health and comfort together, the resort to the theatre and opera becomes a social

enjoyment of the most agreeable and also refining kind. People wearied with the business and cares of the day, can thus at a very trifling expense, enjoy all the charms of music, singing, and dramatic representation, with their families, without disturbing a single domestic arrangement, or costing a single extra hour to themselves or servants. Then the expense! In London you must pay to go into the pit, at the Opera, eight shillings and sixpence; here, you pay only twice tenpence, *i.e.* a gulden. Inferior places are proportionably low, down to fivepence; for which young men of all classes, and especially students in throngs, stand in the parts not occupied with seats. Thus, for fivepence may be witnessed the finest opera, which would cost with us twenty times the sum. Is it therefore any wonder that all the refinement of mind and taste to be drawn from this source should be twenty times as widely diffused?

But let us, before quitting Munich, step a moment from the theatre to the church, without which we cannot have a clear idea of the various life and scenery here. The Metropolitan, or Frauen Kirche, the cathedral, is a noble church; lofty, spacious, and finely enriched with splendid altar-pieces, frescoes, carving, and monuments. In the choir stands the magnificent tomb of the Emperor Ludwig the Fourth, a Bavarian. With its four kneeling knights, in bronze, each with a standard in his hand; and, on each side, standing a figure of a Bavarian duke; while through openings you can see within, the figure of the Emperor, seated in all his imperial robes on his throne; angels holding a canopy over him, and the emblazoned Bavarian shield at his feet. From the roof of the choir hangs the singular spectacle of a cardinal's hat, there dedicated to St. Bennis, in 1607, by Cardinal Clesselius of Vienna, a native of Munich.

But it is not for the church itself, but for the scene which it presents, that we visit it. You here behold all the pomp of Catholic worship, amid all the accompaniments of painting, statues, and of that ample and lofty church, filled with kneeling throngs; while, from a full orchestra, such singing bursts forth, with the pealing of the organ, as is rarely heard. Amid the chorus of voices you readily recognise the clear and trumpet one, of some of the finest singers of the opera; and the whole performance, as it may most fitly be called, is of the most enchanting and inspiring

character. But, besides this, you have worship, too, under its most devoted and manifold aspects. Kneeling figures cover the floor, and light it up with the gay colours of the most diversified costumes. Here are assembled the people, both from city and country; and nowhere could you, at one glance, obtain so extensive an observation of the singular varieties of costume which Bavaria presents. What is called the Münchener Tracht, or costume of Munich, is seen here in all its glory. It is at once peculiar, and amongst the most elegant of the costumes of the whole Continent. It is the costume of the females of the bürger and lower classes, and is worn also by servant-maids and country girls of the vicinity.

Its great distinguishing portions are those of the head and bodice. The hair is neatly dressed, and braided in front; and on the back of the head is placed a sort of small cap, of gold or silver brocade, which confines the hair, and gives a particularly brilliant and elegant finish. This Riegel-Haube, as it is called, costs from twenty to thirty gulden—from thirty shillings to three pounds English; some cost as much as four pounds. Besides this there is a necklace, con-

sisting of five or six gold or silver chains, fastened by a clasp, which costs twenty gulden more. The bodice is also laced across the front with gold or silver chains of equal value. There are hooks to fasten



the chains; and coins, called Denk-Münze, or token-coins, which are often presented by friends or lovers, are hung on each side. Thus the whole silver or gold orniture will often amount in value to six or seven pounds.

This costume is so graceful that it might be worn by ladies of any rank with great effect; but it is the mark of the *bürger* and common class, and therefore has to strive against the natural desire of the *bürger* class to cast off what separates them from the higher and allies them to the lower. But the king, as he has an eye to whatever is beautiful, is a great admirer of this *Tracht*, and accordingly you see it on all public occasions in full glory. In the throng of the church, or the theatre—in the public walks and gardens, the *Riegel-Haube* still glitters, and produces a very rich and lively effect. There is no head-dress which sets off more the fresh and lovely features and well-turned heads of the young women than this.

There is another cap also much worn; the *Pelz-Haube*, or fur cap. This is round, and has on the top a golden ornament too, sunk as it were in a nest. It is by no means so becoming as the *Riegel-Haube*. It has a hot and Tartar look, but gives variety.



These head-dresses were numerous in this church, as well as the neck and bodice chains. Others had little gaudy silk handkerchiefs tied at the back of the neck, with the ends sticking out like little wings. Others had a crescent-formed stomacher of gold brocade, laced up on each side with large silver buttons and *Denk Münze*. The bodices were of bright silks and satins; and the petticoats of the countrywomen plaited in numerous heavy plaits, presenting very much the effect of Egyptian drapery. Peasants who apparently came from distant dorfs had, instead of the *Riegel-Haube* or *Pelz-Haube*, bright coloured handkerchiefs tied over their heads, and were clad in prints of most showy colours. The quantity of rings worn by the common people was amazing.

Tyrolean peasants mingled in the mass, and increased the many-hued and picturesque spectacle. Many of the people had rosaries of beads of blue glass ornamented with silver. The looks of deep reverence in all, the fingering of rosaries and muttering of prayers, indicated a deeply pious feeling. The women in the Pelz-Haube, we observed, were preeminently devotional. On the outside of the church we noticed others kneeling round a sepulchre in the wall, with a figure of Christ in it, and scattering flowers around.

But to see the spirit of devotion in its fullest extent, it is necessary to enter the Theatiner Kirche. This church, which may be said to be a caricature of St. Peter's at Rome, is in the worst taste. Grecian or Italian architecture is at best not the most suitable to a church, but when it is overloaded with wretched ornaments as this is, it is bad indeed. Aloft on all sides, little angels, like so many Cupids, are seeming to laugh at the people below, and playing all sorts of ludicrous pranks. After the rich glow of the Allerheiligen Capelle, in which we had just before been, this looked flat and cold in the extreme. It seemed as if the whole were carved out of ivory, but not by a master hand. Yet it abounds in fine altar-pieces and paintings, some of them even from the hands of Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, and other by no means contemptible artists. Before every shrine were numbers worshiping. Every saint had his little knot of devotees; but Christ in chains, and the Black Virgin by far the most. Some were planting little burning tapers around the feet of pillars. Others were planting them on the top of the iron railing surrounding the shrines of the Christ in Gefangenschaft and the Black Virgin. The rails were dropped all over with the wax from the vast number of tapers which, from time to time, had been fixed on them. A woman stood with a stall, selling these little tapers of different colours, and also little prayers, printed on strips of very common paper. There were wax legs and arms, and one whole wax baby in swaddling clothes, with many hearts and chains of silver, offered at the favourite shrine of the Black Virgin. Pictures were also hung up in it, representing the Black Virgin appearing to individuals, especially to a soldier who was lying in bed ill, and promising them health.

The reverence for the Black Virgin and Child in Catholic countries is one of the most singular phenomena of this religion. She

and child are as black as any negroes. They are supposed to be of Eastern origin. If you ask how they came to acquire this transcendent veneration, you get no very satisfactory answer. It is a matter of ancient tradition not very clear. One ecclesiastic, in reply to my query, said he supposed it was, that as images became black with age, the people had an idea that these were of the highest antiquity, and therefore more sacred than any other. Be that as it may, everywhere these shrines are crowded, and loaded with offerings.

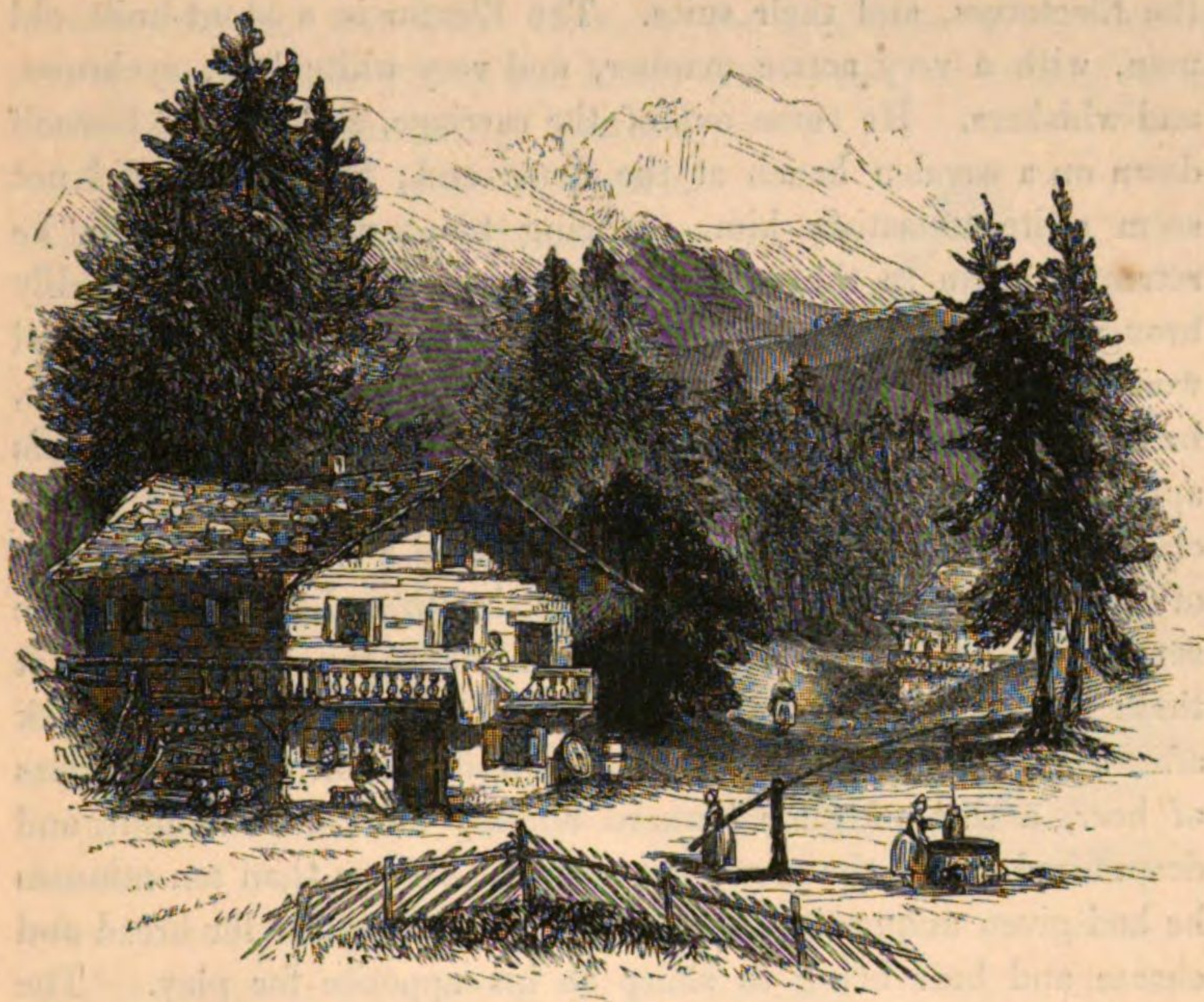
The love of the people for bloody imagery is here again peculiarly conspicuous. On all sides are paintings and figures of a ghastly character. In a side chapel is a real sepulchre, with all its solemn apparatus and deathly figure. In the chapel hang various paintings, but the people flock with eager zeal to one—that of Christ just taken down from the cross, with copious streams of blood running from hands, feet, and side. You see the people touching this blood and then kissing their hand. Not one wound, nor one stream of gore that they do not greedily rub their fingers upon again and again, and as often kiss them, as if they could never be satisfied. How strange is the contrast between the fine taste which the king is diffusing, and this taste which abounds amongst the people! But we must not philosophise; we must depart.

We quitted Munich with great regret. There is certainly scarcely a city in Europe in which a lover of art must feel so strong an interest and excitement. In others, literature is more active; and in others again, you can enjoy the contemplation of the works of the past; but here every moment something new in art is projected, or is accomplished. There is always some beautiful addition to the wealth of art, nascent; something progressing, something achieved; and you feel as you do in nature, that there is a principle of life and growth around you.

6. JOURNEY THROUGH SALZBURG AND LINZ, TO VIENNA.

SCARCELY are you out of the city of Munich on your way towards Wasserburg, before you begin to perceive the Tyrolean style of building. There are the large projecting roofs; the outside galleries running all round the house; the wooden tiles all

loosely laid on, and great stones upon them to keep them from being blown away. What amazes you is, that these houses are not burned down by dozens. They seem as if purposely calculated



for bonfires. They are all of wood. Walls, floors, roofs, galleries, everything is wood; and besides this, wood for firing is piled under the galleries, especially under the lower ones, four feet deep, where it will remain dry, in such quantities, that to our eyes it appears quite terrific. The least accident with fire, and the whole is in an irremediable blaze.

Their wells here too, as in many other parts of Germany, are of a most primitive and picturesque kind. The bucket and rope are hung to a beam balanced on a stout post. This beam is often enormous, and so heavy at one end that its weight counterpoises that of the bucket at the other when full of water, so that there is nothing to do but to lift this thick end, the beam being so balanced as to make this easy to a child; the bucket descends, and by leaving go of the beam, it comes up again of itself. Here, again, were plenty of shrines, crosses, and pictures of Saints, Virgins, and Trinities, on houses and shutters.

At a post station, about ten English miles from Munich, we met the Elector of Hesse-Cassel returning from Bad-Gastein. In two or three plain sort of travelling carriages were the Elector, the Electoress, and their suite. The Elector is a stout-built old man, with a very active manner, and very white hair, eyebrows, and whiskers. He came out of the carriage, and clapped himself down on a wooden bench at the house-end; but as this did not seem quite to satisfy him, as being too much in the sun, he retreated again to the carriage, and two of his servants speedily brought from the inn a tall glass of sugar-water, with its tall wooden spoon for the Electress, a large, jolly dame, and for him, bread and cheese and Bavarian beer. With a truly ploughman's appetite, and in ploughman style, he cut a good hunch of bread, clapped it in the palm of his left hand, and a corresponding piece of cheese, which he took between the thumb and forefinger of the same hand, and with a large pocket-knife began to play away at these homely viands with the keenness of a hunter, or of a Cossack after a day's pursuit of the enemy. He drunk off the deckel-glass of beer, a sort of glass tankard holding more than a pint, and despatched one of the men for a second. In less than ten minutes he had given unquestionable evidence of his appetite for bread and cheese and beer being as sharp as his appetite for play. The bread and cheese had vanished; the two tankards of beer after it; he wiped his moustachios, the whips cracked, and away went the carriages, the Elector having laid a tolerable foundation for his dinner at Munich.

We ourselves drove another stage, and then stopped to dine at a large and primitive village inn. Our landlord, as is often the case in this part of Bavaria, was an extensive farmer as well as Wirth. The house was very large, and on the opposite side of the way stood barns and farm-buildings, also on an extensive scale. The common room, into which we first entered, was immense, with a huge iron stove, rude wooden chairs and tables, and a number of women busily at work, ironing, getting up linen, and sewing. The landlady, though apparently having plenty of household work on her hands, soon sent us into a little side room an excellent dinner, in which stood pre-eminent pancakes and Bavarian beer. Pancakes, it is well for travellers to know, can be had at a short notice in

almost any village inn in Germany, of most excellent quality, and where you would find it difficult out of the regular dinner hour to procure anything else very palatable, except coffee, ever the staple resource of the traveller. Here, for the first time we were waited on by one of those young and lovely Kelnerinen, or waiting maids so celebrated in this part of Bavaria, and the adjoining ones of Austria. Their fame is well merited. A lovelier set of young women we have nowhere seen. They must, in fact, be carefully selected for their office; and very probably any young girls growing up very handsome are trained with a view to this service. In all other parts of Germany you are waited on by men. These Bavarian and Austrian Hebes wear at their sides, on the left, a bunch of keys, on their right one of those large leather purses, which are made familiar to English eyes by being so often introduced into his designs by Retsch. They have often, as in this instance, the name of the fair Kelnerin worked on the band of the pocket. The Münchener-Tracht continues to be worn here, and seen still farther on the way towards Salzburg, and in this pretty costume, with a native, or more probably an acquired grace and sweetness of manner, these young damsels may well be objects of general admiration.



At Wasserburg, a little town in a hollow amongst sandy hills, and swept nearly completely round by the river Inn, built as if on purpose to be often under water, and so often indeed deeply in it that it is raised on lofty arches, and the people frequently have to go from house to house in boats, we were in a similar inn, large and very old-fashioned. Here was another of these Kelnerinen, of singular beauty; and the landlady, now a little soft pillow of a woman, must have been in her youth very handsome, and was very probably one of these comely Kelnerinen; very dangerous personages indeed to young and sentimental landlords, as well as guests. Our Wirthin was as agreeable as she must have been pretty; most atten-

tive, friendly, and talkative, taking her seat near us at our tea, and watching that we had everything that we wanted. She formed a very soft and sunny contrast to our young Kelnerin, who was of a slight but very beautiful figure, somewhat pale, and with small regular features. A younger sister of the Frau Wirthin, who could make no claim to the charms either of her sister or the Kelnerin, however made us sensible of those which she did possess, by honouring us with her by no means contemptible performances on the piano, and accompanying them with a very sweet voice.

Our next day's journey to Salzburg was through a singularly pleasant and happy-looking country. In Bavaria the landed property descends to the eldest son. The Elector Albrecht IV., called the Wise, for this and similar measures, seeing the poverty which resulted both to nobles and people from the endless divisions and sub-divisions of family property, established the law of primogeniture, and here you behold strikingly the effects of it. There are no longer only the small patches of land, with the peasants, their proprietors, at work on them, but large farms and large and substantial farm-houses. The corn and grass lie in great expanses, as belonging to great concerns. The dwellings, with their extensive farms and outbuildings, had an air of cleanness, lightness and substantiality about them, as the abodes of considerable wealth, and of a class superior to bauers. They were mostly still in the Tyrolean style, with projecting roofs, ornamented gables, outside galleries, and little cupolas on the ridge for a bell. Everywhere these little cupolas were indispensable; even the smallest and rudest cottage had its cupola or little belfry, were it only of four stakes with a little thatched or shingle roof, or even of a forked stick, and the bell hung between the prongs. Here too, a sight most uncommon in Germany, the fields were divided by fences, not of living thorn indeed, but of slanting poles, which seen on all sides produced a curious effect. The fields were large and full of fine cattle; for, with fences, they were not obliged either to keep them everlasting prisoners within doors, or perpetually to watch them without. The aspect was more English than anything that we had seen in this country. Soft green slopes, extensive meadows of grass and clover plots, intermingled with rapid clear streams, scattered woods, and prosperous-looking villages, with the Salzburg alps rising every moment more bold and distinct in the foreground.

A singular feature in the scene was presented by their mode of drying their heavy crops of clover, of linseed, and even of oats. The crops were rank, the ground moist, and the process of drying not a very rapid one for anything lying on the earth. Instead, therefore, as with us, these crops being left on the ground, and repeatedly turned till dry, they were hung on tall poles with pegs in them, so that the air could constantly blow through them. By this plan they are much sooner dry, without any further labour, and there is also this attendant advantage, that the seed is not knocked out. This plan might be advantageously introduced into many parts of our own country, especially into such counties as Lincoln, Cambridge, and Huntingdon, where you may see the heavy crops of grass and clover lie on the ground ten days or more, to wither before they are in any manner moved. In the north of Scotland, the Scotch islands, and in Ireland, I imagine this mode would be of great service in the midst of a moist atmosphere, except that in these places wood is often scarcely to be found.

These poles, thus clothed, have a very odd effect, particularly in the dusk of evening. As they stand clad in shaggy grass or corn, they present to the eye of fancy trains of giants, old hermits, or pilgrims of a rude and woodland age, marching on their way. Some of the poles have pegs artificially driven into them, others are young spruce fir-trees, or the tops of larger ones, with their boughs, which naturally grow very horizontally and circularly, cut off at the lower end, at about eighteen inches in total width, and gradually tapering upwards.

The costumes here were peculiar. The women wore black straw hats, and looked very like Welsh women. In other places white straw hats. The men, large black boots, black leather small-



clothes, with an ornamented knife and fork in a little pocket on the side of the thigh. They had broad leather ornamented bands



round their waists, and hats with small brims and tall crowns, hollowed out at the sides, adorned with a cord and tassels of black silk, of gold, or straw; with a bunch of artificial or real flowers, or a feather, or tuft of fur.

We stopped to dine at the village of Stein, famous for the ruins of the castle, and the dungeons of the robber-knight Von Stein. There is scarcely anything in the remains of the fastnesses

of the rude ages of Germany more striking than these, nor more corroborative of the horrible traditions of those monstrous times. Von Stein's castle stands on the edge of a lofty precipice, where he could see all persons approaching from Salzburg or Munich, and descend to plunder and make captive. In the rock, which is pudding-stone, he made his captives hew out most extensive ranges of caverns, flights of steps, and subterranean passages. The caverns are feebly lighted by narrow slits cut through to the face of the precipice. In these he confined all his prisoners who were men of substance, in order to extort enormous ransoms from them. He had one dismal cell, which he called his Hunger-hole, in which he confined those whom he determined to put to death, with a jug of water and a small loaf of bread, and there left them to perish. He had also a deep pit cut in the heart of the solid rock, into which he let down such as were refractory, or on whom he wished to exercise particular vengeance. In one of those dungeons he is said to have kept his own mother confined for eleven years. His son becoming attached to a village maiden, he confined her here. The son discovered her already in the hunger-hole, and was in the act of rescuing her when Von Stein entered the dungeons. The son blew out the light on first hearing his approach, and retreated along the passage to seek a nook of concealment. The father hearing some one moving just before him, stabbed him mortally in

the back before he knew whom it was. In the remaining rooms of the tower are still preserved parts of his armour and his saddle. The walls are covered with rude designs of him and his exploits, and verses as rude, as

Hainz von Stein ein wilder Schnapphan,
Den midlins hat vile laidl anthan,
Aber die münchener in allen ehren,
duweil er that das ganz land beschweren,
die wasser und salzbürger allmitsamt,
Seines handwerk gelet han.

den sie brachen en sein veste
Siegfried Gebtsattl that das beste;
er stach den hainzen todt zum lohn,
und war sinsun wusst nix davon,
der hainz hat ihm sein lieb geräubt,
Walltrand von Trossburg wie man seit.

The chief import of which is, that the people of Munich, Wasserburg, and Salzburg united, broke into the fortress of this wild reiver, who had done the country much mischief, and put an end to his handiwork. Siegfried Gelbsattl did the best. He stabbed him to death, in reward of his having carried off the love of Waltrand von Trossburg, who, however, till then knew not who was the offender.

Under the rude sketch of Stein attacking a boar with a spear :

Hainz von Stein unverdrossen
By Offling hat er mich getroffen.
Hans von Stein, unwearied wight,
Slew me at Offling in my flight.

1472.

The mountains of Salzburg now rose high, wild, and beautiful before us. The country over which we travelled was level and green; and presently leaving the guide-posts, the toll-bar beams, and the tall poles marking the frontier boundary, all gay with the blue and white stripe of Bavaria, we encountered those of Austria, with the heavy yellow and black, and found ourselves before the custom-house. The many accounts we had heard of the extreme strictness of the Austrian officers, and of their troublesome search, had made us somewhat anxious; not on account of possessing anything contraband, but from the natural dislike of having all your travelling requisites turned out and uselessly rummaged. We had

heard travellers declare, that every little thing had been opened, and every article, even to dirty linen, thrown wide out in heaps upon the very road. In our case nothing could be more reasonable or more polite than the conduct of the officers here. They asked if we had any tobacco, which is a state monopoly, the emperor being the great tobacconist of Austria, or sealed letters; made a somewhat formal entry of the particulars of our passport, of our whence and whither; ordered one of our trunks to be opened, declared, without disturbing a single article, that it was quite satisfactory; and, after entering into familiar chat, on the weather and the beauty of the country, as the packages were replaced, wished us a very good journey. It is true, as we delivered the keys to the inferior officer, there was a gulden amongst them, which I observed the man very carefully grasped, as he would have done in most other places.

Salzburg, which we now entered, is anything but a beautiful town. It lies on the banks of the Salza, a broad and rapid mountain stream, and is surrounded by lofty mountains. It reminded us, by its position, of Heidelberg, except that, instead of hills, it is enclosed by mountains. The town itself has a gloomy, heavy, and unpleasing aspect. The buildings, and especially the church, are heavy and tasteless. Soon tired of the town itself, of its fountain with sea-horses prancing, we walked to the front of the house in which Mozart was born, and then began to ascend its heights; and how glorious are they, and the Alpine land which they shew around you! Here towers aloft the huge castle immediately over the town; beyond the green and rushing river rises the venerable convent of the Capuchins; behind you, soar the dark coves and naked summits of the Untersberg, with silent and snow-capped peaks, right and left. Amongst these peaks, in the intervening valleys, not only has sublimity

Throned herself in icy halls,

but traditions and sagas have made their stronghold. In no part of Germany are legends so rife as in the mountain country round Salzburg. Under the Untersberg itself, the country people firmly believe that Charlemagne and all his Paladins sleep in complete armour, ready, at the proper time, to come forth to the rescue and renown of Germany. You are, in fact, now on the border of one

of the most enchanting regions of Europe, and by far the finest portion of Germany. Travel which way you will into these hills, you cannot be weary; sojourn here for months, for a whole summer, you must be right, for the whole wide region is a fairyland of mountains, enchanting valleys, lakes like expanses of emerald, alpine torrents, dark forests, and nooks of such elysium beauty as are seldom discovered by the foot of the delighted wanderer.

Within the distance of a day's excursion, lies Berchtesgaden, a charming seat of the king of Bavaria, in the midst of mountains of from six to nine thousand feet high, as the Untersberg, the Watzberg, the Hohe Göhl, etc.; amid summits the abode of the eagle, the chamois, and the eternal snows. Still nearer lies Aigen, the seat of Prince Schwarzenberg. In different directions lie many beautiful lakes; the Tegernsee, the Chiemsee, the Königsee, the Traunsee, and many other lakes and floods of the most lovely smaragdine-coloured waters. Around most of these extends the most enchanting scenery. The dark forests, and their people, wood-fellers, charcoal-burners, and miners; vast salt-mines, with all their peculiar scenery and people; and not least, the legends and Catholic superstitions, which exist here in all their strength, make this a most attractive region to the lovers of whatever is sublime and beautiful in nature and curious in man. In fact, you are here in a sort of promontory of the region which embraces in its extent the Tyrol and Switzerland, and the north of Italy; of the mountain-land, whose feet extend themselves towards the Danube, the Adriatic, and the Mediterranean; into Germany, Italy, and France.

Salzburg itself seems to be one of the most intense points of Catholic superstition. It was, in fact, for many ages an entirely ecclesiastical state. Its archbishop was also its prince, and there is yet no part of Germany where superstition more firmly maintains its ground. In no city which I ever saw are the signs of this more visible. Bloody pictures of saints and saviours you have elsewhere; but here, on the outside of the Capuchin convent, you have actually a large crucifix; and, out of the side of the figure of Christ, a leaden pipe, of at least a foot long, and half an inch in diameter, through which a stream of ever-running water spouts, and no doubt is regarded by the people, as it is meant they should, as the water of everlasting life.

The church of St. Sebastian, in which lies buried the once famous Paracelsus, has an ancient and crowded cemetery, full of the most extraordinary testimonies of the rank superstition of the place. Black crosses and emblems of mortality stand thick and gloomily. A heavy colonnade surrounds the cemetery, thronged with shrines, tombs of saints, frescoes of a holy character, and pictures and ornaments without end. But the most extraordinary spectacle is that of numbers of black wooden crosses, and naked grinning skulls, ranged before some of those shrines, or tombs of saints or bishops. Whether the black crosses had been placed there as tokens of respect to the saint, or as marks of how many people were buried below, we could not ascertain; but the skulls were the most singular sight. These were of all dates and ages, ranged on shelves. Some brown and decayed, some fresh and recent, and evidently too white ever to have been buried. They had the names of their former possessors written under them, and date, some as late as 1823. We were told that they were those of devotees, who, before their death, had vowed them to this destination. So far as our experience goes, this exhibition is unique.

Possibly Salzburg has owed, and still owes much of its sacred character to the lofty eminences on which its convents and chapels are perched. In all ages, from the beginning of the history of superstition, its priests and its votaries have had a peculiar *penchant* for high places. It was so with the worship of Baal, whose fires still are kindled on the tops of most high hills in Germany on Midsummer eve, and even in the streets of towns, and through which the children, without knowing the origin of the custom, still run in dogged perseverance to pass through the fire to Moloch. It was on high places that Ashtaroth, the queen of heaven, was worshiped by the Syrians; and it is still on such high places that the Catholics in Germany worship their queen of heaven, and plant the shrines of her crucified son. Calvarien Bergen, or Hills of Calvary, and chapels of Maria Hilf, or Mary the Helper, still stand aloft in hundreds throughout Catholic Germany. The craft of superstition has never been insensible to the impressive effect of worshiping on lofty eminences in the face of the clear heaven above and of the outspread earth beneath. In this respect Salzburg is peculiarly fortunate; and long covered ways, of almost innumerable

steps, ascend to its chapels and monasteries, so that its votaries can go up to them in all weathers, while, on the walls, from space to space, stand graven images of saints, and paintings of saintly, haggard scenes, to edify them as they climb.

On the Sunday morning, the narrow streets of Salzburg and its long wooden bridge swarmed with country people hastening to these shrines, and then to the shops to make their purchases for the ensuing week, where, by ten o'clock, they were all as busy as bees. The men had by no means an attractive costume, looking all very much like hackney coachmen, but the women were, many of them, uncommonly good-looking, and their costume showy and picturesque. They had bright pink dresses, with little dark bodices or jackets, worn often with white sleeves, and black silk handkerchiefs tied most becomingly over the head, with long ends hanging behind; or they had that large kind of head-dress of gold brocade, peculiar to Salzburg, having much the appearance of a helmet, and standing out far behind. Others had merely black gauze ones of the same shape. The Pelz-Haube were here seen too, but worn at the back of the head, instead of upright, as at Munich, and at each side little ears of black lace. Many of them also wear broad black velvet bands round their necks, fastened with heavy clasps of richly worked silver.



We were struck with the different style of person prevailing to what we had seen in any other part of Germany. A lighter and livelier cast of features, a slenderer and more agile figure, altogether we should say more handsome and graceful, and denoting a different race or mixture of races; and as we advanced farther into Austria this became still more obvious amongst its people. On the contrary, the soldiers in the garrison here were of a totally different caste, and no doubt were from some distant part of this singularly compounded empire; they had an Asiatic or rather Tartar look, short faces, flat features, and sallow complexions.

A few words must suffice for our journey to Ischl, where indeed many words would fail to describe the noble beauty of the scenes through which we passed. At first ascending steeply for some

miles, we could, as we turned, occasionally descry the spires of Salzburg below, and the lofty heights of the Untersberg above. For hours we then went over hill and dale; the hills clothed to the very summits with pine woods, and the valleys covered with the most luxuriant grass, and so richly strewn with flowers that the ground looked like one gay carpet. By the road-side the most beautiful flowers common to our gardens hung from the banks, or gleamed from the wood-sides, and tempted the hand. The leaves of the Christmas rose were in abundance, shewing that in early spring its large white blossoms must have greatly beautified the scene. The dogtooth violet started richly between the mossy stones: there were a pretty kind of white and yellow Daphne; a large blue gentian; splendid blue and pale yellow salvias, with very long flowers; and the rich mountain pinks grew in abundance.

We stopped in a lofty and sweet country to dine. Opposite to our inn was a church, into which, as it was a sacred day, the country people were pouring in crowds. The men wore those tall hollow-sided hats, and most of them carried their coats on their arms into the church. Many went and knelt down at the graves of their deceased friends, or at that of some one noted for his sanctity. The crosses and monuments at the graves here were composed principally of thin iron, wrought into all sorts of scroll-work and twining shapes, and much gilt. On every one hung a little vessel, with a lid for holy water. There was not a drop of water, however, in any one of them, yet the poor people still mechanically popped their fingers into them and crossed themselves. Many of these iron-work little monuments, besides the gilding, were ornamented with little wretched, coloured pictures out of prayer-books, representing some grotesque object holding up its hands to some good saint in a most supplicating manner. Others had a little recess, with a little door in them, in which such a picture was deposited. Many of the graves, also, had a framework of wood set upon them, filled with powdered charcoal, perhaps as a preventive of contagion to the relatives who went there to repeat their prayers.

Soon after noon we passed over a lofty eminence, and the mountainous country towards and round Ischl lay before us. From this height, and all the way in our descent towards Ischl, we were

filled with admiration of the scenes around us. Mountains and dark forests presented themselves everywhere; but on our right, one group of bare eminences lifted themselves far above the rest, and by their utter and stony nakedness, by the snow lying in the hollows between them, by their still maintaining their conspicuous position wherever we were, and by that dreamy silence which seems to hang about such lofty masses, pronounced themselves to belong to the giants of the region. On our left, lakes and streams of the most wonderfully intense and beautiful green extended themselves amid grey meadows and the feet of the forest hills. The colour of the water in Alpine regions is one of the most surprising and charming circumstances to those who have not seen them before. The colour, be it blue, as the Rhone and the streams on that side of the Alps, or green, as on this side, is so brilliant, so deep, and of such crystalline clearness, that painters hesitate to introduce it in its full strength into their pictures, lest it should be pronounced out of nature. To the visitor to these regions it is a perpetual pleasure in the contemplation. The bright transparency of the water, where it happens to be somewhat shallow, makes the stony bottom appear at a distance like white marble; where it is deeper, it is of the richest green of the emerald or the smaragdus; in other places it shews more of the beryl; and again, when the sun strikes upon it, the brilliance of its malachite hue is so intense that you can scarcely believe it water. As you wander by the margin of these lakes, and see the bottom at great depths lit up by the sunshine, or stand and see the rivers hurrying away all with waters of this delicious colour amid the mountains and the hanging branches of the dark forests, you can conceive nothing more beautiful or more reaching and filling your ideas of fairyland scenery. Ischl stands in the midst of such scenery; in the midst of this mountain region, and these fairyland lakes and streams. Turn which way you will, you see pine forests clothing the mountain sides; mountain tops, round which the clouds are hovering, and other far-off glittering peaks, whose region is some eight or ten thousand feet of elevation in the clear sky. In the valleys which run out here and there amid these mountains, rush these bright green waters, or lie basking in the sun. Green meadows here stretch along by them, with sloping fields on the lower hill sides, all with living fences as

in England,—the only part of Germany where I ever saw them, and rustic cottages. Here again the valleys are filled for miles with pine woods, in whose openings the barberry-bush shews itself all crimson with its berries, and the most beautiful flowers are scattered as through a wild garden. Amongst these the richest salvias, growing three or four feet high, are very conspicuous; and the whole ground is strewn with the tufts of the Christmas-rose, betraying how enchanting must have been the bloom of spring there. It is impossible that the lover of nature can find a more paradisiacal region than the country round Ischl. It is only a pity that Ischl itself is not a bathing-place, better supplied with accommodation for visitors. It is a favourite resort of the Imperial family of Austria. The Ex-empress Maria Louise had been long there, and the Emperor of Austria was then on his way thither. This circumstance alone would create a popularity for the place, and yet it has only two inns of any pretence—the Post, which is always full, and the Kreuz, where the landlord, regarding all that come to him as coming only because they cannot get into the Post, fleeces them for very indifferent accommodations accordingly, and can be very surly on remonstrance.

In this neighbourhood we chanced to witness one of the dances of the country. It was Sunday evening, and we were in a retired village. Hearing music, and a singular noise of feet and voices in a Wirthshaus as we passed, we entered. The scene was worthy of Teniers. The house was old, large, and rude. There was a group of dancers, and another of drinking and smoking spectators, of a very corresponding character. In the kitchen, which stood open, were the fat landlady and her fat bare-legged maids broiling over great fires, busy preparing a supper for the numbers who were by violent exercise also vigorously preparing to devour it. There was a blazing, frying, steaming, running, and carrying in of wood by big lads, that must have been very satisfactory to the expectant dancers. We were told that it was the master miller who was giving his annual treat to all those in his employ. The dance itself was of the wildest and most grotesque kind. The hinds danced in their heavy boots. The girls were of the fattest and most ordinary aspect. Now the men all stamped in concert with the heel of one boot; now they all clapped in concert their hands;

now they all gave sudden screaming shouts, and then each taking his partner by the hand, held his hand aloft, and twirled her round under his arm as you would twirl a spindle; then each seizing his maiden, they waltzed away for a few turns, and then the course of stamping, clapping, and outcries went on again.

In this village, too, we were astonished by a sudden instance of that kissing of hands so common in Austria. In many places, in token of the receipt of any little favour, they say, "I kiss your hand;" but in many others it is no empty figure of speech. For a slight donation, or even a civil word, they will take your hand and kiss it. Here a little girl presented us with a nosegay, for which we gave her a small piece of money. Some time afterwards, as we returned up the village, out rushed a young, good-looking woman, and seizing my hand, with an energetic "Ich küsse die Hand," actually did so, to my great wonder. It was the mother of the little girl who had presented the flowers.

From Ischl we traversed the enchanting scenery of what is called the Salzkammergut, by the river Traun and the Traunsee, or Traun Lake. It is enough to say that this scenery is worthy of its fame. The little steamer which is constantly going to and fro on the Traunsee, with a very civil English captain, carried us over its green waters, beneath the towering peak, the Traunstein, and amid all its lovely views of mountains, forests, villages, and winding shores, to Gmunden, where a horse-railway conveyed us to Linz, over immense plains and through as vast level woods. At this handsome and cheerful town we embarked in the Danube steamer for Vienna.

In Linz we first struck upon some Austrian difficulties. Our passport, though regularly signed by the Austrian and English ambassadors at Munich, had not been done as I requested, namely, to Vienna through Salzburg. Salzburg being the last word mentioned, the ambassador's secretary had evidently paid more attention to that than to the more important place Vienna, of which there proved, to my own surprise on arriving here, to be no mention. The police here at first, therefore, insisted that we had no business in Linz; had no business beyond Salzburg, and must return,—upwards of a hundred English miles! A little firmness, however, and the remark addressed to their vanity, that surely as the police

of Salzburg could authorize us to come so far, they could authorize us to go on to Vienna, where the error would be corrected—prevailed. They not only signed the passport, but became particularly civil. Our difficulties, however, at the inn did not seem likely to be so readily overcome. Here, instead of finding a table d'hôte, where everything is served to you in course, and you have nothing to do but to take what comes, and eat in faith, we began to dine Austrian fashion, *à la carte*. A large bill of fare is handed to you, out of which to select what course of dishes you please. The mischief is, that many of the dishes which are cooked for the day are inserted in German characters, and not only so, but possess such names that even Germans out of other states are often little acquainted with. To an Englishman, it is pretty much as if a Chinese bill of fare was set before him; and seldom fails to throw strangers into a regular quondary. It is true that you can generally procure a bill in French; but foreigners are not always aware of this; and even when you get this, the difficulty is but half removed, for the dishes have often such a nomenclature as is about as intelligible to people in general as that of Kant's philosophy.

Having ourselves conned over the bill presented to us, and handed it from one to another, we could not forbear laughing at our situation, and called to a waiter to explain the hieroglyphics, when a gentleman opposite undertook very kindly to do it for us, observing that it was often his office, those bills being a great bore to strangers in general. He then called for a French carte, and said he would explain to us any items that were strange to us. By the friendly assistance of this worthy man, we got light enough to guide us in future, and soon found this mode of dining much more agreeable than that of the table d'hôte. You can select what you please; can omit the everlasting boiled beef, the watery soups; can have your fish at the beginning instead of the middle of the dinner; your meat and vegetable together instead of alternately; your meat and game before the pudding and dessert; and can, instead of sitting out an hour and half or two hours' dinner, economize much time. But that our countrymen, who are merely travelling through Austria, and cannot be supposed to have studied much of its terms of cookery or its written character, may have

some notion of what sort of a bill of fare will be put into their hands at a hungry moment, I present them with an actual portion of one.

The third difficulty came on payment. The charge appeared enormous, and on remarking it to the waiter, he informed us it was made out in *schein-geld*, that is, a money of very inferior value. Here then being compelled to look at the relative value of our money, we found that we had to deal with a confusion almost endless. In nearly every German state you have the comfort of coming to a different coinage, which occasions you some trouble, and sends you to school to learn its real worth, of which you begin to have a glimmering by the time that your knowledge becomes useless; but in Austria you are quite out at sea. In the first place we found that our German coin sunk in value about twenty per cent.; that zwanzigers, which in other states were worth twenty-four kreutzers, were here only worth twenty; thus, in every gulden of sixty kreutzers, value twenty-pence, you lost twelve kreutzers, or fourpence. But the Austrian money of this value was not the only money. This was called Convention's Münz, or convention's coinage, but there was also what is called *schein-geld*, of which, instead of twenty kreutzers being the equivalent of a zwanziger, fifty only were an equivalent. This was not all: there was not only coined Convention's Münz, and coined *schein-geld*, but paper Convention's Münz, and paper *schein-geld*; or, as it is called, Wiener-währung. To make the confusion more confounded, though the coined money had originally the letters C.M., Convention's Münz; or W.W., Wiener-währung, on it, this was often so worn, and altogether such wretched bits of metal, that it could only be distinguished by a native to which class it belonged. Thus you have speedily mixed in your pocket such a medley of unintelligible trash, that though some good and resolute heads manage with much labour to drill themselves into a tolerable acquaintance with it, by far the greater number quietly resign themselves to their certain fate of being pretty well fleeced.

It was fair time at Linz, and you had a fair field of observation of the country people and their tastes. Crosses, beads, pictures of saints in endless abundance, were offered to their notice. There were little processions to be seen, carrying a smart new crucifix of

cast iron, painted black and gaily gilt, of which quantities stand ready for sale at the ironmongers, to be consecrated by the bishop, before conveyed to the dorf where it was destined to stand in a chapel, or at some religious station. The country women were good-looking, and had particularly happy and good-natured countenances, but never were poor creatures so frightfully dressed. They had scarcely any backs or waists to their gowns at all, the skirts of which came up almost to their shoulders, and their sleeves nearly to their ears. They had no stays, but narrow petticoats, and were the most loose and odd figures, or it might almost be said odd fish, imaginable, for they had no distant resemblance to fishes reared on their tails. They had over their heads red or black handkerchiefs tied, and almost every one carried an immense large basket on her arm.

Here also we first saw one of the gipsy-looking dealers in iron-wire, who come somewhere far out of Hungary or Wallachia, always appear melancholy, wretched, and dirty, and seem to have no further communication with people than is necessary to dispose of their wire.

Linz,—with cheerful streets; its fine situation; its fine view of the Styrian and Salzburg Alps; its singular towers, peeping on all the hills round the city, built as a new experiment in fortification by Prince Maximilian of Este; its Pilgrim church, on the lofty Pöstlingberg on the other side of the Danube, whose steep ascent will sufficiently give any one an impression of the pains of pilgrimage who will climb up to it, as I did, on a hot day,—we quitted at five o'clock in the morning under rather peculiar circumstances.

An accident had prevented the arrival of the regular steamer from Vienna, and a larger one, usually plying downwards from Vienna to Pesth, was sent, which however was compelled to stop short for want of depth of water. We must therefore descend as far as Wallsee, about twenty English miles, in a common Danube boat, with a temporary roof of boards for the occasion. To mend the matter the weather was excessively wet, and upwards of seventy people, of all ranks and ages, were crowded into this rude conveyance. Everybody, however, seemed disposed to make the best of the circumstance. A number of gentlemen got together, and

sang for the general entertainment a great variety of popular songs, with great spirit and effect. We here again met some former fellow-travellers, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Modermann, and made the acquaintance of our excellent young American friends, Mr. Prentice and Mr. Kirkpatrick, and of Major Nelly, of the 77th regiment of foot; with all of whom it was to be our lot to spend many very charming days. There were, besides, many particularly intelligent and friendly Germans; and in fact, the whole company, consisting of Germans, English, French, Italians, Turks, and Greeks, seemed bent on one object, that of passing the time, spite of the torrents of rain and the yet flat banks of the Danube, in the most agreeable manner. We appeared quickly to have reached Wallsee; and with immense rejoicing embarked in the steamer, there lying ready, for the delightful voyage of the Danube.

People are fond of comparing the voyages of the Danube and the Rhine, and of pronouncing which is the more beautiful. I should, myself, find it difficult to say which is the more beautiful or interesting. The two great rivers have a certain similarity, and yet very great differences. They have both their woods, their mountains, their castles, their vineyards, and their legends: but the Rhine is more populous and cheerful; the Danube more solitary and solemn. You have not those large and populous towns seated along the banks of the Danube, nor the same life of commerce on its waters. You have not the same extent of finely cultivated vineyards; the same continued stretch of rocks and precipices; at least so far as I have traversed it—from Linz to Vienna: but you have more splendid woods, more rude and solemn scenery, mingled with slopes and meadows of the most soft and beautiful character. The Danube has not been for ages, like the Rhine, the great highway of commerce, though it has been the scene of bloody contests, and of the march of armies. Its towns, therefore, are small, few, and far between. Its villages have an antiquated, weather-beaten, and half-decaying air; its only life, a few ill-dressed peasants, gazing at the steamer as it flies past. Its current is rapid and irregular, interrupted with shoals and sandbanks; and marshy meadows, where heaps of pebbles, thrown up by the floods, testify to its fury in winter and in rainy weather. The Rhine has a more joyous and flourishing aspect, with its cities, its populous

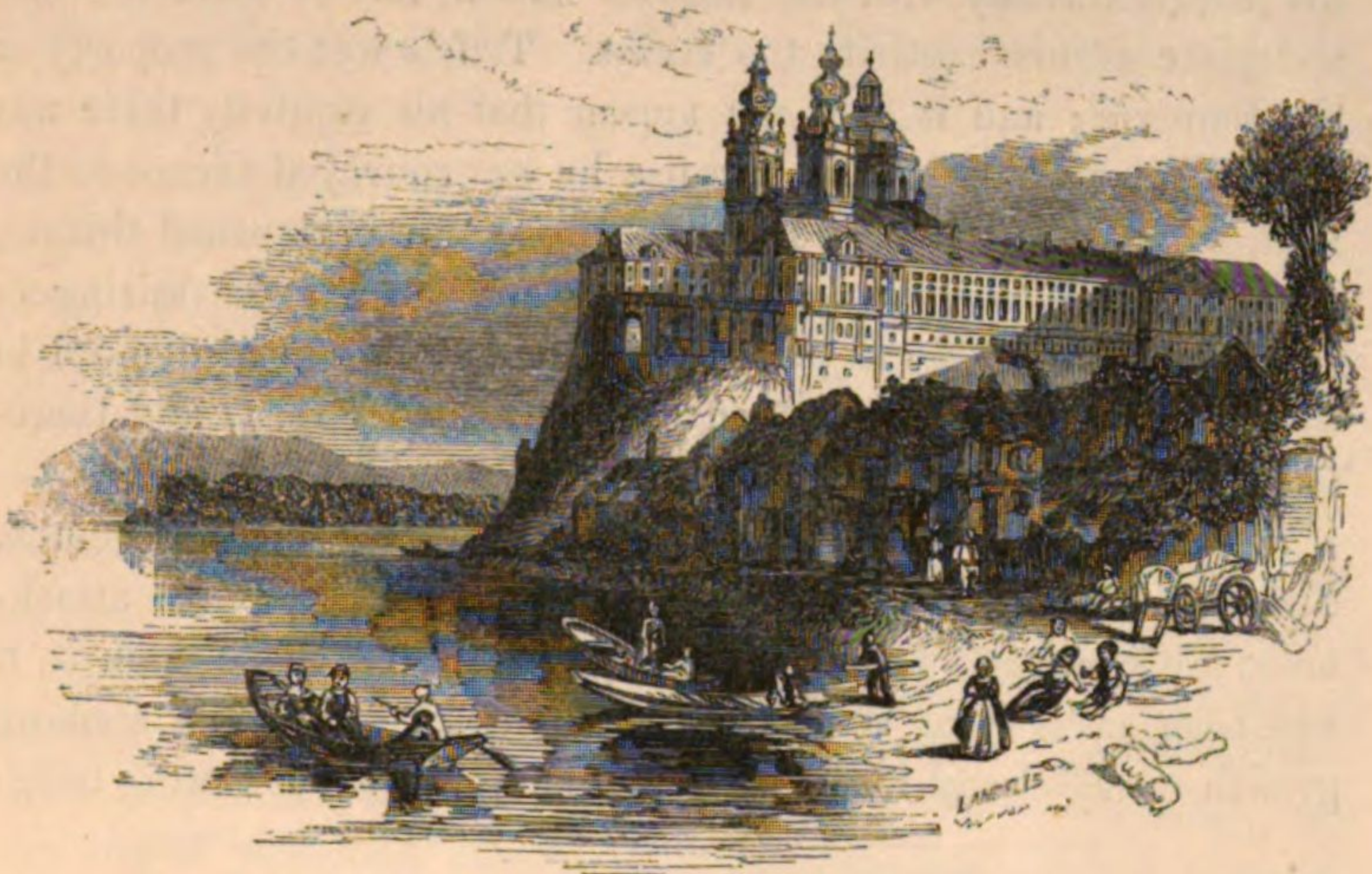
villages stretching along its banks, and those banks so green, and smoothed for the purposes of navigation. On the Danube you have solitude; an air of neglect; a stern and brooding spirit, which seems to belong to the genius of the past; of trackless woods; of solitary miners; of rude feudal chiefs hunting the boar and the hart in the wild glens and deep forests—a genius which gives reluctantly way to the spirit of Steam, which has invaded it. You meet or pass on its waters scarcely a boat. There is no white sail greeting you in the distant sunshine; for the boatman dare not hoist one, lest the sudden squalls from the hills should sink his craft. Vast rafts, now and then, with rude-looking men, float down from the distant Bohemian forests. Old and weather-beaten towers give you a grim greeting from the shaggy rocks as you pass; and views into distant glens and dark woodlands make you feel that you are in a far wilder and more savage region than that of the Rhine. Campbell, in his so often quoted verses, “On leaving a scene in Bavaria,” has strikingly indicated the spirit of the Danube:

Yes, I have loved thy wild abode,
Unknown, unploughed, untrodden shore;
Where scarce the woodman finds a road,
And scarce the fisher plies an oar:
For man's neglect I love thee more,
That art nor avarice intrude
To tame thy torrent's thunder shock—
Or prune thy vintage of the rock,
Magnificently rude!

But Campbell has not more livingly embodied the character of the Danube than La Motte Fouqué, in *Undine*. Without any particular description, you have in *Undine* the feeling of the Danube and its scenes most vividly impressed upon you. There is a sternness, a solitude, a mysterious awe connected with its deep and dark waters,—a brooding spirit of the gloomy and sublime in the voyage of *Undine* down the Danube, which came most strongly on our recollection as we sailed along this great river.

But all is not so solemn and savage on the Danube. There is much of the beautiful and cheerful mingled with it. The castle of Grainberg, a seat of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg; the Imperial palace of Bösenberg, where Francis I. used to spend much of his time in

the summer; the immense convent of M $\ddot{o}$ lk, with other castles, churches, and villages on the banks, or more distantly in view,



broke brightly and pleasantly forth; and particularly as you approach Vienna, the green steep slopes scattered with beautiful trees; the neat cottages and vineyards, alternating with woods and rocks, have an indescribable charm. Not far distant from Vienna you descry the vast pile of Klosterneuburg, a good way from the river; and emerging from the hills, the woods of the Prater lie before you; Vienna itself, on the sloping land to your right, with its lofty tapering tower of St. Stephan, offering a noble termination to the voyage.

On this voyage, too, an object on which the eye of the Englishman will always rest with interest, is the ruined castle of D $\ddot{u}$ rrenstein, the rugged hold in which Leopold, the mercenary and vindictive Duke of Austria, confined C $\ddot{o}$ eur de Lion. It stands on high, naked, and savage cliffs, and is itself now a most grim and shattered ruin. One can imagine by a glance around, over wild hills and thick forests, what a region it must have been in Richard's days. Whether the adventure of Blondel occurred here or at Trifels, I leave others to conjecture. If that romantic story be true, however, it is more probable that it occurred here. It was the interest of the avaricious Leopold to keep his captive as secret

as possible, till he had sold him to the Emperor. After he had done that, it was the interest of the Emperor, who wanted to make his market directly with the English nation, not to leave the fact and place of his captivity too secret. Trifels was the property of the Emperor; and it does not appear that his captivity there was made by any means secret, because he was conveyed thence to the Diet, before which he appeared in chains, and was returned thither, whence he also wrote a letter, still extant, urging the raising of his ransom as quickly as possible. Dürrenstein was also more in the direct route of his overland journey from the East, and therefore more likely to be visited by Blondel than Trifels.

Campbell, who in his verses quoted above, says of the Danube, that for man's neglect he loved it more, must now feel his attachment much abated, for since the introduction of steam upon it, it has been every year more and more frequented. The striking growth of travel and traffic upon it is shewn by the following table:

Year.	Steamers from Linz to Constantinople.			Travellers.	Goods.	
	River.	Sea	Total.			
1835	4	1	5	17,717	Tons. Cwt.	
1836	5	2	7	29,203		
1837	7	3	10	47,436		
1838	9	5	14	74,584	16,030	14
1839	10	7	17	105,926	17,449	3
1840	10	7	17	125,293	18,434	3
1841	15	7	22	170,078	25,678	16

This scene of growing intercourse, where all formerly was so still and solitary; this creation of traffic and of travelling, which will ultimately make the Danube the great medium between Germany and the East, which nature seems to have intended, is owing to the enterprise of our own countrymen, Messrs. Pritchard and Andrews, and that, according to the statement of Mr. Andrews to myself, without that decided co-operation of the Austrian nobles which Murray in his Hand-Book has given them credit for. It is Mr. Andrews again who has introduced steam on the Elbe, between Dresden and Prague—a scheme at first laughed to scorn by the Germans, but now traversed by them by thousands and tens of thousands every summer with the greatest delight, passing through the heart of the beautiful Saxon Switzerland. England has also

started the little vessel on the Traunsee, besides furnishing engineers and engines, and all practical information for those railways which are now shooting out their giant ramifications all over Germany, and thence into France, Belgium, Holland, Italy, and Russia.

7. VIENNA.

Es giebt nur eine Kaiser-stadt
Giebt nur ein Wien.

SUCH are the words of a gay song, playing in good-humoured banter on the pride of the Austrians in their joyous capital. 'There is only one Imperial city, only one Vienna.' And in truth, as Vienna was long the capital of the German empire, so it still continues the most of a capital of any city in the country. In population itself, as the head of an empire of greater extent and population than any other kingdom or state of Germany; in wealth, in majesty of aspect, in bustle, in pleasure, in everything, there is but one Kaiserstadt; there is but one Wien. It is the Paris of Germany, the gay city of perpetual pleasure. Music, the dance, play or opera, crowding to public gardens, pouring out in thousands to resorts of amusement and jollity all round the city—these constitute the great features of life at Vienna. The Viennese, gay, good-humoured, kind-hearted, and hospitable, remind you irresistibly of Homer's description of the Pheaceans and their tastes.

All day they feast, all day the bowls flow round,
And joy and music through the land resound.

The city is great and compact, that is, so far as it is included within the walls, while far around there is an immense circle built upon, called the Vorstädte, or suburbs, forming in segments radiating from the centre of the city, six and thirty in number. The city itself is still surrounded by its lofty walls and broad moat. Without this moat lies a broad open space, called the Glacis, consisting of plots of grass divided by walks and roads, and by lines of trees; without this green open circle commences the Vorstädte. These are interspersed with gardens, public walks, churches, palaces, and theatres, so that as you walk round the ramparts, now converted into a public promenade surrounding the whole city, you behold within the city a dense mass of noble, though narrow streets, immense piles of princely buildings, and a crowding, bustling population. On the other hand, that is, outwardly, you

overlook wherever you are, a more scattered, but wide-spread scene, as of an eastern city, with towers and domes, gardens and masses of trees, where the light-hearted people are collected to hear music, and render the heat tolerable with lemonade, sugar-water, ices, and such agreeable palliatives. The suburbs, in fact, form the much greater part of Vienna, of which the total population is now about half a million.

As you enter the streets of the city, you are surprised at the life and stir. Streams of well-dressed people are pouring along them; handsome carriages and equipages are seen driving as rapidly as in London; the shops present brilliant fronts; cafés in open places project their cool awnings, and set out their scores of chairs for luxurious smokers; all is motion, life, splendour, and crowds; and you feel for the first time since you left London, as if you were once more in a great capital. You are made sensible too how far east you have got, and in the chief city of what a variously compounded empire you are. Picturesque groups of foreigners are seated at the doors of various coffee-houses and hotels, and the throng in the streets is brightly variegated with the costumes of Turks, Albanians, Tyrolese, Jews, Wallachians, Hungarians, Armenians, and Italians. The fronts of the shops painted with bright figures in fresco or in oil, as signs by which they are known, as inns are by theirs, add also to the gaiety of appearance. Many of these full-length figures are excellently executed, and would do great credit to a frame in a handsome house, besides that they present you strikingly with various costumes. There are *Die Schwäbische Jungfrau*, *Die Königin von England*, *Die Hof-Dame*, *Die schöne Circascien*, etc.

There is no capital in Europe of the same extent in which so much of what you want to visit, so many of the resorts of business or amusement, of literary or scientific institutions, are set down so near together. Palaces, theatres, houses of the nobility, libraries, collections of subjects of natural history, of arms, trophies, and jewellery, institutions for the education and assistance of its citizens, stand thickly, all within a very moderate space. The finest collections of works of art and of armour, with some palaces of the nobility, it is true, lie in the suburbs; but the Imperial Palace, the University, the Arsenal, the Treasure Chamber, the principal theatres and

churches, lie within the walls. Within the walls too, reside the highest classes chiefly; and wherever you go you obtain views of vast hotels of the nobles, built round courts, the splendour of which in a great measure is lost in the general view of the city, but which surprise you wherever you come upon them. In point of the general architecture of the houses, there is no city in Germany that can at all compare with Vienna. I do not mean exactly in purity of style, but in a general stateliness of effect. Extensive streets in all directions present the finest and loftiest frontages, giving you a lively idea of the substantial character of the place; though, owing to the city having been built within certain limits, those of the walls, the streets are generally narrow, and thus much of the effect of its excellent houses is lost.

In point of paving, lighting, driving, and public vehicles, there is no German city which comes anything near it. It is the only one indeed, which gives you a feeling of style and thorough activity. The streets are admirably paved, which we cannot say of any other German city with which I am acquainted. They are paved with a hard stone cut in regular cubes of six or eight inches. These are laid down in a masterly manner, so that the whole is firm, perfectly level, and without flaws and hollows. The carriages can therefore be driven as rapidly as in London, a very unusual, and we may say, unique sight in Germany. The carriages of the nobility and gentry are handsome, and drawn by excellent horses. There is a compactness, a style, an elegance about them to which you are nowhere else accustomed in this country. The fiacres are good and clean; and the city chariots, or flies, as we should call them, the *Stadtlohnkutsche*, are by far the brightest and handsomest things to be seen, perhaps on the whole Continent. They would do credit to private gentlemen, are well horsed, and are driven by well-dressed coachmen in livery. In these you may go from one end of the city to the other for about ninepence English.

The worst of Vienna streets is, that they have no trottoirs. They are paved perfectly level, directly across from house to house, without any line of demarcation between the foot-passengers and the drivers; and this in streets which are at once narrow and crowded, and where the driving is so rapid, is no trifling nuisance. In fact, in no city do you seem in such perpetual peril of being run

over. The middle of the streets is occupied with carts, wagons, drays, stellwagens, a sort of omnibus, or whatever is in motion on wheels. The people, walking on each side, get along as well as they can. The carriages, driving at full speed, make their way on this side and on that of the human throng. They cannot move carts and wagons, but they can move people, or run over them. Without stop or stay, therefore, on they whirl, and the people rush here and there to avoid them. As you are advancing, you hear a horrid groan—the sign of warning given by these hackney or other coachmen—behind you. You turn to see what is coming, and to make your escape how and whither you can, as all else are endeavouring to do. But while you are looking at the danger behind, you are assailed by dangers before; carriages coming that way, or what are more unrelenting still, wheelbarrows. These humble vehicles, which cannot pretend to match their dignity and momentum with carts, wagons, drays, or coaches, steer therefore directly down what should be the trottoirs, *i.e.* down the middle of the stream of people. There is no remedy for it; they must go somewhere; and while the coachman's hoarse groan makes you turn your head, ten to one but you are as suddenly called to guard against the perils in front by the rude shock of a wheelbarrow trundled against your shins. Under these circumstances, there is no attempt of the people at giving and taking the right hand, which so much facilitates walking in London; and, indeed, this simple custom has been introduced by the Germans into none of their streets, though it has been adopted on some of their bridges. You have, therefore, literally to fight your way along the crowd, some of whom are going your own way, and others of whom are steering directly in your face, and all of whom are in momentary jeopardy from lumbering drays, flying carriages, invading wheelbarrows, and here and there scaffolding, which occupies half the street, and throws you at a critical moment upon the very crush of vehicles and the struggles of the flying people. What is still worse, you have to encounter every hundred yards or so, in the greatest and most narrow thoroughfares, heaps of firewood thrown down in front of the houses, and men busy sawing and chopping them up. It is perfectly amazing that in such a city as Vienna such a nuisance as this should be tolerated, when it admits of so easy a remedy. It

is only to have this firewood cut up of the proper size for burning at the timber-yards where they purchase it. It would be just as well measured in that state, and would need nothing but to be shot down and conveyed immediately into the houses. It is very likely that this simple idea has never occurred to them, but it probably may in the course of another century or two.

Owing to these causes, English ladies have generally a great aversion to walk through the streets of Vienna, that is, of those of the city; for the suburbs, or Vorstädte, have plenty of space, with green fields, gardens, and planted walks, though the suburban streets are often in windy weather intolerable from dust.

In point of situation, Vienna is one of the most beautifully and healthily located in Germany. It is true that it is lost, by about a couple of miles, to the main stream of the Danube. The stream from which it takes its name, the Wien, is, in fact, the city sink, black as ink, in summer scarcely covering its bed, and of no agreeable odour. Luckily it flows at some distance from the best part of the city, and a broad branch of the Danube sweeps under its walls. The city itself lies on a sloping ground, at the feet of a beautiful and lofty range of hills, at the back of which flows the Danube, and which terminates on the banks of the stream at some little distance below the city. With the noble background of these mountains, and sloping down into a vast plain, part of which near the city is covered with the thick woods of the Prater, nothing can be more advantageous or healthy than the position of this capital. The hills as they stretch away for twenty miles or more towards Neustadt, are extremely varied; covered here and there still with large tracts of forest intersected with rustic valleys, ruined towers and pilgrim shrines standing on the heights, but at their feet, and in their most beautiful recesses, lying populous villages, full of charming villas and gardens, the resort in summer of the merchants, citizens, and nobles. In this direction you have Baden with its baths and resorts of pleasure, the Briel, Schönbrunn, Hitzing, Hütteldorf, Lachsenburg, and nearer the city, Kloster-Neuburg, the Kahlenberg, Dornbach, and similar places. On the plain below the city, and lying along the banks of the Danube, the Prater, or park of Vienna, stretches its shades, and offers a variety of enjoyments to the citizens. We shall speak more particularly of these

as we notice the great feature of Vienna, — its love of amusement and social enjoyment.

To a stranger, this life of pleasure seems the great business of the place. The moment you come down to breakfast in the morning you find on your table opera and play bills, and announcements of concerts and dances on all sides. Strauss will be in the Volksgarten; Lanner, at Sperls; Staudigl and Lutzer and Hassel Bart, at the Opera; Schultz is going to act one of his most amusing characters at the Volks Theatre in the Vorstadt Leopold. There will be a dance at the Birne, or fireworks in the Prater. When you set out to go into the city, you find on the walls large frames of wood, within which alone posting-bills are allowed to be exhibited, and which announce to you these and other pleasures.

The great place of evening out-of-door resort is the Volksgarten. This is nearly opposite to the Imperial Palace. As you issue from the gateway which passes under the palace itself, you have at some distance before you the new Burg Thor, a Doric gateway, supported on twelve massy pillars, and standing in a broad open space with striking effect. Right and left extend planted walks and gardens; beyond it are seen the lofty ranges of new buildings in the Vorstadt Joseph; gay equipages are driving to and fro; gay people walking; and the whole scene is lively and charming in no common degree. On your right lies the Volksgarten, an extensive pleasure scene, with groves and seats; a temple of Theseus, built after the model of that in Athens, and containing Canova's group of Theseus killing the Centaur. Here you see the people enjoying themselves to the utmost. Nurses are here with children; mothers amidst theirs; family groups are seated under the trees, the ladies knitting and chattering to their hearts' content; while others are roaming about, gazing on the noble figure of Theseus, or diving into the vaults beneath it, in which are preserved various relics of ancient art.

But within a space enclosed with a slight fence stands the great centre of Viennese evening out-of-door splendour and attraction. This is a café, built in a semi-circle, with a musical orchestra in front. Here, in an evening, Strauss or Lanner, with a powerful band, is sure to be found several times in the week, and the gayest portion of the people of Vienna is assembled to hear, to see, and be

seen. The rooms of the café are fronted with large plate-glass windows, all looking towards the orchestra, and are splendidly fitted up and offering coffee, ices, supper, what you will. Other tables are set out in front, and before them several rows of chairs along the whole semi-circle, where are to be seen seated the most fashionable and lovely women of Vienna. The scene is indescribably gay and brilliant. The beauty of the spot, the taste and splendour of the buildings, the crowds of handsomely-dressed people listening to the finest strains of the most celebrated modern masters, under the broad and intensely blue sky, with the woody masses of the gardens in the foreground, through which you spy throngs of listening people, closing in umbrageously the charmed scene, or letting only glimpses of the long and lofty piles of the palace peep over them, to remind you that you are still within a few hundred yards of the crowding city, present altogether a spectacle of great happiness, taste, and fashion, such as would astonish our countrymen to come upon in St. James's Park or Kensington Gardens.

All this rational enjoyment is purchased for a few kreutzers, some threepence or fourpence, and can indeed be very well heard by the multitude in the outer portions of the garden; yet there is no rudeness, and the only thing which in some degree decreases the full enjoyment of the music, is the perpetual walking round the orchestra and in front of the café of a crowd, which though its shuffle of feet and passing of heads between you and the orchestra might very well be dispensed with, yet makes up the disadvantage, by presenting you with a great variety of figures, faces, and dresses, with no few bits of coquetry and flirtation. The concert commences about half-past six, and is over by about half-past nine.

The Viennese are much divided in their preference of Strauss or Lanner. For my part, the difference of their music struck me much like the difference of their persons. Strauss, though by no means a handsome man, is gentlemanly, animated, and intellectual-looking. He presides over his band like a man conscious of mastery in his profession, and full of the enthusiasm of it. All with him is clear, graceful, intelligible, and effective. Lanner is a person of middle height, and of a somewhat genuine German thickness; a great contrast in all respects to Strauss. He has the look of a man that has risen out of the mass without much educa-

tion, and that has never been able to fling off the half-sheepish rusticity of his early position. There is nothing bold and self-possessed about him. He looks half constrained and half undetermined, and his music, to my taste, partakes much of these qualities. Strauss, if he never gives you deep sentiment, or carries you into the sublime, is always full of fire, life, and meaning. Lanner is rich in rapid transitions, fine flourishes, and achievements of miracles of artistic cleverness; but there is a want of clearness, of feeling, of inspiration. You wonder, but are not excited. You find no master idea. There is no creative power which, communicating itself to your imagination and heart, opens within you whole regions of romance and poetry, and makes the sounds you hear the voices of so many passionate beings, bewailing their sorrows, or singing forth their triumphs and their joys. To more scientific persons I leave the decision of this great Viennese musical question; I only record the impression which the rival compositions made upon my own mind.

This, though the chief source of evening out-of-door resort, is only one amongst very many. The Augarten in the Leopoldstadt and the Garden of the Water-glacis, before the Karolinen Thor, have as frequently their music, are still more frequented by the million, and, on particular occasions, by the fashionable. But these are only the scenes of such gaiety belonging to the public at large: there are scores of others at Gasthauses, or large hotels, in the suburbs or open parts, which are built and fitted with a view to this object, as well as to other popular Belustigungen, or pleasure-makings. Here is an ample court, overshadowed with trees, under which you find tables set, and lamps hung from their boughs. People in friendly or family groups are there seated; a band is playing; Strauss and Lanner are in every-day requisition, and numerous other bands, military or belonging to different musical Vereine, so as to supply all these places. You see their different engagements puffed and posted everywhere daily. The principal of these places are Sperls in the Leopoldstadt, where Strauss is generally engaged; the Goldene Birne in the Landstrasse, Lanner's resort; Zum Zeisig, Zum Steidl, the Seitzer Hof, the Jägerhorn, the Zwei Trauben, etc. Here supper and ices are eaten, and dancing goes on with wonderful rapidity. In some of these places,

the servant girls, milliner girls, and youths out of offices and shops, come to dance, and are neatly dressed and well behaved. People of various ranks sit and sup, or stand around and watch the dancing. It is amazing to see the enthusiasm and perseverance with which these young people waltz away; the same couples often going down every dance in succession, round those enormous great saloons, from seven in the evening till ten or twelve. Vienna is noted for its violent dancing, and equally for the predominance of consumption, and when you have seen young delicate girls flying round these huge halls with very little pause for so many hours, excessively heated, eating ices, drinking wine or other liquids, and afterwards going home through the chill air of midnight, you are sure that such results are inevitable.

But to give a perfect idea of the perpetual round of pleasure in this gay metropolis, we must take a brief glance at the annual circle of what may be called its public life.

In October, the officers of state, the middle classes, and all such whose engagements do not allow them to make very distant excursions or long absences, return from their country sojourn, and the city becomes alive. The promenade on the ramparts between the Burg and Stuben Thor, and in the Graben and Kohlmarkt, are at noon, and continue through the whole winter, the grand meeting points of the elegant world. On All-Souls day begin the musical entertainments with a military requiem in the church of St. Augustine. The first concert is that of the Musik-Verein. The public gardens are deserted, and the Gasthauses are opened for Reunions and evening entertainments. As the season advances the nobility pour in faster, the theatres contend in rivalry of novelties with each other; public concerts multiply, and auctions of books and works of art. The reminiscences of the summer wanderings become the theme of the soirées; dances and cards once more become the general bond of the evening parties. Advent passes quickly over; but Christmas is every year more festively celebrated. Christmas-trees are not only erected in private and family circles, but in great companies by subscription, and sometimes a few thousand gulden are spent on them and their accompaniments. Exemption tickets are given in every parish for a trifling alms to the poor, which prevents any clerical visits during

that period. With the new-year generally come snow and sledging parties; but as the snow does not last long, not much is commonly expended on these. In January begins the Fasching, and the streets are full of bills of public balls; but he who accounts himself a member of the elegant world attends no public ball; the gentlemen only go and sup there. The Court, which loves nothing less than parade, gives only chamber balls, and it is generally the ambassadors who give great Carnival Feasts and Costume Balls. The *Thés-dansans* are the general mode, where no great supper is given, but refreshments only are handed about, and which break up at midnight. The great point of union is the masquerade on the last Thursday and on Fasten-Tuesday, when from three to five thousand persons in fullest dress drive each other round. Dancing at a masquerade there is none. The ladies only, for the most part, mask, and that as simply as possible. Every year masking becomes less frequent, less in repute, and except in the masquerades, all masking is forbidden.

The middle classes frequent the so-called Society-balls, which under various names, as the Ball of Flora, of Fortune, etc., are given in the Gasthauses. On Sundays these saloons are chiefly occupied by the lower orders. In them all the most splendid music is heard. Strauss and Lanner produce fresh pieces for the opening of each season, and these are immediately seized and played everywhere.

Thus Carnival rushes triumphantly to a close; but even Lent is not without its solaces. It is the grand season of music. Concerts of all kinds abound. The people have a peculiar music feast of their own. All the great dancing saloons are suddenly converted into eating halls, in which what are called evening musical entertainments are given. The orchestras play alternately with marches, overtures, potpourris, and quodlibets, in original style, their newest dances, the most popular of which are received with immense applause and clapping of hands. Eating, drinking, shouting for joy, ring through the saloons till midnight, by which time the orchestra, the lights, the people, are all wrapped in one compact cloud of tobacco smoke. Meantime the elegants frequent the riding-school, the Ball-house, etc., where entertainments after their taste are given.

Easter approaches, and with Charwoche, the week preceding it, great church festivals. On Holy Thursday the Emperor washes the feet of twelve poor men—the Empress those of twelve poor women. The visiting of the holy sepulchres, especially that of St. Stephan's cathedral, which is highly adorned, brings all Vienna on its knees; the most striking masses of lamentation are celebrated, and the throng and tumult in the streets present a singular spectacle. Strangers wonder at the rapidity with which the multitude move, and yet avoid one another, especially at the confluence of crossing streets. All is hurry and crush, and yet all security, for seldom at this time do accidents occur. On the Saturday, the Resurrection of Christ is celebrated in every parish with a procession round the church, and those of the Imperial chapel and St. Stephan, in which the Imperial court joins, attract great attention.

On Easter Monday, all the places of amusement are re-opened. On this day, at noon, the Prater is in its highest glory; and except in London, there is no such scene in any capital of Europe. The Prater, indeed, is opened on the first of April, but it is *ton* in the world of fashion, that on this day all should ride or drive through the Prater who can, whether in their own carriages or on their own steeds, or with hired ones; and those who can do neither, go on foot, to see the spectacle. Here, then, through the great alley of this noble park extends the dense procession of equipages of all kinds, forming a line often of not much less than six miles, from the Graben, in the city, to the Umkehr, or circle of trees in the Prater, where the cavalcade wheels round to return. Here is every equipage, from that of the Emperor to the dusty hired calash that the city contains. This strangely mingled train takes the great highway towards the Lusthaus, while the riders take the alley on its right hand, and the foot people that on the left. Not a person is allowed to move from the ranks; and yet all is so orderly that the very deer gaze on the multitude, often of twenty thousand people, from the cross alleys and under the trees, and never move.

In the Wurstel Prater, or, literally, Sausage Prater, as it is called, the common people are equally in their glory. Here they have permanent buildings, in which roundabouts, puppet-shows, slight-of-hand theatres, and all the various shows to be found at

fairs, are regularly established the summer through. There are, too, coffee-houses and beer-houses, which are full of customers. All under the trees crowds are sitting and lying. It is one vast scene of merriment, feasting, and popular rejoicing. The Prater, indeed, is the spot where Vienna life may be seen at a glance, from its highest step to its lowest; the people in the Wurstel Prater, and the genteel world in the alleys.

At the end of April, horse races, introduced in 1826, are to be seen; but May comes, and all is pleasure! On May-day, at six o'clock in the morning, in the Prater, occur what are called *Das Wettrennen der herrschaftlichen Laufer*, or gentlemen foot-races, where a dozen gentlemen, or their deputies, run for prizes, which are then given to a charitable institution. Formerly, some of the princes took part in them. Towards noon, all the world of fashion resorts to the Augarten, in whose grand alley the youth and beauty of Vienna make their most brilliant display. From this period the gardens of the suburbs become gay. The gardens of the great *Gasthäuser* are opened so soon as it is warm enough to eat in the open air. In the evenings the city walls become the great promenades.

On Corpus-Christi day, a grand procession is made, in which all the clergy, the Emperor and Empress, or some princes of the blood, the court, and the guard join. Except in Rome, where the Pope goes in procession to St. Peters, or in Munich, nowhere is a more gorgeous or gay spectacle seen than this of this day in Vienna. The guards, in their splendid uniforms; the streets, boarded for the procession to walk on; brilliant carpets and tapestry hung from the windows, and flowers strewn on the ground, with the vast crowds and the music—nothing can be more striking. This is considered to close the season. The nobles hasten to their country estates, or to travel, and the life of the city is chiefly derived from the gaiety of the people and the throng of passing strangers.

In July, the people hold their *Volks-fest* in the Brigitten-au, or meadow of St. Bridget, as the feast commences in her day. The Brigitten-au is a fine meadow adjoining the Augarten, where booths, temporary theatres, dancing arbours, jugglers' shows, and all the machinery of the people's pleasures are erected. From

forty to eighty thousand people are reckoned to assemble here, and to give themselves up to unbounded play and fun. It is the wildest chaos of headlong enjoyment, of singing, dancing, leaping in sacks, laughing, crowding, and noise imaginable; and yet all in the best possible humour—the unfailing characteristic of the Viennese.

Such is the gay life of Vienna, in hall and garden, in Gasthaus and Sausage Prater; but even here we have not included some of its perpetual and fixed sources of pleasure—its theatres. These are five in number; the Opera-house, by the Kärntner Thor; the Burg or Court theatre, where Staudigl, Mademoiselle Hassel-Bart, and Mademoiselle Lutzer, whose names are all well known in England, play and sing with a joyous and masterly spirit, which draws incessant crowds; the Theatre an der Wien, where, if you do not always find good acting, you behold the most gorgeous and unrivalled spectacle, in which five hundred persons and fifty horses frequently appear; and the theatres in the Joseph Stadt, and the Leopold Stadt, in which, and especially in the last, you have the life of Vienna, in the Viennese dialect (and not in the broad Austrian, as often represented), with all its humours, admirably hit off.

But all these sources do not satiate; nay, do not even satisfy the pleasure-loving soul of Vienna. On all holidays and Sundays, by railways and carriages of all sorts, they rush forth in thousands on thousands, to those charming retreats in the mountains of which I have spoken. To spread themselves through the quaint but beautiful gardens of Schönbrunn; to the splendid cassino of Dommeyer at Hitzing; to the baths of Baden, and the dinners eaten under orchard trees in the lovely valley of Helen; to climb into the forests, and amongst the ruined castles; to drive into the ravine of the Teufels Mühle, or the deepest shades of the woods of Grinzing. All these places have accommodations for their reception and refreshment; and there the swarming thousands of the city, with their families, find never-wearying enjoyment.

The space which we have been compelled to give to the amusements of Vienna, as its grand characteristic, need not, however, make us entirely overlook its wealth of art and its many institutions and collections of various kinds, of the greatest value. The visitor will find abundant objects of interest to occupy his attention for months. Amongst its churches, St. Stephan's alone is one which

claims his admiration from all points, and every time he passes it. From a distance, its tower is the master feature of the city; far above all other towers and domes it rears its tapering height into the sky, and has a character which is so unique, that the moment you see Vienna in the distant landscape, or in a picture, you thereby recognise it. It is a gradually tapering tower, approaching almost to a spire, built with lessening arch upon arch; said to be the strongest in Europe, and yet its massiveness so concealed by pyramidal pinnacles and crockets, that nothing can look more light. Its height indeed, 428 feet, and beautiful proportion, give it necessarily this air. The body of the church itself, built in 1144, is a noble specimen of the old German ecclesiastical architecture. Wherever viewed, from without or within, its size, its loftiness, noble pillars, ample space, tall windows, and all accompanying embellishments, equally inspire admiration. Its time-darkened mass is seen to good effect in the clear moonlight of this climate; and the Emperor Francis, by clearing away all obstructing buildings, has laid open its beauties to observation. It stands in the centre of the city, and the busiest thoroughfare passes its west end; so that strangers must daily pass and repass, and may just as well go through it, as it is nearly always open; and the music, chanting, and pomp of mass, its splendid old painted windows, its large pictures and altar-pieces, its numerous images and monuments, amongst them that of the famous Prince Eugene, and above all, the various groups of its perpetual worshipers, are matters of agreeable notice as you walk in from the bustle of the city, and pause in its cool shade from the heat without. You see here, amid all the gaiety and pleasure of this city, how Catholic devotion and Catholic superstition are ever actively at work. Before the door stand plenty of vendors of little prayers and tapers, with whole baskets-full of their wares. On the walls are plastered numerous advertisements of the setting out of *Gesellschafts-wagen*, conveyances half omnibus half caravan, on certain days, with pilgrims to Maria Zell, the most celebrated pilgrim shrine in Austria—that of the Black Virgin. It is upwards of eighty English miles from Vienna, yet every week through the summer whole loads of devotees set out. The pilgrimage in one of these conveyances requires about five days to go and return, though travellers can now, by means of

the Wien-Raaber railway, if they wish to see this Austrian Loretto, make less than two suffice.

Amongst the places well worthy of inspection, are the Imperial Palace, which may be seen at stated times, and which, immense as it is, yet gives to Englishmen many pleasing evidences of the simplicity of life of the Austrian sovereigns; the palace of the Archduke Charles, famous for its vast and almost unrivalled collection of prints and drawings; the Jewel Office, containing the regalia of Charlemagne, and many jewels, costumes, and articles connected with the most interesting persons and epochs of Austrian history; the Cabinets of Antiquities, Natural History, and Minerals, all very rich, but the latter one of the finest in the world, and most curious were it only for its collection of thunderbolts or meteoric stones, some of them of immense weight, and having one side polished so as to shew their substance, which is quite metallic. The extensive and affluent mining districts included in the empire—Hungary, Siebenbergen, the Bannat, Bohemia, Moravia, Steiermark, Kärnten, Salzburg, and the Tyrol—have not only enabled three successive emperors to enrich beyond comparison this collection with most splendid specimens of ores and stones, but enrich it still more by exchange with other countries, as Saxony, the Harz, Sweden, Norway, Iceland, Greenland, Russia, England, and America, North and South. The Imperial Library and the Arsenals are full of objects of the highest interest. Institutions for public and private instruction of various kinds abound; amongst those for the alleviation of human suffering, the lover of his species will find a visit to the hospitals of the Barmherzige Brüder, and Schwester, the Brothers and Sisters of Charity, not the least gratifying. They are situated not far from each other in the Leopold-stadt. Here he will see monks and nuns employed in those works of mercy, to which had their orders always devoted themselves, neither Luther nor Henry VIII., nor the recent Spanish Liberals, could any more have driven them out of their haunts, than they could chase the sun and moon from the sky. Here they will see Christianity in its true shape; not musing in cells or in deserts on mere inward feelings and fancies, but actually soothing the pains of the poor, and pouring Samaritan oil into the wounds of the afflicted. These institutions are supported by subscriptions. Some of the monks go

round and beg for them, while others attend the patients. Some are regularly educated in medicine and surgery, for the proper discharge of their duties. To see the neatness, the cleanness, the comfort of the patients, and the kind attention of the brothers and sisters to their several charges, is truly affecting, and does the heart good.

In collections of armour and paintings Vienna is affluent. The galleries of the Belvidere Palaces, and those of the Princes Esterhazy and Lichstenstein in particular, are truly worthy of so great a city. Having heard comparatively little of the galleries of Vienna compared with those of Munich and Dresden, we were proportionably astonished and delighted. What renders these galleries more agreeable is, that they are situated in the suburbs, in the midst of extensive and delicious gardens, freely open to the public. To mention even the most remarkable of the paintings in these galleries would form a catalogue; it may suffice to say, that besides ancient armour, Grecian and Egyptian antiquities, etc., the Belvidere gallery is an immense collection of the works of all the best schools, Italian, Flemish, Spanish, German. Here are some of the very best productions of Titian and Rubens: amongst those of the former, the famous *Ecce Homo*; and of the latter, *Ignatius Loyola casting out Devils*, and *St. Francis Xavier preaching to the Indians*, curing the sick and raising the dead amongst them, besides his *Helena Forman stepping into a Bath*, and the *Feast of Venus*—works in which he has displayed more feeling of beauty and grace than are his general wont. The Lichstenstein Palace lies low and retired in its woody garden; on the contrary, the two Belvidere Palaces stand aloft and conspicuous, overlooking the city. They lie one at the bottom and the other at the top of a great and airy garden; but the most noble building is the one on the brow of the hill. It is this which contains the grand assemblage of paintings; is in itself a splendid palace, with a superb marble entrance hall, and giving such views from its windows of the whole wide-stretching city as a Canaletto only could do justice to.

Such is the faintest possible allusion to the many objects of high interest and of artistic wealth which the Austrian capital contains, and to which the most free and gratuitous admission is

given. But there is one little relic still unmentioned, which all travellers shew a curiosity to see. It is the Stock im Eisen, or Trunk in Iron; *i.e.* the trunk of a tree which stood here when the Wiener Wald, or Old Forest of Vienna, reached to this spot; and accordingly, next to St. Stephan's church, it is regarded as the greatest antiquity of the place. It is bound by iron bands to the wall of a house in the street a little above St. Stephan's church. Upon it hangs a lock, said to have been made by an apprentice whom his master upbraided with want of skill. In his wrath he called on the Devil for help, and by his assistance made this lock, which he challenged any one to open before his return. He then set off on his years of Wanderschaft, but never again re-appeared, nor from that day to this has any one been able to make a key that will open it. Very probably it was never intended to be opened. Be that as it may, there it hangs, and has drawn so much interest of the locksmiths' apprentices about it, that every one who comes to the city drives a nail into the stem, which is now so completely covered with nail heads, that it is quite cased in iron, and leaves but little possibility of fresh additions.

There is another thing in the neighbourhood of Vienna which few travellers see, and which is mentioned in no guide-book or travels that I have seen: it is the wild-boar park of the Emperor at Hütteldorf, beyond Hitzing. The park lies in a retired spot amongst the hills. A forest of old and noble oaks covering miles of hill and dale, and giving a fine feeling of sylvan solitude and obscurity. It is the fitting haunt of the old German wild-boar, and in it range nearly two thousand head of wild swine, great and small. The park is the favourite resort of the Imperial family, and therefore is strictly closed to the public; a fact which may account for its being so little known. Hearing by accident of it, I determined, if possible, to obtain a sight of so fine a herd of wild swine, and with an English friend, proceeded thither in the Stellwagen. The worthy old Jäger, however, on making application for admission, shook his head, and pulled out of his desk a tremendous long document, containing the strictest Imperial prohibition to the admission of any one. Disappointed, but not daunted, we walked on to the park itself, a full mile farther up the country. There was a wildness and solitude in the tract around it which indicated

its prohibited character. As we drew near its walls, a wilderness of trees and bushes on the banks of a stream that bore indications of occasional violence of torrents from the hills, made a sylvan scene, and before an old gate stood a soldier as sentinel, who, on observing us, drew stealthily back into the thicket, as if he would watch whether we attempted to enter. There was something in the act so suspicious, coupled with the profound solitude of the place, and the brooding extent of dark woods within the walls, that made us feel very strongly that a peculiar and jealous degree of Imperial strictness guarded this region.

We traced a slight track under the wall till we came to another gate without a sentinel, and with an avenue leading to the house of the Forstmeister, in the park, to which we boldly advanced. It was a large and lonely-looking dwelling, worthy of the scene. Old-fashioned gardens and paddocks lay around it; a sort of summer-house, or look-out, old and grey, was set on the strong garden wall, and over the gateway was nailed a huge pair of antlers, the regular sign of the abode of the Forstmeister or Jäger. We opened the door leading into the court-yard, but an immense dog walking loose there, induced us as speedily to close it again. Not a soul was to be seen. A silence and a solitude, as of enchantment, lay on all around. We pulled the chain of the old gateway-bell, and in a while a woman put her head out of an upper window, and demanded our business. "To speak with the Forstmeister," we replied. "Come in then," said she. "But the hound—is he safe?" "No," said she, "he would pull you down in a moment, and without notice."

On this agreeable intelligence we stood before the gate, very much in doubt whether any one would come to conduct us in, but at length the woman came, and under her escort, the hound permitted us to pass. We were then told to walk up stairs, and after rambling along a variety of great passages, and knocking at sundry doors, we found the worthy old Forstmeister smoking his pipe and counting his money. The old gentleman, a sturdy keeper-like looking personage, on propounding our request, cried, as in astonishment at the naming of such a thing, said "Ah Gott, nein! das ist am strengsten verboten!"—that is most strictly forbidden. He again informed us that the Imperial family were particularly

fond of this retirement, where they could range about at perfect freedom; that one or another were coming almost every day; that the Empress-mother had been there the day before, and that some one might now arrive at any moment. The case seemed hopeless, but we made one last assault on the national pride of the good man, with artillery which seldom fails in any part of the world. We said we regretted the circumstance, but that we were English gentlemen, who had heard much of the quantities of fine game in Austria, and had a great desire to see what the Emperor could boast of the famous old game of the country, the boar. The old man smiled. "They are a grand show," said he; "you'll find nothing like it anywhere;" and looking out of the window, as if to assure himself that no Imperial guests were at hand, he rung a bell, and a young man appeared. "Go," said he, "and let these English gentlemen have a peep at the wild swine." We returned our best acknowledgments and withdrew.

The young man, a keeper, seemed a good-natured fellow. He took us up the park to a certain hollow, where various wild swine were to be seen under the trees around. This seemed to be the extent to which he deemed himself commissioned to go, but a couple of gulden put into his hand, extended his commission at once; the fears of Imperial edicts, and even of dinner waiting, a great event in daily life in all countries, seemed to vanish. We marched on; glade after glade of the old forest opened before us; he not only was ready to advance as far as we pleased, but assured us that in a few days would be a hunt, and that if we would come, he would take care to admit us. The sight, in fact, was worthy of the trouble we had taken. Numbers of wild swine, of all ages and sizes, from the grisly old boar to the sow with her troop of sucking pigs, were encountered on all sides. Here some grim old fellow, black as jet, or of a sun-burnt and savage grey, lay basking in the deep grass, and at our approach started up with a tremendous guff, and bolted into the woods. Others were seen lying at their length under the broad trees; others running with cocked tails, and at a most nimble rate. The sows with their young ones appeared the most savage and impatient of our presence. Others were so tame as to come at the whistle of the keeper, and scores ran voraciously as he shook one of the wild cornel trees which grew plentifully in

the forest. These trees, unknown in England, are as large as apple-trees, and in autumn are covered with fruit of a coral red, as large as cherries, but oblong. They make a beautiful show; and the fruit, of a fine sub-acid flavour, is used for dessert. The wild swine are prodigiously fond of this fruit, and as the trees were shook, and it pattered to the ground, they came running on all sides, and stood in the neighbouring thickets eager for our departure, when they rushed forward and ravenously devoured it.

The wild swine here, after all, must present but a faint idea of what they were in their ancient wilds. They are all of the true breed, and not for a moment to be confounded with the tame kind. The tusked mouth, the thick forequarter, the narrow hindquarter, the mane, the coarse bristles, the speed of gait, belong essentially to the wild breed: but in the old savage woods, where for years they encountered the sight of no single man; and for scores of years might live on in some obscure recess of these woods, they must have acquired a huge and savage monstrosity to which these park swine must appear in comparison, pigmy and tame. In the forests of Hanover and Westphalia, hunters yet tell us, that, in spite of the government orders to exterminate the swine in the open forests, on account of the mischief they do to the cultivated land, there are yet to be seen numbers as huge, and gaunt, and ferocious as ever. These will snuff the most distant approach of danger; and with terrific noises rush into the densest woods; or surrounding a solitary individual who is unarmed, especially a woman or a child, will scour round and round them, at every circle coming nearer, till bursting in upon them, they will tear them limb from limb and devour them; and that the tame swine which are herded in the forests, and become mixed in breed with the wild, acquire the same blood-thirsty propensity, and will, in their herds, surround and devour persons in the same manner.

We quitted, as all travellers must, Vienna with great regret. Besides the immense number of things worthy of notice, the general spirit of the place is so gay and happy, that, however it may be to the constant resident, nothing to the temporary sojourner can be more agreeable. Every thing in the shape of amusement, the finest music and works of art, are on all hands offered to his attention; and in no part of the world are strangers received with

more cordial kindness. In your inn, in public places, in private society, you feel the same spirit. Our hotel, the Golden Lamb, in the Vorstadt Leopold, a most convenient situation for all purposes, was, without exception, one of the most excellent and pleasant houses that we ever were in. The private rooms were airy, clean, and handsomely furnished; the chamber-maids, waiters, the landlord, all seemed inspired with one desire, to make your abode there agreeable; and a constant assemblage of intelligent and very friendly people, often in whole family parties, from various quarters of the world, at the general table, made the sojourn there more like a visit in some wealthy house where foreigners are accustomed to meet, than at an inn.

In public vehicles, nay, even sitting on a public seat, you find the same friendly and unrepulsive disposition amongst the very best classes; and we found it enough to be respectable English, often in this very manner, to begin an acquaintance of the most charming kind. Surely this could occur in no other capital in the world. The English language here, as in Hungary, is studied by the young with avidity. English literature is extensively read; and it is a real pleasure to the refined classes to converse with you on England, and its society, arts, and books.

The ideas, too, which we cherish at home, that Austria is a gloomy and severe despotism; that you cannot move without a spy or policeman at your elbow, disappear here entirely. In no city do you see so little palpable evidence of surveillance and police as in this. You are, after delivering your passport, as free and unshackled in your motions as in London; and if you do not go out of your way to assail the government, the government will not interfere with you. The whole of this is, however, the result of a sagacious and worldly-wise political system. Every thing is planned and calculated to divert the thoughts of the people from political matters. For this purpose public and social pleasures are promoted. If poverty cannot wholly be prevented, for the state has a large debt, and pauperism in 1836 was stated to be in proportion of about four persons in the hundred, yet distress is alleviated; and in no country do you see less symptoms of it. The grand principle of despotic government is, indeed, and must be, to maintain its people in comfort: without which no government could

long be popular. Austria, therefore, educates, and was amongst the first nations of Europe to educate its people, so far as is necessary to the conduct of human affairs. The administration of justice is cheap. Law, unlike what it is with us, is within the reach of every man's purse; if not, the poorest man can seek justice from the highest quarters. Even the Emperor devotes one day every week to the personal hearing of any complaints that individuals, however humble, desire to lay before him. What would be thought of such a paternal practice in our own monarchs? Thus, even despotism has its sunny side. If a people can be content to leave the management of political affairs entirely in the hands of the government, and to eat, drink, and be merry, going through the world in great bodily comfort, Austria is an evidence that they may do this in the highest degree. Compared with the frightful and wholesale distress of our own country, Austria is a paradise. Nowhere in the world can such frightful masses of misery be found as in our manufacturing districts; and well may the Austrian ask us, what good does our liberty of speech do those who purchase it at such a cost?

Here the Imperial family is highly popular; the individual members of it, wherever seen, are most simple and unassuming in their manners; the government is mild and paternal in its treatment of its subjects, and the whole population is gay and good-humoured. I do not mean to say that such a state is what the powers, spiritual impulses, and destiny of man, render most desirable; but for the mass it may well be asked, is it not better than lying for ever under the hydraulic press of crushing anxiety and fearful starvation? There is no condition of ignominy so thoroughly ignominious as that of a people styling itself free, and yet living before the world in perpetual complaint of the wretchedness of its government, and in domestic misery which has no parallel. The argument is not for the preference of a despotism, but for a government like ours to rouse itself to determination not to be surpassed by despotism itself in diffusing comfort amid the multitude while it offers to all men, as its additional and crowning recommendation, the glorious and precious privilege of unshackled mind—of religious, political, and intellectual freedom.

It is very probable, that to the constant resident, not modelled

by early habit to this gay and pleasure-streaming life, it might ultimately become wearisome; but this the temporary visitor does not feel. He sees only around him smiling faces, happy looks, rejoicing multitudes, and rejoices himself in the charm of music, and the presence of so much social sunshine. But even the resident, when weary of dissipation, can withdraw to as much retirement as he pleases; and if he possesses intellectual tastes, he will find wide circles here in which he will be at home. Vienna is the seat of a large university; and though Austria cannot boast of having produced great men in anything like the proportion which distinguishes other parts of Germany, it now possesses no mean amount of scientific and literary people. Amongst them, the distinguished orientalist Von Hammer; Grillparzer, the dramatist; Zedlitz, the author of the *Todtenkranz*, and other poems; Caroline Pichler, the novelist; Nimpsch, and Count Auersperg, both the latter highly popular poets, writing under the assumed names of Nicolas Lenau and Anastatius Grün.

In point of dress as well as manners, the Viennese depart much from the standard of other Germans. As in gaiety so in fashion, Vienna disdains to borrow from Paris, but sets up a style and mode of its own. The ladies wear much lower dresses, greatly to the scandal of their fair sisters of more primitive states, who, often blest with very little neck by nature, seem to take a pride in having none at all, setting up their shawls and pulling down their bonnets behind till their heads seem literally to stand on their shoulders. The freedom which fashion can introduce was curiously demonstrated while we were there. It was the rage for young ladies to learn to swim; and nothing was more common than in the baths near the Prater to see numbers of them coolly leaning over the handrails, and watching the young gentlemen swimming, who, except a pair of very short drawers, called *Bad-hosen*, were as unencumbered with dress as their father Adam when he first discovered himself after his creation. Yet in all else that relates to public decorum, what other great capital can compare to it? Like all the German cities, whatever be the actual state of morals, the most complete public propriety is observed. Go when and where you will through the streets of German cities, all is orderly, and free from any object which can shock your humanity, or offend

your sense of delicacy and moral purity. How long will it be before we can say so of any street, or almost any hour, of London?

8. JOURNEY TO PRAGUE.

WE took our places in the eilwagen to Prague, the ancient capital of Bohemia; and on passing out of the gates of Vienna at five o'clock in the morning, beheld a sight which most strikingly exhibited the nuisance which stares one in the face wherever we go, from the imposition of tolls and duties. How continually has the traveller occasion to curse the spirit of monopoly and restriction! and at every town-gate the poor countryman has to curse it too, as his corn bags are bored through and through with a great pointed iron, to see if he has concealed anything contraband in it. I never see well-dressed, otherwise decent, and often educated men degraded to groppers in trunks and reticules, to pulling out peoples dirty linen, and seizing on children's playthings to weigh them, and perhaps tax them to the amount of two farthings, but I pity them from my soul. Who does not heartily sigh for free trade as he sees a company of innocent and merry pleasure tourists arrested in the midst of some loveliest scenery; a whole steam-packet crowd of them brought to a stand, and all their carefully-packed articles ransacked by grave men in collarless coats and great moustachios; their neatly-folded clothes all turned topsy-turvy, as if the poor men were seeking something to eke out the deficiencies of their own dress; razors and lather-brushes tumbled out as if the solemn officials were really meditating shaving themselves; dirty linen, and handkerchiefs, and stockings, of ladies and gentlemen, brought out in foulest and most humiliating disorder, where there is neither washer nor laundry-maid at hand; a hand-basket dived into that probably contains only a crumpled pocket-handkerchief, a few hotel bills, and a bit of plum-cake; a poor man's little wallet, that has bread and cheese, a red herring, and a drop of brandy in it,—and all this to search for the dues of a mighty kingdom, out of which nothing comes but the trouble, and the fact of making honourable gentlemen and ladies look like so many thieves, and their poor searchers as unlucky rogues who take a delight in being nuisances! Call this piece of barbarism what you will, attempt to smooth it over as necessary and customary,—this is the

light and the feeling in which it never ceases to appear to your inward sense.

Here was a most singular spectacle, occasioned by the old nuisance of city tolls. For more than three English miles was one dense train of peasants' wagons, loaded with all sorts of stuff for the market. Here they stood stock still in the road, one jammed close behind another, while a couple of officers were ascertaining the toll those at the head had to pay, and which did not seem speedily determined. The people in the rear could not expect in their turn to arrive at the gate in less than three or four hours, and probably had been as many already waiting. Some, indeed, were comfortably gone to sleep on their loads.

Away now through Bohemia. Who would not envy our journey across Bohemia? That ancient kingdom, where so many stirring deeds have been done, and where legends and romance have led us to expect so much that is wild and peculiar? The Bohemian forest, robber bands, old towns, wild glens and mountains filled with gipsies, and cobolds, and strange spirits? Unluckily, these attractive things, or the fame of them, lie in the skirts of Bohemia. Its mines, its mountains, and traditions, are in its borders: the greater part of Bohemia is a plain; and over this plain we were bound to travel. He who expects to find the plain of Bohemia picturesque, might just as well expect to see the sea there, which Shakspeare talks of. It is all one ploughed field, without a hedge, and almost without a tree—except where stand great patches of wood for fuel,—with scarcely a stream of water, much less such a thing as a river. What few hills there are, are low, and of a fine adhesive sand, and these are generally planted with vines. Vineyards, indeed, there are a good many; but on the level flat these are no more picturesque than so many plots of potatoes, and are by no means so neatly trained as those in the Rhine country.

One most picturesque sight, however, was a group of gipsy children on the way. These had issued out of some of the distant woods to beg from the passengers on the highway. Bohemia is so old a haunt of this singular race, that in France they even still bear the name of Bohemians; and truly these were of the wildest. There were three or four of them from ten to twelve years of age.

They had nothing on them but a coarse shirt of hemp nearly black, and yet their skins were still more tawny. They were really handsome in their wildness. Their features were clearly cut, and full of expression; their eyes were like dark fires; their jet black hair hung in rich masses down their backs; and their limbs had a shapely elasticity about them which nothing but their life of utter nature could give them. They were, in fact, in appearance just such as Murillo often paints. In elasticity they were exactly as if made of India rubber. They were lithe and supple as snakes, and seemed as light as if their bodies were not framed of the same heavy material as our own. They threw themselves on their knees on the road as the eilwagens slowly ascended a hill; with gestures full of life, and rapid tongues. They sprang up, ran, cast themselves down again; threw at us such speaking looks, and were in such constant change of figure and clamour of importunity, that in their dusky wildness they looked rather like thing in a dream than actual living creatures.

For two hundred English miles did we advance from Vienna to Prague, over these great, naked, and uninteresting plains. Our train of eilwagens, five in number, steered over this monotonous region like a long caravan in a desert. Nothing could present a more unattractive scene than that of the naked and unadorned villages which lay here and there scattered over this vast and bare region. The two most considerable towns through which we passed, Znaim and Iglau, stand high on their sandy hills, as naked as the villages, yet had something picturesque in them from this very nakedness. Their high old-fashioned towers, spires, heavy gateways, steep gables, great churches, and strong enclosing walls, were like pictures which we have seen in old Bibles, of towns in Canaan. Yet even these towns have many historical associations connected with them, and some of them of recent date. In Znaim, Buona- parte on the 12th of July 1809, agreed to an armistice with the Austrians, after their fatal defeat at Wagram, which led to the peace of Vienna in the following October. At Czaslau, Frederick the Great beat the Austrian in 1742, and they under Marshal Daun beat him at Collin in 1757 with great slaughter, and loss of his fine guard and all his baggage. At a place with the singular name of Deutsch-Brod, literally, German Bread, the Hussites,

under Ziska, beat the Emperor Sigismund in 1422, as the Hussites themselves had been beaten in 1334, at a place called Böhmisches-Brod, or Bohemian Bread, and had their two celebrated leaders, the Procopii, slain. At Czaslau too, was the tomb of the victorious Hussite, General Ziska, till his remains were disinterred and burnt by that horrible fanatic, Ferdinand II. of Austria.

They are, in fact, historical recollections which fill your mind with strange feelings as you traverse this melancholy country. The people are serfs; the property is in large estates belonging to the nobles, who live chiefly in Prague and Vienna, and the deepest night of Catholic superstition broods over the whole toiling people.

The second day of our journey was the birthday of the Virgin Mary; and the whole population was abroad, and in holiday costume. Every village seemed to have all its inhabitants out of doors. They were dressed, and preparing to set off in procession to some neighbouring church. On all hands, right and left, on these great plains you saw these processions. The sound of singing came on every breeze; and throngs of people besides were streaming along the whole way, as if the inhabitant of each village thought the shrine of the next more holy than that of his own. Every now and then you met or overtook a great procession, in full song, and holiday array; and truly the variety of colour in the dress of the peasant girls make a most lively show. They had gowns and bodices of brightest and most strongly contrasting hues, and over their heads, handkerchiefs of equally showy dyes—yellow, red, or blue. They looked, as they marched in the bright sunshine, and the breeze fluttered their drapery, like great beds of tulips and peonies. Their solemn earnestness was as striking as their gaudiness. First, went a man with his book singing out the hymn, which the whole train joined in; then two boys in white, bearing church banners; then came young girls carrying on a sort of frame a figure of the Virgin, very finely dressed, and adorned with ribbons and flowers. Then the train, and other banners in the centre and the rear. In some also was carried a figure of Christ.

Nothing could be more gay than the whole country with these processions, with the ringing of bells and singing, and with the villages as you passed through all alive with throngs of many-coloured people; and yet who could avoid reflecting on what

Bohemia once was, and through what it has passed to bring it to what it is. Under the victorious generalship of Ziska and the Procopii, the Bohemians fought for their religion and conquered. Taborites, Horebites, Utraquists, Orphans, all had fought with a fierce and terrible enthusiasm, and had wrested from the hands of Sigismund the concession of their religious freedom; but the Jesuits, and their tool the dreadful Ferdinand II. in the Thirty Years' War, had taken a terrible revenge, and rooted out their faith and their descendants together, with a savage ferocity unparalleled by any other scene in history. In this great struggle, where Pope and Emperor, Spain and Austria, combined for the destruction of Protestantism in Germany, Bohemia, and Hungary, the peasantry had no Ziska to lead them to conquest. Nobly and well did they stand to the death, in many a murderous fight; but the great champion of the Protestant faith, Gustavus Adolphus, fell at Lützen, and their peasant chiefs, their Fadingen, their Wiellengen, their Wolf Wurm, or even their mysterious leader, the Unknown Student, were not a match for the whole power of Austria, and the genius of Pappenheim, Wallenstein, Tilly, and Piccolomini. Even Germany, with the gallant Bernhard of Weimar, one of the most perfect models of a true-hearted and Christian hero who ever lived, and the martial ability of John von Werth, Mercy, Torstenson, Banner and Wrangel, in her aid, shrunk before the hosts of Austria and Spain, and the petty jealousies of princes calling themselves Protestants, and made an ignominious peace. But Bohemia! never was there such a butchery,—a deep, deadly, and persevering butchery of a people! From end to end of the country marched great armies, overwhelming every attempt at resistance by the outraged people; and in their train, from village to village, and from house to house, went the Jesuits with troops of dragoons, to convert the survivors to the holy mother church. The command was to forsake heresy and be converted; the arguments were bullets, and the refusal death. Hence comes the phrase of dragooning people into anything.

There is something inexpressibly fearful in the history of these days in Bohemia. The whole land was one amphitheatre of martyrdom. The horrible bigot Emperor, with true Spanish blood in his veins, knelt, telling his beads before his saints, and issuing

orders to extirpate Protestantism, till nearly every trace of it and of human life had vanished together. The people fought, and often conquered, but in vain; and then issued forth that strange apparition—the Unknown Student. What a singular episode is his advent in the history of this war! His real name and origin were unknown, and will always remain so. He had all the reckless enthusiasm of the student; the zeal of the hero or the saint; and the eloquence which tingles in the ears of wronged men, and runs through the quick nerves like fire. Solemn and mysterious, he stood forth in the hour of need, like a spirit from heaven. The wondering people gathered round him, listened, and followed with shouts to victory. They stood in the field of Gmunden, in the face of the magnificent Salzburg Alps. The Unknown Student was in the midst of them; and, pointing to the lake, the forests, the hills, and the glittering alpine summits above and around them, he asked if they would not fight for so glorious a land, and for the simple and true hearts in those rocky fastnesses? In the camp of Pappenheim they heard the fiery words of his harangue; they heard the vows which burst forth like the voice of the sea in reply, and the hymn of faith which followed. From rock, ravine, and forest, rushed forth the impetuous peasant thousands; and even the veterans of Pappenheim could not sustain the shock. The right wing scattered and fled; the peasant army, with the Unknown Student at their head, pursuing and hewing them down. There was a wild flight to the very gates of Gmunden. Then came back the fiery Unknown with his flushed thousands. He threw himself on the left wing of Pappenheim with the fury of a lion. There was a desperate struggle; the troops of Pappenheim wavered, victory hung on the uplifted sword of the Unknown Student, when a ball struck him, and his rôle was played out. His head, hoisted on a spear, was a sign of shivering dismay to his followers. They fled, leaving on the field four thousand of their fellows dead; Pappenheim and extermination in their rear.

What a picture is that which the historians draw of the horrors which this so-called religious war inflicted on all Germany. Some of them reckon that the half, and others that two-thirds, of the whole population perished in it. In Saxony alone, within two years, 900,000 men were destroyed. In Bohemia, at the time of

Ferdinand's death, before the last exterminating campaign of Torstenson and Banner, the Swedish generals, the population was sunk to a fourth. Augsburg, which before had 80,000 inhabitants, had then only 18,000; and all Germany in proportion. In Berlin were only 300 burghers left. The prosperity of the country was for a long period destroyed. Not only did hands fail, and the workshops lie in ashes, but the spirit and diligence of trade were transferred to other lands.

After thirty years of battles, burnings, murders, and diseases, Germany no longer looked like itself. The proud nation was changed into a miserable mob of beggars and thieves. Famishing peasants, cowardly citizens, lewd soldiers, rancorous priests, and effeminate nobles, were the miserable remains of the great race which had perished. Could it be otherwise? The princes themselves gave the example of dastardly falsehood. Priests of all sorts raged with a pitiless hate; the Generals sought to enrich themselves; the soldiers, who in the end ruled, were unmanned, and set loose from all moral restraints. All the devils of political treachery, of religious fanaticism, of the rapacity of aspiring adventurers, and of the brutality of the soldiery, were let loose on the people. Driven from hearth and home, in eternal terror of the soldiers and without instruction, what could be expected from the growing generation but sordid cowardice, and the shameless immorality which they had learned from the army? Even the last remains of political freedom perished in the war; since all classes were plundered, and their strength exhausted. The nobles could only maintain themselves in the service of the princes; the free cities dragged on a feeble existence; the peasant was thoroughly demoralized by the soldiers, and was out and out a slave. The representatives of the States lost their meaning, for they could find with the Emperor but a feeble protection against the lesser princes, and none against the greater. Faith had, in the conflict, dissolved itself into superstition and unbelief. The citizen, perpetually harassed with pressing anxieties, saw devils and ghosts; and the soldier, through the manner in which he fought, had become indifferent to that for which he fought; and was neither Catholic nor Lutheran. The early civilization of Germany had retrograded into barbarism.

The atrocities which had been committed in this war were unexampled. In the storming of Magdeburg, the soldiers had amused themselves, as a relaxation from their wholesale horrors perpetrated on the adults, with practising tortures on children. One man boasted that he had tossed twenty babies on his spear. Others they roasted alive in ovens; and others they pinned down in various modes of agony, and pleased themselves with their cries as they sate and eat. Writers of the time describe thousands dying of exhaustion; numbers as creeping naked into corners and cellars, in the madness of famine falling upon, tearing each other to pieces, and devouring each other; children being devoured by parents, and parents by children; many tearing up bodies from the graves, or seeking the pits where horse-killers threw their carcasses, for the carrion, and even breaking the bones for the marrow, after they were full of worms! Thousands of villages lay in ashes; and, after the war, a person might in many parts of Germany go fifty miles in almost any direction without meeting a single man, a head of cattle, or a sparrow; while in another, in some ruined hamlet, you might see a single old man and a child, or a couple of old women. "Ah, God!" says an old chronicler, "in what a miserable condition stand our cities! Where before were thousands of streets, there now were not hundreds. The burghers by thousands had been chased into the water, hunted to death in the woods, cut open and their hearts torn out, their ears, noses and tongues cut off, the soles of their feet opened, straps cut out of their backs; women, children, and men, so shamefully and barbarously used, that it is not to be conceived. How miserable stand the little towns, the open hamlets! There lie they, burnt, destroyed, so that neither roof, beam, door, or window, are to be seen. The churches? they have been burnt, the bells carried away, and the most holy places made stables, market-houses, and worse of, the very altars being purposely defiled and heaped with filth of all kinds." Whole villages were filled with dead bodies of men, women, and children, destroyed by plague and hunger, with quantities of cattle which had been preyed on by dogs, wolves, and vultures, because there had been no one to mourn or to bury them. Whole districts, which had been highly cultivated, were again grown over with wood; families who had fled, on returning after

the war, found trees growing on their hearths; and even now, it is said, foundations of villages are in some places found in the forests, and the traces of ploughed lands. It is the fixed opinion that to this day Germany, in point of political freedom and the progress of public art and wealth, feels the disastrous consequences of this war.

A more solemn lesson on the horrible effects of the violation of conscience, and of Jesuitical bigotry, is not to be found in history. To this dismal Ferdinand II. it has been justly said that Napoleon was, in comparison of destructive power, but a pigmy. Napoleon traversed three quarters of the globe with fire and sword, yet came far short in human destruction of this Ferdinand, who, while he sat still and told his beads, accomplished the extermination of ten millions of men.

Such are the thoughts which crowd on you as you pass through Bohemia. None of the dispensations of Providence are more mysterious than those exhibited in it. In no nation were the people formerly more universally and firmly rooted in Protestantism: in none was it so resolutely defended; in none has it been so completely and permanently extirpated. From that day to this, the whole country of John Huss and Jerome of Prague lies prostrate in the most profound Catholic ignorance and bigotry; so much so, that when Joseph II. offered them freedom of political and religious opinion, they spurned it from them, and joined with the aristocracy in heaping on the too liberal Emperor those anxieties and mortifications which sunk him to an early grave. When he received the news that the people, and especially the peasantry of Hungary and Bohemia, were so stupid as to be incensed against him because he offered to make them freer and happier, he exclaimed, "I must die! I must be made of wood, if I did not die!" and his words were soon verified. Bohemia is a land of hereditary bondsmen, and it looks like one.

9. PRAGUE.

It is with similar feelings and ideas that you enter Prague. It is not for its galleries and works of art that you visit this city. It is to behold the scenes where so many singular and important events and revolutions have taken place: amongst the greatest, the

rise and fall of Protestantism, of which we have spoken. We would see that famous old university, one of the earliest in Europe, where Huss taught the doctrines of the Reformation to its forty thousand students, before a single university yet existed in Germany, and whence on the breaking out of the religious troubles twenty thousand German students marched forth, and founded the University of Leipsic. We would see the old Rath-Haus, under whose windows the Hussite priest passing with the sacramental cup in his hand, the bigoted counsellors threw stones down on him, and were soon after, by the indignant people, thrown out after them themselves. We would see where Wallenstein lived, and where Ziska fought; and truly no city can by its situation afford you a finer general view, or give a more venerable and stately impression by its details. It lies in a great amphitheatre. Around, for the most part, at the distance of several miles, rise bleak, naked hills, which however, under the different lights and shades of the day and the season, assume a variety of aspects, ever with a degree of silent wildness in them. Through the plain on which it stands, and through the city itself, rolls the Moldau, a noble river, as wide as the Thames at London bridge. The city, as seen from the side by which you approach it from Vienna, lies stretched on this mountain-girded plain; a magnificent sight! with all its towers, spires, domes, and old palaces, ranging above its mass of other buildings, a place of 120,000 inhabitants. Masses of fine trees and gardens are interspersed; the Moldau rolls rapidly on between its deep and woody banks below it; near you rises the celebrated hill of Ziska, where he pitched his victorious camp; and on the opposite side of the city stands grandly aloft the Hradschin, a hill crowned with the great church of St. Vitus, and the old royal palace, and clustered over with other palaces of the nobility, with churches and convents. At the foot of the Hradschin stands the immense palace of Wallenstein, and between that side called the *Kleine-Seite*, or Little Side, and the old city stretches the celebrated Bridge of Prague, renowned for many a battle and bloody struggle.

As you wander through the city the old Rath-Haus, already mentioned, arrests your attention, with its huge horn fastened to the battlements of its tower, probably to be blown on alarm of fire or foes. The old Jews' Burial-ground, a perfect wilderness of

heavy Hebrew monuments overgrown with tangled elder trees, so old themselves that they lean for support on the tombs. These and the dark old synagogue bearing evidence to the antiquity of the Jews here, who claim to be the original founders of the city soon after their national dispersion. You reach the great bridge crowned with whole rows of statues of saints, larger than life, and in the centre arch that pre-eminently of St. John Nepomuck, who was thrown into the river by the Emperor Wencezlaus, and his corpse setting the Moldau on fire, he was drawn out, buried in St. Vitus's church on the Hradschin, and, in due time, canonized, and now is become the great protector of all German bridges.

But it is the Hradschin which is the fullest of interest. This hill is literally clustered all over with palaces, and churches, and buildings, every one of which has a history which might set up a writer of romance. Here is the old Bohemian palace, with its large antique rooms, so quaint and spacious, looking for all the world such a place as you would imagine the monarch of Bohemia living in. Here are portraits of many of them, and amongst them the majestically beautiful Maria Theresia, and her beautiful daughters, the most beautiful of them the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. Here, again, you have from the windows another splendid view of the city, this "old discrowned queen" of Bohemia; and can see it as that weak but ambitious prince, Frederick of the Palatinate saw it, as he sate here for one winter, whence he was called the Winter King, dreaming himself monarch of Bohemia, without taking one step to secure himself in that post to which the Bohemian people had invited him. He had left his hereditary state, the Palatinate, to the mercy of his enemies, which was speedily devastated by Spinola and his Spaniards and Netherlanders, and here, without taking a single measure for his security, but on the contrary, alienating the nobles by his folly and German favouritism, he sate and feasted with his equally weak and ambitious wife, Elizabeth, the daughter of James I. of England, till the forces of the League were suddenly upon him; and he was the first to fly with his wife, who in that and many a succeeding hour of misery and destitution must have bitterly repented exciting him to assume a crown he was so unfit to wear.

Here you see the council chamber, out of whose windows the

indignant representatives, with the Graf von Thurn at their head, threw the senators whom they knew to be in the interest of Austria and the Jesuits, Slawata, Martiniz, and their secretary Fabricius Platter, with which act commenced the miserable Thirty Years' War, the extirpation of Protestantism in Bohemia, and the final subjection of Bohemia to Austria. Here is the fine old church of St. Vitus, with many curious paintings, mosaics, and monuments; the most splendid, that massy silver shrine of St. John Nepomuck, with four large silver angels hovering over it. The external appearance of the church, however, is not less a monument of Frederick the Great; for it stands partly in ruins, as he battered it with his balls in the Seven Years' War. Here is the great untenanted palace of the Graf Czernin; not far distant the Strahow Convent, containing the portrait of Ziska; and below the hill, on the left hand, the vast pile of Wallenstein, still inhabited by his descendants. These, and a host of other buildings, old palaces, and towers, bring up so many historical matters, that it would require a volume for their details.

But Prague is not less alive to the enjoyments of the present than any city of Germany. It has its haunts of recreation and pleasure. It has its theatre and opera. Its walls on the heights around are converted into delightful planted promenades, whence you can see over the city on all sides. It is the same on the Hradschin and the Lorenzi-berg beyond it; and still farther out on that side lies the Baum-garten, one of those large park-like gardens which they term English, and where a coffee-house, music, and gay people are often to be found. But in the Moldau, close to the city, lie two or three islands, which are justly the favourite places of resort. In the Färber-Insel, the one closest to the shore on the city side, there is a fine cassino, with splendid ball and conversation rooms, gardens, a musical orchestra; and several evenings in the week you may see the most distinguished people of Prague there, and hear some of the finest military music in the world. In no part of Germany have I seen a finer race of women, dressed with a more elegant taste, than the ladies whom I have seen in these gardens.

A chain-bridge has just been thrown over the Maldau near this island, resting as a centre on the next island; and it was curious

to hear the assertions of the Prague people regarding it. It would never stand. It would drop with the first people who went over it. When that did not happen, it would be carried away with the first flood. When that happened as little, then the ice-masses of the next winter would dash it to atoms. It has stood out the ice-masses, too, with the greatest steadiness; and now the good people begin to be vastly proud of it, and to declare it, without exception, the finest chain-pier in the world!

A great camp was pitched on the banks of the Moldau, near the city. Austrians, Bohemians, Hungarians, were there all assembled, and tended more strongly to complete our ideas of Prague as it used to be, so often assaulted with armies and beset with camps.

10. JOURNEY THROUGH THE SAXON SWITZERLAND TO DRESDEN.

To our countryman Mr. Andrews, one of the introducers of steam on the Danube, we are also indebted for one of the most charming steam voyages in Germany—that from Prague through the heart of the Saxon Switzerland to Dresden, which is performed in the course of a good summer's day. The Germans laughed at the idea of navigating this part of the Elbe by steam, but now very comfortably enjoy it by hundreds every day through the summer, in one direction or the other. The enterprise being recent, the arrangements at Prague for the conveyance of the passengers thence to the nearest point on the Elbe to which the steamer came, a distance of about twenty English miles, were none of the best. We were told that the company would convey us in omnibuses at five o'clock in the morning; but we discovered when too late, that these omnibuses were mere caravans with canvass curtains. We should have done far wiser, as we would advise others, to have taken a carriage over-night to the nearest town on the Elbe which the steamer passes. The roads, as they are everywhere in the neighbourhood of the large cities in Austria, especially Prague and Vienna, were three or four inches deep in dust, which, by the long continuance of intensely hot weather, was ground so fine that it rose all round the caravans in a dense and constant cloud, and penetrating through every opening and crevice, literally buried us. Anon we turned out of the great road into a by-way, where indeed we lost the dust, but encountered inconveniences not less.

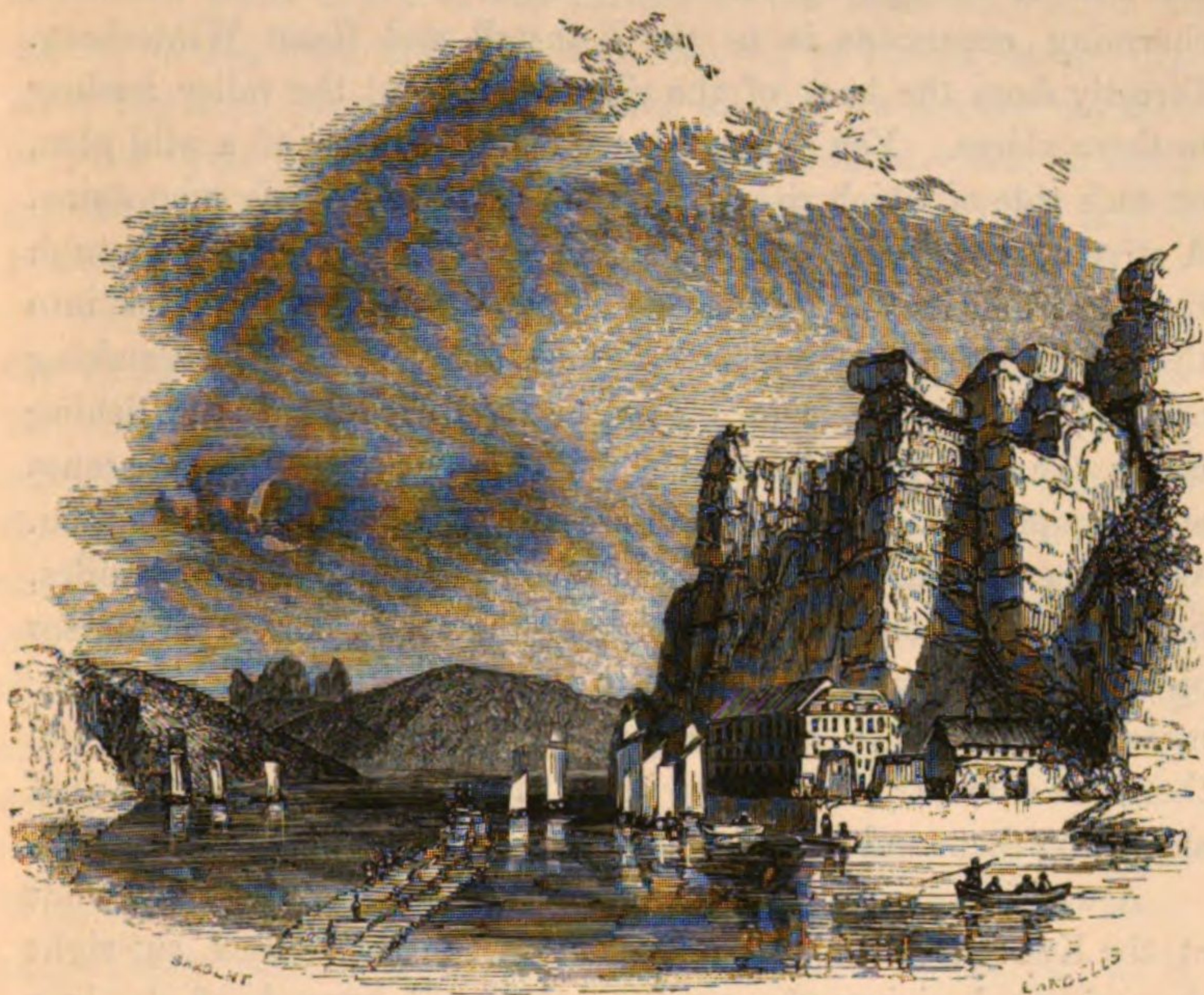
The road was of the worst description, and soon ceased to be one at all. We were bounced over rough ground, over stock and stone, to the plentiful alarm and bruises of the passengers, to the river side, where lay the steamer in a solitary place, without quay, village, or house. Once on board, our grievances were speedily forgotten in the urbanity of the proprietor, Mr. Andrews, who was on board, and in the charms of the voyage.

The early part of the scenery was by no means romantic, but it was very agreeable. Rich banks, a broad and finely flowing river, a country of cheerful hill and dale around; here and there a distant town, or castle; and at every village on the banks, thousands of the peasantry collected to see the wonder of the passing steamer. It was Sunday, too, and thus all the population in their best clothes seemed collected on the banks of the Elbe. Anon, however, near Aussig, the scenery began to assume a striking character. High rocks hemmed in the river; mountains crowned with forests, and bold and lofty precipices, surrounded us; and the views both up and down the river became beautiful in no ordinary degree. Between the banks and the feet of the rocks hung the most delicious slopes with vineyards, villages scattered here and there, and people out, as if enjoying greatly their own charming scenery. Behind these the rocks rose in lofty precipices, bold, splintered, with ever changing variety of form, and with openings between them into the heart of the mountains of the most dark and yet inviting description. Above hung thick woods, often of pine; and wherever the eye turned, it was met by scenes of wildness, bold beauty, and an Arcadian sweetness and cheerfulness that were most delightful. Here you passed a lofty castle; there, the isolated rocks called the Jungfernsprung, or Maiden's Leap; and numerous traditions are related to you of these places by the passengers. At Tetschen, the scene is open and fine. High above you on the right, on its perpendicular cliff, soars the castle of the Graf Thun, who with his family were seated in a balcony surveying the scenes below, and the bustle created by the arrival of the steamer. At the foot of the cliffs lay the village, and on the left bank stood the large and handsome buildings of the new baths, surrounded by rocks and valleys of the most attractive character. Thence to Schandau the scenery was still more striking. Below Schandau

rose the two giant insulated hills, the Lilienstein and the Königstein, one on each side of the river, rearing themselves into the sky. Thence, the course of the river is one grand defile of precipitous rocks crowned with fine woods, every moment increasing in grandeur, to the Bastei, the most impressive object of the whole voyage. This is a stupendous pile of rocks, rising sheer from the water's edge 800 feet, and on its summit a platform guarded with a handrail, on which are constantly to be seen parties, looking small as fairies, gazing down on your rapid passage below. Soon after leaving the Bastei the scene becomes tame, you pass the town of Pirna on the one hand, and Pilnitz, the king of Saxony's palace, on the other, with its pleasant gardens coming down to the water's edge; and then comes—Dresden.

Such is a rapid view of the course of the Elbe, which, to observe in all its varied and unbroken beauty it is best to descend at once. You have then passed through the Saxon Switzerland, but not explored it. This great glen of the Elbe is but one scene of it. Right and left in all directions extend its valleys, and rise its rocks and mountains, and would require three or four days to take the most hasty view of them. To penetrate the recesses of this beautiful district, you must then again ascend the Elbe, as you may any morning by the steamer, and take up your sojourn at the village of Schandau, whence you can on foot, or by carriage, mules, or sedan chairs, traverse the various scenes with the utmost convenience. But there is no way in which the wild sweetness of this lovely region can be so thoroughly enjoyed as by those who have a pleasant knot of nature-loving friends, and leisure to devote a week or two to it. It is just the country for such happy people to wander through and explore at will. To roam along the clear streams with rod and line, pulling the firm trout from beneath the shade of the tall rocks; or to take books and your dinner, and, encamping in some Arcadian glen, beneath the spreading trees, read, and laugh, and dream a whole day away; or explore every nook and mount on the eminence that rises naked above the unknown woods. The Saxon Switzerland has a different character to any other scenery which I have seen in Germany. It is more varied; more broken up into precipices, and torn open into dells and glens, giving a constant hope of some fresh discovery of beauty or gran-

deur. It reminds one of our native Derbyshire, or of some parts of Scotland and Wales, so different to the rounded hills and ranges of hills in Germany generally; while the views from some of the



heights are enchanting from their airiness and vast extent, including the Erzgebirge in one direction, and the Riesengebirge in another.

Then the heights of the Lilienstein, the Königstein, the Bastei, the Kuhstall, the Great Winterberg, etc., though they all lie at no great distance from each other, cannot be ascended without great exertion; and this in the usual heat of the summer here, is soon found, if done in a hurry, to be very exhausting. To be enjoyed, you should take now one, now another, of these objects. To climb the Bastei and explore the dark defile of the Otterwalder-Grund is excursion enough for one easy day. To climb the heights of the Lilienstein and the Königstein; to survey the massy fortress on the summit of the latter—so often the dungeon of the best citizens of Saxony, as in the days of the infamous Augustus the Strong, and the equally infamous minister Brühl,—never yet carried, not even by the great Generals of the Thirty Years' War,

nor by Napoleon himself, whose balls, the peasants will tell you, shot from the Lilienstein, were sucked down by the draught occasioned by the current of the river, and struck only the rock below; this will be enough for another pleasant day. One of the most charming excursions is to the Kuhstall and Great Winterberg. Directly from the back of the village runs out the valley leading to these places. You are presently in the depths of a wild glen, on each side of which rise precipitous rocks and woody mountains. A stream, transparent as crystal, hurries along the bottom through the most delicious little meadows; glens open right and left into the most poetical nooks; and peasants here and there, haymaking or tending their cattle or goats; or boys with hand-nets, fishing under the banks of the stream for trout or crawfish, form scenes and groups such as you have before only seen in Claude or Poussin. With ever-varying features of beauty you advance eight or ten miles, now buried in some narrow gorge of the rocks, dark with masses of trees; now coming out again to sunshine and views of sloping meadows skirted by the hanging trees of the forest; here and there the silver fir shooting up in the face of the tall precipices, half shrouding them and half revealing their grey rocks with fine effect.

A winding and easy ascent, of perhaps an hour, brings you out at the Kuhstall; a magnificent arch in the native rock, cut right through, and giving you a view, below and beyond, of startling solemnity and magnificence. This place is so named because the Protestants of Saxony and Bohemia fled hither; as indeed into all this mountainous and wild track, in the Thirty Years' War, from the ravages of both Austrians and Swedes, under their later generals, Torstenson and Banner, who—disgusted with the sordid and pusillanimous character of the Elector of Saxony, so different to that of his great ancestor, the friend of Luther and the Reformation—laid waste his territories, and avenged his faults on the innocent people. Here they are said to have driven their cows for security; and, when the woods were dense, and without track, they could not have been easily approached. The effect of these recollections was unluckily here dreadfully destroyed by this impressive spot being turned into a vulgar show-place. A little rustic hut is erected, where people live, to shew the place; and where, I suppose, some refreshment may be obtained. Under the noble arch lay a fiddle,

a harp, and a lot of articles in a glass case, for sale; such as you see at ordinary bazaars. The moment we appeared, out from the hut rushed a girl and a great boy, and began to harp and fiddle away at a great rate. It was in vain to tell them we wanted no music; music, such as it was, they resolved we should have. Another boy fixed himself on us, to shew all that we already saw with our own eyes; and it was not without some difficulty that we could get the fiddle out of our ears, or the boy from our elbow, and be left to make our observations at peace.

Various parts of this pile of rocks, which stands nobly aloft in the circle of these great woods, are named after the uses to which the refugees are said to have put them. The views from them are solemn and vast. Solemn, down into the depth at your feet, into the great amphitheatre, surrounded by grey cliffs and filled with woods on one side, with the crags of the great Winterberg beyond; and vast and airy in another, over a wide country, in which the Königstein and the Lilienstein—the head of the latter like a great crown—stood high aloft above all else, and seemed to glorify themselves in the breezes and sunshine of heaven.

If you would extend your walk through the woods to the great Winterberg, or, still farther, to the Prebischthor, a still more magnificent natural arch, you will have made one of the most impressive and romantic rambles anywhere to be found. You can take a guide, if necessary, from the foot of the hill, before ascending to the Kuhstall, where plenty of them wait with mules also, or the man from the Kuhstall will go on with you; and you can, instead of returning, drop down the glens to Herrnskretsch on the Elbe, and descend it in a boat to your old station—Schandau.

Such is the way in which to enjoy thoroughly this lovely district; where, if you speak the language of the country, the peasantry will point out to you every day fresh hidden valleys and wild scenes, and tell you plenty of stories of the times of persecution, and of the spirits which live in the heart of the mountains.

11. DRESDEN.

DRESDEN, like every city of Germany, has its own peculiar character. Its distinction is that of a quiet and settled gentility. Mrs. Jameson has called Dresden the fine-lady of Germany. If she

had left out the word *fine*, she would have hit off most exactly the nature of the place. There is a feeling of solid, undisputed respectability about it; a quiet and refined manner, and the intelligence of a well-educated and tasteful people, give Dresden a good title to the character of a lady, among German cities; but neither in general appearance, nor in its habits, has it anything of the air of the *fine* lady. On the contrary, it strikes you on entering it as something old, and more dingy than any other city of Germany whatever. You are not struck and startled with its splendid public buildings and monuments, especially of new ones. All is modest and substantial. The houses are, externally, far less painted and adorned than German houses generally are; and there is a dinge upon them which reminds you wonderfully of our English towns, and particularly of London. There is a compactness of streets too, old market-places, instead of new fine squares with avenues of trees, so commonly interspersing German towns. The general use of coals here, instead of wood, has diffused over all a very sufficient blackness; and you can find smuts falling on you as in London; but the excellent society here, where the court resides, where artists are drawn in numbers by the noble gallery, and literary people, Tieck amongst them, as well as respectable English families, abound, soon make its external appearance forgotten.

Had Dresden, indeed, only its Gallery, that were enough to make it a most desirable place of residence. The longer you frequent this, the more you become sensible of its just fame. It stands in the centre of the city, a short walk from almost any part, is daily thrown open, or admissible by ticket, and affords one of the most delightful luxuries which a city can possess. Here your feet will involuntary lead you, day after day, to stand before the Madonna del Sisto of Raffaele, whose heavenly sweetness grows upon you and fascinates you more and more at every successive contemplation. The La Notte of Correggio; the little recumbent Magdalen, of the same artist, that universal favourite; Holbein's masterpiece, so wonderfully superior to his productions in general, in nature and freedom; the Virgin worshiped by the Bürgermeister of Basle, Jacob Meyer and his family: these are enough to stamp the pre-eminence of a gallery; but, besides these, what a splendid host of Raffaelles, Titians, Da Vincis, Carlo Dolcis, Caravaggios, Rubens, Rembrandts,

and of almost all the great schools and great painters, present themselves as you advance from room to room. When you have made your gaze familiar with the largest and most striking of them, what whole troops of glorious little Wouvermanns, Paul Potters, Gerard Dows, Van der Weldes, and Van der Werfs, Ruysdaels, Teniers, Ostades, etc., grow up into your notice, and astonish you by their excellence! For months you may still wander here, and make the most agreeable discoveries; nay, I have heard artists, who have daily resorted hither, say, that after years they have become acquainted with some which they had never before noticed, but which they could not enough admire.

Here you always find numbers of artists from various countries busily employed in copying. Here were at this time Mr. Lane, boldly copying the Madonna of Raffaello; one of the Misses Sharp, the other having married Mr. Seyfarth, of this city; Mr. Lee, an excellent American artist; and Madame Lucasie, a German, making an admirable copy of the Magdalene of Correggio. This lady, indeed, is styled by some of her fellow artists the possessor or usurper of this picture, as she is almost always engaged on copies of it for England, her price for one of which is one hundred guineas. Her copies are, in truth, most excellent. This picture was some time ago carried off by thieves, for the sake of the richly jewelled frame in which it was, but on a reward being offered for its recovery, a letter was received from the robbers, saying that it would be found in a cave somewhere near Salzburg, where it was discovered, but without the frame.

There is also a collection of Canaletti's at the gallery on the Brühl Terrace, chiefly of views of Dresden, so wonderfully accurate, so natural in colour and tone, that after having seen them several times, you observe, especially towards evening, in your walks, the same views so exactly before you, that you are often ready to forget whether you are looking at Dresden itself or at Canaletti. The great dome of the Frauenkirche rises often before you, so perfectly like, in colour, tone, and in every respect, that the reality seems a Canaletti, and Canaletti the reality. There never were paintings, in which the *perfect truth*, without exaggeration on the one hand, and we may almost say without inferiority on the other, was exhibited, as in those of Canaletti. He knew that nature was

unsurpassable, and was therefore contented to make a genuine copy of her, but then he was not contented to fall far short of her; and his triumph is complete, because he has given his scenes, not only with their simple correctness, but with all their poetry. The warmth, the cold, the gloom, the aerial hues, the delicate chiaro-oscuro, the transparency of waters, all are such as under the same circumstances the scenes themselves present. These effects are quite astounding, for they are not the fruits of a servile imitation, but of a conception and a transfer of the whole life and spirit of the things themselves.

From these glorious Galleries shall we wander through the various collections of arms and armour, jewels, and other things, which occupy the everpouring streams of visitors? No; the royal jewels and works of art, especially the ivory-carved cups and golden eggs of Nuremberg (watches) in the green vaults under the palace; the china in the Japanese palace, of all ages and countries; the splendid suits of armour in the Zwinger, are scenes of their kind nowhere else to be matched in magnificence, and which make one wonder how they can have escaped the greedy grasp of the conquerors, so often as Dresden has been overrun and occupied by hostile armies;—but we shall leave them for a visit to Retsch, and to the beautiful new theatre, on the first night that Schroeder Devrient returns from an absence of some months.

Yes; it was no ordinary pleasure to see that superb actress and amiable woman step into the presence of her affectionate admirers, and to hear the thunders of congratulation which made the very roof of that lovely house vibrate above her honoured head. And worthy is she of such enthusiastic admiration. Her modest amiability in private life and the generous soul, which are the life of her acting and singing in the theatre, are equally admirable. Her voice is probably not equal to what it has been, for she must now, at least, be forty years of age; but the life, the spirit, the nobility of emotion, the genuine passion with which she throws herself into the part, and the sentiment with which she animates her singing, leave nothing like them in Germany, and probably in their combination nowhere else. In art and its triumphs, in the attractions of youth and the melody of youthful organs, in the mere prodigies of scientific perfection, Madame Schroeder Devrient may have her

superior; but in all that belongs to the heart and mind, in the expression of all that ennobles human nature, I have never yet seen her equal. The character in which she appeared on this occasion was Fidelio, and the living passion which she displayed through the whole was a triumph of human nature, and made the enthusiasm with which she is regarded at Dresden anything but a wonder.

Our visit to Retsch—the poet-illustrator of Shakspeare, Schiller and Goethe, in his well-known *Outlines*—was a genuine Arcadian episode, a dip into the fine simplicity of a poetical existence passed in the bosom of nature, a refined rusticity, a fragment of the Golden Age. This noble artist has a house in the Neustadt at Dresden, where in the winter he receives his friends, and where a most interesting class of persons is to be met; but in summer he retires to his Weinberg, that is, his Vineyard at Tösnitz, six or seven miles down the valley. They who would know exactly where his abode there is, may readily see it by standing on the fine airy bridge at Dresden, and looking down the valley to the next range of hills. On their ridge at Tösnitz stands a tower; directly below it, at the feet of the hills, is a white house; and there nestles Retsch in his poetical retirement, maturing those beautiful conceptions which have given him so wide a fame.

A pleasant drive down the valley brought us into this region of vineyards, which in the bright colours of autumn did not want for picturesque effect. In the midst of these we found the very simple cottage of the artist. His wife and niece compose all his family, and he can muse on his Fancies at will. His house was furnished, as German houses often are, somewhat barely, and with no trace of picture or print on the walls, but a piano and heaps of music told of the art, of which his wife is passionately fond. While noticing these things, a very broad and stout-built man, of middle stature, and with a great quantity of grey hair, stood before us. By portraits which we had seen of him, and which are like and yet unlike, we immediately recognised him. Though polite, yet there was a coldness about his manner, which seemed plainly to say who are these who come to interrupt me out of mere curiosity, for they are quite strange to me. When, however, he understood that Mrs. Howitt was the English poetess in whom he had expressed so much interest, a mist seemed to pass from his eyes; he stretched

out his arms, grasped her hand in both his, and shook it with a heartiness that must have been felt for some minutes after. He then gave one of his hands to our daughter, another to myself, with equally vigorous demonstrations of pleasure, and set about to display to us everything that he thought could gratify us. Through various narrow passages, and up various stairs of his rustic abode, he conducted us to his own little study, where he shewed to us from the window his vineyard running up the hill, pulled from a shelf a copy of Mrs. Howitt's "Seven Temptations," and sat down to a little table, where he told us he had sketched most of the outlines of Faust and Shakspeare. He exhibited to us drawings and paintings in profusion, till his niece appeared with a tray bearing splendid wine and grapes from his own vineyard; a perfect little picture in itself, for in the pretty and amiable-looking niece we could see the prototype of a good many of his young damsels in his sketches. He then drew forth from under a heap of drawings the Album of his wife, a book which, from Mrs. Jameson's interesting description, we had a great desire to see. This is unquestionably the most valuable and beautiful album in the world. It is filled with the most perfect creations of his fancy, whether sportive or solemn, as they have accumulated through years, and it is a thousand pities that they are not published during his lifetime, while he could superintend their execution, and see that justice was done to them. It is a volume of the poetry of sublimity, beauty, and piety; for while he is the finest illustrator of the ideas of great poets, he is also a great poet himself, writing out his imaginations with his pencil. The Zephyrs besetting his wife on a walk, fluttering her dress, and carrying off her hat, is a charming piece of sportiveness. The Angel of Goodness blessing her, is most beautiful with the heavenly beauty of love. Christ as a youth, standing with an axe in his hand before the shop of Joseph, with children about him, to whom he is pointing out the beauties of nature, and thence unfolding to them the Creator, is full of the holiest piety and youthful grace. The Angel of Death, "severe in youthful beauty," and the sublime figure of Imagination advancing on its way, and looking forward into the mysteries of futurity, are glorious creations. In short, this gem of a book, with its truly wondrous drawings—not mere outlines, but most delicately and exquisitely finished—

will one day raise still higher the true fame of this great and original artist.

We had gone so far with the Herr Professor, as he is there called, into the fairyland, or rather heaven of poetry, that we were startled to find the day going fast over. As we had turned over these charmed leaves, the artist sate by and read to us his written description of the various sketches, ever and anon breaking away into half moralizing, half sentimental and poetical observations, quite in the spirit of his fancies. We were extremely sorry that the arrangements for our further journey did not allow us once more to return to this simple and happy retreat of the Muses of Poetry and Painting. With true country cordiality, himself, his wife, and lovely niece, accompanied us to our carriage, and as we whirled away through the ocean of vines, the good-hearted man stood and waved his cap to us, till the last turn shut out from view him and his house.

After this visit we shall say little of the many others which we made in the neighbourhood of Dresden. Of our drive to the village of Râchnitz, the scene of the last battle with Napoleon, and where, under a few trees, stands the appropriate monument of Mureau, a square granite pillar surmounted with a helmet, on the spot where both his legs were shot away, as he stood by the side of the Emperor Alexander. To the various gardens, where music and popular enjoyment are as rife as anywhere in Germany. To the pleasant cemetery in Neustadt, where in the wall is a most quaint and curious Dance of Death in relievo, and where you find the tombs of Tiedge the poet, Adelung the lexicographer, and other eminent men. Of such places Dresden has plenty, though its immediate neighbourhood is rather agreeable than fine. It is at the distance of three or four miles that you begin to enter more romantic scenery, while within a three hours' voyage lies the lovely Saxon Switzerland.

The excellence of our inn here, the Hotel de France, deserves a mark of approval, which it probably would not receive had it not, like all German inns, had a peculiar nuisance, which may as well have a word here. These inns are almost all built round a court-yard. Into this, if large enough, carriages are perpetually thundering, and grooms bawling, so that a liberal distribution of

noise is dispensed to all the sleeping rooms around. These grooms and carriages are in active operation by three o'clock in a morning. If the court is not large enough for carriages and stables, it is the abode of fowls for the table, and two or three cocks generally begin lustily crowing against each other about the time that the grooms begin to exert their lungs in the larger ones. This was the case here. German landlords seem to have adopted the most effectual means to prevent their guests hurting themselves with over sleep. At five o'clock in the morning, the Haus-knecht, or boots, begins heartily to flog and brush the coats and other garments committed to him; and instead of taking them to a distant part of the premises, of all places in the world he chooses the landing-place of each floor for his sonorous operations, and thus dust and the sound of banging are driven through all the keyholes of all the rooms round with the fullest effect. If carpenters, bricklayers, or other resounding characters, are wanted in the house, they are sure to be introduced very early in the morning, at three or four o'clock, so that they may inconvenience nobody *in the day*; and knocking, sawing, and scraping, go on as briskly as if travellers were particularly grateful for such incentives to early rising.

12. VISIT TO HERRNHUT.

AMONGST those places in the world which I have always had a desire to see, is Herrnhut: the original settlement in Saxony of those pious people whom we in England call Moravians, and whose wonderful devotion to missionary labours in all quarters of the world, and wonderful success in proportion to the smallness of their body, must have excited the admiration of all who have in the least regarded such matters. As a boy I read the account of these persecuted wanderers arriving at this their destined place of rest; of their reception by Count Zinzendorf; of their clearing the forest, and reclaiming the land around. It was to me a Robinson Crusoe experiment on a larger and more sociable scale; and every incident and spot, the cutting down of the first tree, the raising the first hut, the warm welcome given them by the pious Count; their laying out their fields, their schools, their burial-ground, the building of their church, and the organization of their religious and

social system, till, in a very few years, they sent forth their colonies into distant lands, and from Labrador to the Cape of Good Hope dispersed devoted labourers to christianize mankind,—the whole was to me more beautiful than any imaginary romance; and I always cherished a hope, some day, to set foot in this quiet and yet how eventful a place.

Here then was the opportunity. Herrnhut lies in Upper Lusatia, a few miles to the right of the great road from Dresden to Breslau, turning off at Löbau, betwixt that place and Zittau, some fifty English miles from Dresden. Our way was over a pleasant country, with great woods of dark fir, very much like those in which the elfin stories of Tieck are so often laid; and great plains, the scenes of different bloody battles, particularly near the high and picturesque town of Bautzen, where Napoleon stood a severe contest in 1813, and near which, at Hochkirch, Marshal Keith, the friend of Rousseau, was killed in the Seven Years' War.

It was after ten o'clock at night when we stopped at the neat little inn at Herrnhut—a late hour for so peaceful a place,—and all were in bed. We were curious to see by the morning light how far this settlement agreed with our preconceived fancies, and almost imagined that we could describe it beforehand. When morning broke, how different was the scene! I had imagined rustic huts in wild and woody glens, half buried in their orchards, and wild hills soaring around, shaggy with woods; a quaint and picturesquely-clad people, of most pious air, working in their fields, their gardens, in their brother and sister houses, amid the singing of ancient hymns. Such are the fantastic tricks which a young fancy plays as it reads, building up far more with the material given than nature has built up in reality. How different was the scene as I looked out in the morning! Here was, in a tolerably level situation, a tolerably square and formal little town of white and modern houses. People of no very particular costume were going quietly about. No forest hills overlooked the houses; no sound of singing was heard: for aught that could be seen, it might just as well have been any other neat, little, still, unparticular place as Herrnhut. In fact, the whole country round possesses a different aspect to what I had imagined. It lies high and cold, but is characterised

rather by great undulating plains than by hills. The woods are for the most part extirpated by industrious hands, and the rocks are groups which here and there start from the plains in a singular and pyramidical manner. The landscape has indeed a peculiar character, but by no means romantic. The horizon on different sides is bounded by the tops of the Riesengebirge, and the hills of the Saxon Switzerland. It was not till we had made a progress quite through the place that we began to discover its great pleasantness; as we came to its yet remaining woods, its wood-walks, its gardens, its charming though formal cemetery, its Hutberg, or Hill of the Watch, and saw all round the smiling fields, and the busy people in them, and the bounding glen, in which lie, amid their crofts and orchards, the populous and picturesque villages of Great Hennersdorf, Hennersdorf, and Bertholdsdorf,—we began to feel that it was still more in the spirit and institutions of the place, than in its external aspect, that its singular character lies.

But before viewing these more nearly, let us devote a moment to its history. Count Zinzendorf was descended from an ancient and distinguished Austrian family, his branch of which had for some time settled in Saxony, and his father was a minister of state in high esteem. He died when the Count was an infant. His mother married the Prussian Field-marshal von Nazmar, and went to live at Berlin, leaving him to the care of his grandmother, the Baroness von Gersdorf, who resided on the family estate at Gross-Hennersdorf. Here, under her care, and that of a pious aunt, he was brought up with great tenderness and love of religion. It is indeed from these circumstances that he acquired such an unconquerable attachment both to religion and to this neighbourhood, in which the estates of Gross-Hennersdorf and Hennersdorf were his inheritance. At the universities of Halle and Wittemberg he was distinguished for his earnest piety, and formed connexions with youths there of similar disposition. Amid the fiery disputes which at that period were going on between different religious parties, these young men organized an association of their own for prayer and mutual edification, and others, which we may notice afterwards. The formation of the Moravian Society in Saxony, and of the Methodist Society in England, which were nearly cotemporary, were wonderfully similar. As Wesley found in his brother Charles a kindred

spirit, who was destined to stand as his ablest champion and right-hand supporter, and to be his friend and constantly active coadjutor and counsellor through the remarkable career and the establishment of his religious body, so Zinzendorf found amongst these college comrades, the young Baron von Watteville, a similarly affectionate friend and fellow-labourer through life.

At leaving the university, his mother and other friends were very pressing that he should take office, as through his wealth and connexions he was certain of rising to much greater substance and distinction than he even then possessed. He complied reluctantly with their wishes, but soon found that this life was intolerable to him. He had always from boyhood up entertained an ardent desire to do something for the advancement of Christianity. He could not tell what it should be, but it perpetually hovered before him as the great end and object of his life, and only strengthened with his years. He had religious meetings in his house—greatly to the scandal of the nobles and courtiers—to which those of his own way of thinking came; and he was still meditating in what way he should devote himself to the cause of religion, without having any more clear conception of the mode, when Providence, which had no doubt prepared the work for the instrument, and the instrument for the work, now opened out his destined task before him. This, however, was displayed only by degrees; and when in a few years he looked round him and saw the shape which his labours had assumed, and the vast space over which they had extended themselves, he could not avoid a deep astonishment. His income during his minority had been accumulating. He wanted an investment: Bertholdsdorf, adjoining his own estates, and on the lands of which Herrnhut stands, was to be sold, and he bought it. He bought it, however, without any idea of adding to his worldly greatness, but with the purpose of dedicating it to the service of Christianity. It was a wild and woodland district; and he proposed to employ the people upon it, and to form them upon it to a religious and superior life; but the field of action was now prepared, and other and unexpected occupants came into it.

Christian David, a Moravian carpenter, a descendant of an ancient and persecuted race, and himself a man who went far and wide preaching the gospel, came to the Count at Dresden, and

informed him that in Moravia were descendants of the ancient Waldenses, who had fled from an exterminating persecution into Bohemia, who had there joined the followers of Huss, and formed the Taborite party. When the Jesuits and Ferdinand II. had begun their bloody extirpation of Protestantism in Bohemia, they had emigrated, when all hope of resistance was at an end; and a hundred years after they appeared again in Moravia. Here they were at this moment, the victims of continued persecution, and were casting about their eyes for a place of refuge and of rest. It was to the Count like a message from heaven. To save the remnant of this ancient church; to give it a place of retreat and restoration; to make it an instrument in the promotion of a purer and more active faith, were objects so exactly after his heart and his unceasing desires, that he at once promised them a cordial welcome. Christian David set off with the glad tidings, and soon after appeared at Herrnhut with a band of pilgrims, who had sacrificed all they possessed in Moravia, to seek a more auspicious home there. The Count was on a journey, but Christian David planned with the pilgrims the place of their settlement. They pitched on a situation for their dwellings; and the spot where they cut down the first tree is now marked with a monument. It stands near the highway, and is still in the wood. The temporary huts only were raised here; the site of the village, on the arrival of the Count, was fixed a little short of this spot. Here then, at this moment, you are as much immured in the forest as the first settlers were, while the village itself is but a few hundred yards from you. Pleasant walks in all directions, are, with the best taste, carried through these woods from Herrnhut, so that visitors, or the inhabitants, can still please themselves with a very lively impression of the scene as it first appeared to the settlers; while a most charming rural solitude is preserved to the lovers of it in the place. The monument is of granite, plain, and bearing this inscription:

Ann 17 Januar 1722

Wurde

An diese Stelle

Zum Anbau

Von Herrnhut

der erste Baum

Gefället.

Ps. 84, 4.

Literally—"On the 17th of January 1722, was, on this spot, for the building of Herrnhut, the first tree felled." The quotation from the Psalms is, "Well for them who dwell in thy house; who praise thee for evermore." The whole Psalm, indeed, is most admirably expressive of the situation, the desires, and the future successes of these pilgrims. 1. How amiable are thy dwellings, Lord of Sabaoth. 2. My soul desires and longs after the courts of the Lord; my body and soul rejoice themselves in the living God. 3. For the bird has found a house, and the swallow her nest; there she cherishes her young; even thy altars, Lord of Sabaoth, my king and my God. 4. As above. 5. Happy are the men who hold thee for their strength, and from their hearts wander after thee. 6. They go through the valley of misery, and make themselves wells; and the teachers are endowed with much blessing. 7. They go on from victory to victory, so that man must see that the true God is in Zion," etc. The expression in the 10th verse, "der Thür hüten in meines Gottes Hause," to watch or keep the door in the house of my God, is closely connected with the choice of the name of their community, "Herrnhüter, the Lord's Watchers," and "Herrnhut," the Lord's Watch.

An open space is left around this interesting monument, and the green foliage of the forest makes a living scene about this quiet and memorable spot.

The Count, hastening to greet the arrival of these pilgrims, beheld, as he drove along the road towards Bertholdsdorf, a little on the right, a temporary dwelling erected on this spot, and alighting hastened into it, welcomed the simple people with most cordial greetings, embraced them, and kneeling down with them on their new hearth, thanked God with them that they had at length found a spot of rest, and prayed for His blessing in their abode here. He quickly joined them in selecting the best location, and laying out the plan of their village. By the able and zealous aid of Christian David, these were soon settled, and huts raised for their present habitations, and the clearing of ground sufficient for their subsistence commenced. More emigrants arrived from time to time; the colony flourished rapidly. A zealous minister was provided for the neighbouring church of Bertholdsdorf, who for some time took also the pastoral charge of the new settlement. The more

the Count saw of this simple and truly Christian people, the more he learned of their faith and history, the more his heart clung to them, and the more he became persuaded that Providence intended, through them, to effect some great work. He made over the whole of his purchase to the purposes of his new community. He hastened to retire from the, to him, uncongenial court. He came and settled himself down permanently here. He had married a lady, the Gräfin Reuss, the sister of one of his most dear old college friends, who, as the event proved, was, of all women the very one most adapted to his sentiments, his views, and the work he had before him. Able, zealous, sincerely pious, a perfect lady in mind, manners, and rank; she went step by step in all his plans with him, and took off his hands all that host of domestic affairs, and the superintendence of the general female affairs of the community, which in time came to be so weighty and multifarious.

Never could man be said to be more happy in the gratification of all the objects and affections of life than Count Zinzendorf. The course of usefulness for which his heart had panted from a child, every day became more and more opened before him: in friendship and in love he was most fortunate. The colony flourished. The faith of the pilgrims was found to agree with that of the Confession of Augsburg, which they therefore adopted as their creed. The Count and they joined in moulding their ancient customs into a system, which still remains as the manual of their religious, moral, and social practice. As I have observed, there was a great resemblance between the growing body of the Herrnhuters and that of the Methodists in England. They both scrupulously avoided favouring separatism, or declaring themselves a sect. They professed strict attachment to the established churches of their respective countries, yet engrafted a variety of usages upon them, and came permanently to worship together, and distinct from these churches. They were alike distinguished by a greater zeal. They adopted, besides the regular Sunday worship, other times and seasons for worship, almost daily. They had their prayer meetings, their singing meetings, their class or band meetings, and their love-feasts. They divided and subdivided themselves into lesser subordinate companies, for mutual prayer and edification, and appointed leaders and elders to each of these companies; while

the whole community was presided over by the minister. Many of these institutions were no doubt borrowed by Wesley from this people. The most essential differences between them were, that the Herrnhuters lived together, many of them in large houses, while single; the single brothers in one, and the single sisters in another; all maintaining themselves by their labour, and eating at a common table; and that the Herrnhuters have bishops as well as ordinary preachers. But the Methodists in America have assimilated themselves by adopting bishops, and those in England have seriously for some time agitated the adoption of the same practice.

Between Count Zinzendorf and John Wesley were still more striking coincidences. Their restless and indefatigable activity; their presiding over and directing the whole machinery of the community; their planning and organizing so many of their projects, their settlements, their missions; and their great system of rule again by conferences and synods. John Wesley was a regular clergyman, and Count Zinzendorf, spite of the prejudice and indeed strange novelty of a nobleman becoming such, was at length regularly ordained, and for some time took the pastoral charge at Herrnhut, and indeed acted as such all over the world. Both Wesley and he, during their whole lives, from the first setting forward of their plan, were for ever in motion; travelling from station to station, and from land to land, extending, supporting, and invigorating their system. England, Germany, America, and the West Indies, were especially the scenes of their labours. Count Zinzendorf was four or five times in England, making long abodes there, having successive residences in Red Lion-square, Bloomsbury-square, London; Lindsey House, Chelsea, formerly belonging to the Duke of Ancaster, which he bought; and a country house, Ingatstone Hall, four-and-twenty miles from London. His only son, who lived to manhood, Christian Renatus Zinzendorf, an excellent youth, died in London, and lies in Chelsea.

The commencement of these Moravian missions, which have become so wonderfully extensive, was, apparently, the result of accident. As Count Zinzendorf was in Copenhagen in 1731, he met with a negro from St. Thomas' in the West Indies, who lamented that his sister there could not hear the gospel. Here also he heard of the labours and difficulties of Hans Egede in Greenland, and a new

world was opened to him. Missions were sent to St. Thomas', to Greenland, to Labrador, to the Cape, to Egypt, to Turkey, to the East Indies; and out of these have grown the amazing fruits of the Herrnhuters' great missionary zeal. No body of Christians, with the same means and the same members, have achieved such miracles; and no preachers amongst the heathen have conducted themselves with more faithfulness, indefatigable zeal, brotherly kindness, simple truth, and true and persevering sagacity. So early as 1823 they had sixteen settlements in Germany; three in Denmark; five in Sweden; one at Zeist in the Netherlands; seventeen in England; one in Scotland; four in Ireland; one in Russia; and upwards of twenty in North America. The inhabitants of these settlements then amounted to about 17,000, and yet had this little quiet body in their various missionary stations—in Greenland, Labrador, North America, amongst the Indians, in the West Indies, South America, South Africa, and amongst the Calmucks in the Steppes of Asiatic Russia—no less a number of converts than 30,000.

There is nothing more interesting than watching the progress of a body like this, after ages of persecution, till it reaches that point of time when, like a seed buried by the hand of Providence below the influence of sun and air, it is turned up, and shoots and spreads forth on all sides for the accomplishment of some great end,—to see these people, who were unconsciously prepared and brought together for the purpose,—to watch them going hand-in-hand working at the plan, which is to grow beyond their own warmest conceptions into amazing greatness. Thus it was with Count Zinzendorf, his faithful patriarch Christian David, his Bohemian Pilgrims, his true friend Baron Watteville, and his admirable wife. There are no circumstances under which we can suppose human happiness so perfect, as when congenial spirits create, as it were, a new world to themselves; feel themselves active agents in the hands of Providence for human good; and with the firmest faith in the guidance of the Divine Spirit, go on through the labours of earth rejoicing towards a certain heaven, with the blessings of thousands attending them, and the grateful honour of long ages following them.

And yet the way of these happy people was not all smooth.

As in all such cases, they had to encounter their share of opposition, misrepresentation, and foulest calumny. The Count himself was ordered to sell his property, and was banished from his country ten years. England has the honour of doing more to justify them than any other country. The Count was warmly supported by Potter, the learned Archbishop of Canterbury, and a parliamentary inquiry justified to the whole world his fair fame, and sanctioned in Great Britain the establishment of his communities.

It was, then, to us a singular pleasure to tread the ground where this noble and united band of Christians had first created themselves into a people devoted to the great cause of Christianity and civilization. Where they lived and loved, grew and prospered; and where they sent out to every quarter of the globe the most patient and successful labourers; and where, their day's work gloriously done, they laid down their heads, and there sleep in eternal honour. We went through every part of this quiet little town, partly under the guidance of the good Bishop Reichel, and partly of a worthy brother whom they sent to point out the more distant objects; through its simple church, its schools, its brother and sister houses, the house of direction or management of their affairs; through their fields, their pleasant cemetery, and looked from its Hutberg, or Hill of the Watch,—all of which called to memory many incidents connected with the first settlement. Of these we may speak a little more particularly.

Herrnhut itself is a neat modern-looking little town of about 1100 inhabitants. It is like most German modern towns, built with streets crossing at right angles, and of white houses. In a spacious square stand the little inn, the Meeting-house, the Single Brethren's House, and other buildings belonging to the community. The Single Sisters' House stands also near, facing the lower end or rather front of the church. Many private families live in their own separate houses. All is extremely neat, clean, and profoundly quiet. Few people are at any time seen going to and fro; and such a thing as a child playing in the street is not to be seen. In respect to education, they are very strict in their notions; and children, like John Wesley, are probably "taught to fear the rod, and cry softly." At all events they are not allowed to play in the street; and you hear so little of them playing anywhere, that you

would be quite inclined, did you not meet some under the care of nurses in walks and gardens, to believe there were none; or, as has actually been the case here once, only one child born in the year! A profound silence hovers over the whole place; and it is amazing that so many active persons should go forth to all parts of the world from a centre which seems the very centre of the realms of sleep. They call it themselves Life in Stillness. The whole manner and bearing of the people are those of such as have nothing to do with the passions and agitations of this world, but are living entirely in preparation for another. A worthy old officer, Major von Aderkas, whom we found here, said smiling: "I have had a stormy and troubled existence, and longed for a quiet haven, and thank God I have found it, and enjoy it from my soul; and here I shall end my days with thankfulness. But many come here who at first are struck with the repose of the place, and thinking nothing would be so agreeable as to spend their lives here, they try it, and generally think a month long enough. No, Herrnhut is not the place for those who have not weaned themselves thoroughly from the world, nor have arrived, through troubles and treacheries, at an abiding weariness of it."

To the Herrnhuters themselves, their daily labour, their religious and social meetings, their prayer and singing hours, and the discharge of their duties to the communities, are enjoyments sufficient. Every now and then they have, too, meetings for the reading of the news from their different missionary stations all over the world; and these must be times of great excitement. We went through the brethren and the sister house, and were much pleased with the quiet and neatness of every thing. Three or four persons form a little company, have one sitting-room where they can also work; and each company has its overseer for the maintenance of order. The men, most of them, work out in the village; the women in the house, sewing, knitting, and doing other women's work; and there is a room where all the articles made are exposed for sale. The Sisters' House is large and very clean, and has a nice garden. We saw many young girls at various employments, and were told that it required diligent labour for one of them to earn three Prussian dollars, about nine shillings, weekly. It was interesting to see in both houses persons who had been into distant and very different

parts of the world, into the hottest and the coldest regions, in the missionary cause; and the children of missionaries who had been born amongst the Caffres or the Esquimaux. Each community had its common dining-room, where they all dined; but at three different tables, each at a different rate of charge, so as to accommodate all persons. Poverty amongst them is no disgrace, except as the result of indolence or imprudence. Each community had also its prayer-room and assembling-room. Music is much cultivated amongst them; and we observed in every room appropriated to public or private worship an organ or piano, and in every sitting-room that we entered was a violin, a guitar, or flute. It was amusing to see the sleeping-room of the women, which, like the dining-room, was for general use, and stocked with a whole host of little German beds, each for one person. The women in their little white muslin caps had a certain resemblance to Friends, but were distinguished into married and unmarried by the ribbons which tied their caps being of different colours. The young girls had deep red; the unmarried women, pink; the married women, blue; and the widows, white or grey. In the Brethren's House is a very excellent collection of stuffed birds and other objects of natural history, which missionaries from different countries have enriched. Their church very much resembles a Friends' meeting: there are no pews, but plain benches, the men and women, like the Friends, sitting apart. They had a chair and desk for the preacher, and an organ distinguished the place from a meeting-house of Friends. Indeed, very different to the Friends, they have an intense love of music; and preach, pray, and sing at stated times and hours. We were admitted to one of their private singing meetings, and were surprised to see the person who presided give out the hymn sitting, and the whole company sing it in the same position. They have too their love-feasts, in imitation of the Agape of the early Christians, at which tea and buns are handed round. All who entertain any enmity against each other are earnestly warned to absent themselves from these meetings till they have rooted the offence from their hearts. At the close of the Holy Communion each brother renews his pledge of faithfulness to the Lord, and gives his hand upon it to his fellow; the brethren kiss one another, and the sisters also do the same amongst themselves.

They have, too, their times of watching, as at New Year's eve, in accordance with their name, *Herrnhüter*, or the Lord's Watchers. They celebrate with high solemnity the anniversary of great occasions in their history,—the martyrdom of John Huss, the arrival of the Pilgrims, the sending out of the first mission, and many others. In the prayer-hall of the brothers hung garlands, which had been suspended on the anniversary of the building of this house itself. Here also hung the great picture described in the life of the Count, which he caused to be painted in 1747, to commemorate the first triumphs of their missionary labours. The Saviour is represented surrounded by the natives of all countries where they had now made converts,—the American Indian, the Greenlander, the Esquimaux, the Hottentot, the Negro, the Asiatic, etc. etc.; all as large as life, and each in his national costume.

It is known that they seek the guidance of Providence with the utmost faith in all their public or more important acts. Even the time for holding their synods and conferences, and the decision of great questions in them, are determined by lot. Once a year they select by lot a number of texts, one for each day, from which they preach and exhort, and they have the firmest faith that these texts will be most applicable to the nature and events of the time. In this they followed not only the custom of the old Bohemian Brothers, as ordered at the Synod of Lhota in 1467, but also that of the Apostles, as in the choice of Matthias. They may contract marriages by mutual agreement, under the approbation of the elders, but they also frequently resort to the lot to determine them; and nothing is more common than for a missionary to send home, requesting them to choose him a wife, who is thus selected. The damsel on whom the lot falls has the liberty to decline the match if she please, but as it is regarded as a clear indication of the will of Providence, it is generally cheerfully acquiesced in, and a young woman will at once prepare herself, on being chosen, to go north or south—to the snowy fields of Labrador, or the burning deserts of Africa. The Herrnhuters declare that scarcely an instance has been known in which these marriages have not been completely happy ones.

Having seen the principal of their institutions and modes of life in the village, we prepared to take a survey of the other parts of the settlement. We wandered into the woods; visited the monu-

ment of the first clearing, already mentioned; strolled through the gardens belonging to the community, where quiet-looking ladies and nurses with quiet children were walking; and then directed our steps to the Friedhof, or cemetery. This lies on an elevated slope above the village, and is very conspicuous by its extent and form. It contains several acres, is square, and fenced by a lofty hedge, or rather trimmed green wall of hornbeam. Over the entrance is inscribed

Christus ist auferstanden von den Todten

Er ist der Erstling worden unter denen die da schlafen :

“Christ is arisen from the dead: he is become the first-born among those who there sleep.”

Within, the Friedhof, or Court of Peace, as the Germans commonly call their burying-grounds—or as frequently Gottes Acker, God's Field, is intersected with avenues also of hornbeam trees, and at each corner and at the end of each avenue is an arbour of the same. The whole place is wonderfully neat. No separate family burying-place is allotted; all are buried in regular rows, as they die, and on each grave lies a simple slab with an inscription. The only exception to this rule is made in the case of the family of the founder. In the centre of the four principal crossing avenues stands a row of eight massy altar tombs. These are the tombs of Count Zinzendorf, and his immediate family and friends, the first founders and champions of the Herrnhut community. The two centre ones are those of the Count and Countess Zinzendorf. On their right lie Sophia Theodora, Gräfin Reuss, the beloved cousin of Count Zinzendorf, and wife of his friend Count Reuss, who ended her days here; Elizabeth von Watteville, the Count Zinzendorf's daughter; and Frederick Rudolph, Freiherr von Watteville, her husband. On his left hand lies Anna Nitschmann, the Count's second wife; Frederick von Watteville, his old friend and first Civil Senior here; and last, Binigna Justina von Watteville, the Count's daughter, married to the adopted son of Baron Watteville, Johannes, one of the Count's most attached and active friends. The inscription on the tomb of this excellent woman says justly she was, “Eine treue Magd des Herrn, und gesegnete Dienerin der Brüder-Gemeinen in der Alten und Neuen Welt, unter mancherley Gefahren zu Land und See; welche hier

starb 1789."—A true handmaid of the Lord, and blessed servant of the Congregations of the Brethren, in the Old and New World, amid many perils both by land and sea; who died here 1789.

Many old servants and cotemporaries well known to the readers of the history of the founding of this settlement, lie around, and amongst them that fine old patriarch Christian David. Others of the earliest here have only mere numerals inscribed on their stones, either because they were contented to be recognised only by their friends, or because their names could be found recorded in the register of the brethren. At the first crossing lies the stone of the first person interred here, Hans Beyer, a child, in 1730, thus shewing that the Friedhof was not laid out till eight years after the building of Herrnhut.

Their funerals must be the most striking of their ceremonies; and as the Friedhof is some distance from the village, on an open ascent, the road also marked out by an avenue of trees, the spectacle must be very conspicuous. The funeral takes place in the afternoon or evening, when general attendance is more convenient. The Community assembles in the general hall, where an address is made, and a short account of the life of the deceased is read. The musical choir heads the train with trumpets, playing hymn-tunes. The coffin, of a bright colour, covered with a white shroud adorned with garlands and ribbons, is borne by the brothers in their usual dress. The relatives follow next, but not clad in mourning, and then follow the whole community; the men and the women in separate bodies. A circle is formed round the grave. Several stanzas of a hymn are sung, accompanied by the music, while the coffin is let down into the grave. The preacher and the community pray in the words of their Liturgy, and the scene is closed with the church blessing.

On Easter-day at sun-rise the Community also make a solemn procession to the Friedhof, with a band of music and singing. There the Easter litany is recited, and the names of all who have been there interred since the last Easter solemnity, are pronounced aloud, and their memory thus revived in the hearts of their friends.

Just above the Friedhof, and on the crown of the eminence stands, on one of the singular groups of rocks which so peculiarly mark this landscape, a sort of temple or watch-house. This is the

Hut-berg, or Watch-hill. From this building the whole country round to a vast extent is seen, with various mountains rearing themselves in different directions, amongst them the lofty remarkable peak, called Die Sächsische Krone—the Crown of Saxony. Here too lies sloping down on all sides from this point around you, the noble estate conferred on the community by Count Zinzendorf. On one side in its whiteness, and amid its gardens, Herrnhut; near it, the original woods and pleasant wood-walks. On the opposite side runs along a pleasant glen a string of villages, Gross Hennersdorf, Rennersdorf, and last, Bertholdsdorf, amongst its lofty trees. In Bertholdsdorf lives also a bishop, where they have a large establishment. Here is also the house which Count Zinzendorf built, and wherein he died. This is now the Direction-house, or Government-house; and in the council-room is an admirable portrait of the Count, and also some of some other of their worthies. The property is vested for life in the Gräfin Einsiedel, the present female head of the Sisters' House in Herrnhut, the laws of Saxony forbidding property to be held by corporations. A little beyond the house stands on this woody slope of the glen, the old church of Bertholdsdorf, in which the first pastor, Rothe, and Count Zinzendorf used to preach. A fine avenue of trees planted along the road connects Bertholdsdorf with Herrnhut.

The whole scene is one of great interest. The people are busy in the fields. All is well cultivated; all is neat and flourishing. It has the air of a settlement in some primitive country, where the whole body is bound together by one faith and one heart. Such is Herrnhut, the quiet but active head-colony of one of the most remarkable of communities, whether regarded on account of their thorough renouncement of the world and its desires, or for the miracles of civilization which they have effected from pole to pole, with a handful of simple, pious, and indefatigable people.

We felt ourselves well repaid for our visit, and returned by a new track towards the Saxon Switzerland, through a country where the benefits introduced by them were equally visible. The whole district was one of pleasant alternation of hill and dale. Along the sweet woody valleys ran the richest meadows, the clearest streams, and the most extraordinary rows of gay cottages. I call them gay, for they were built on one uniform but showy plan. One half of

each house was erected on round wooden arches, the other half plain. These arches, the doors, and windows, were all painted with the brightest colours, especially yellow, red, and green. Wherever the long valleys extended, for miles and miles extended the rows of these gaudy cottages, each in its orchard-garden, and with its pretty green crofts on the slopes behind, the hill tops being covered with woods. The gardens were full of gay autumn flowers,—as dahlias, asters, and hollyhocks; the orchards full of fruit. In the houses sate the men and their sons at their looms, and in the crofts were the wives and daughters watering the linen, which lay on the sweet grass in immense expanses, whitening the whole country as with snow. As whole families were out merrily in the fields collecting in their grain, one could not but feel how striking the contrast to this happy scene were the manufacturing districts of our own country, where, whatever spinning-jennies may have done for the nation at large, they have introduced the most frightful masses of misery amongst the people; while here the hand-worker, retaining his independence, alone leads that life which an industrious hand-worker, and in fact every one of God's creatures, should.

The scriptural quotations at pp. 415 and 423, are literally translated from the German Bible; and in the inscription at p. 414, Ps. 84, 4, is lxxxiv. 3 of the English Bible.

13. JOURNEY TO LEIPSIC AND BERLIN.

THE space devotable to these characteristics of cities and scenery warns me to be brief. We must away over the great plains of the North without much dallying. Luckily, here steam offers its rapid wing, and the country, with very little variety of feature, demands as little notice. The north, indeed, seems the very land for the growing of corn and laying down of railroads. Vast plains extend everywhere, for the most part so many enormous corn-fields, and one wonders where the produce can be consumed, till we recollect the forty millions of German population. In all directions of the cultivated but monotonous plains, railways whirl you from one city to another, and unlike the romantic hill countries of the south and west, you see nothing on your way that you long to stop for. Thus we flew over such a plain from Dresden to Leipsic in four hours, with little of novelty except the huge flocks and herds.

One thing which surprises an Englishman is to see what

wretched creatures are the sheep which produce the famous Saxony wool, compared with our fat and comely flocks. They resemble most our south-downs, but are lean and wretched looking. In fact, it is a prevailing idea that the leaner the sheep the finer the wool. It is the wool to which all the attention of the grower is devoted, and therefore, generally speaking, a more miserable assemblage of animals than a flock of German sheep is not to be seen. They are not allowed like ours to wander in meadows and enclosed fields. Meadows are few, are mown repeatedly for hay; and downs they as little possess. Those beautiful green, and as it were, velvet hills are nowhere to be seen. Their hills are covered with woods or vineyards. On the plains they wander under the care of a shepherd, and for the most part on fallows and stubbles, to pick up odds and ends rather than to enjoy a regular pasture. You may see them penned on a blazing fallow, where not a trace of vegetable matter is to be seen, for the greater part of a summer's day, which in this climate is pretty much like being roasted alive. Here all in a mass, they stick their heads under one another to avoid the glare and the plague of flies. For what purpose they are here, except to starve and melt them into leanness, I never could discover. The shepherds are armed, instead of crooks, with a sort of spud, or little spade with a long handle, and of a hollow form, with which, from time to time, they dig up a little earth, and fling at any stragglers or loiterers. Contrary to our custom, and according to that of scriptural times, the flock follows them, and not they the flock. The sheep besides being lean are generally dreadfully lame with that pestilent complaint the foot-rot, and their keepers apparently trouble themselves very little about it. As leanness and not fat is considered an advantage, this lameness may even be an advantage too. It is not to be supposed that the mutton is very tempting; nothing, in fact, can be more lean, dry, and tasteless, than German mutton; a leg of which is often not bigger than the leg of a tolerable terrier. There has been started in Würtemberg, a Horse-flesh-eating Society, which has lately had several public dinners at Tübingen, to feast upon and recommend the use of horse-flesh. Here learned professors and leading gentlemen adorning their practice with the fine Greek name of Hippohagen, have devoured horse-flesh in all modes of cookery—roast,

boiled, stewed, in steaks, and in soup. This, which to the luxurious lover of the "roast-beef of old England," must appear a dreadful mania, would not appear so extravagant after dining a few times on some German mutton.

But away over the plains. In Leipsic even we will make brief stay. Its characteristics are better known to Englishmen than those of any other German city, except Hamburgh. It is the city of trade and of publishers. As a city, it is large, compact, and good, but has no very striking features, if we except its new university and post-office, and its quaint old Rath-Haus; while its situation is on a dead level. A few days then will suffice here. We must traverse its public walks and suburban gardens, especially its woodland Rosenthal, which is full of fine avenues and trees of noblest size. We must, of course, walk too through its fair (luckily opening as we arrived), with its bazaars of all imaginable things; through its cloth halls, and its warehouses of innumerable books. We must descend into Auerbach's cellar, in compliment to Goethe and Dr. Faustus. See the old book containing the legend of Dr. Faustus, which is said to have been kept here for two hundred years, and probably gave Goethe the idea of writing Faust, as he used to read it when frequenting this cellar with other students. We must drink wine there, though we shall get none of Mephistopheles' *table-wine*. Being the fair time, we must also eat larks in Eckerlin's cellar, the most celebrated in the city for its good suppers, of which the throngs of respectable people in those hot and handsome underground rooms give evidence. We must ascend the observatory, to survey the scene of the memorable Völkerschlacht, or Battle of the Nations, in 1813, when nearly half a million of men under the walls of the city contested fiercely for three days the fate of Europe; when Prussians and Germans, people and students, stood up *en masse* to crush the bloody modern Moloch—and did it. We must see from the same spot, through the telescope, the distant towers of Lützen, where Gustavus Adolphus also closed his career. We must enjoy a little of the intelligent society of our countrymen to be found here, especially of our friends Mr. Monica, and Mr. Moriarty, the excellent translator of Boz and of Hook, and then once more on our way towards Berlin.

From Dresden to Leipsic, seventy-five English miles, reduced

in transit from ten hours to four; from Leipsic to Berlin upwards of one hundred, reduced from nineteen hours to six,—is not that, over wearisome levels, a great subject of great travelling thankfulness? Here, when we have shot past the old University towers of Halle, and the gates of Wittemberg, where Luther roasted the Pope's Bull, what is there? Vast regions of bare and burning sand; villages, few and far between; and woods of stunted firs, the ground under which is hoar with a thick carpeting of reindeer moss. This is the country which conducts you to the capital of Prussia. We seem scouring across the deserts of Arabia, and wonder where so many Europeans can be going. We have a train as enormous as the individual carriages are in Austria. Betwixt Vienna and Baden you get into carriages that more resemble chapels, each containing sixty people; here you have a train containing a thousand; you travel through a solitary country, but by no means in a solitude. Every hour bears you into a more thorough wilderness of pure sand; and when you arrive, you wonder how the capital of a great kingdom came into such a place.

14. BERLIN.

WE look, indeed, about for some particular advantage to recommend the choice of Berlin. We wonder whence come all the articles of life, vegetables, fruit, and meat, to support three hundred thousand people. Not a single natural feature renders it attractive. Besides its location in this wide sandy wilderness, it is built on so dead a level that they have never been able to this hour to drain it; but before every house, in the very best parts of it, ay, in the immediate vicinity of the palace itself, lies a stinking festering kennel, rank with bubbles of a putrid effervescence. So accustomed are the inhabitants to this, that they do not even cover it over. There it is, open to the day. Children roll into it as they play in the streets, and the whole city has the odour of a great sink. Yet again, so insensible has custom made the inhabitants to this nuisance, that when we spoke of it they said, "O, was that anything uncommon? They thought that was the smell of all cities!" The bills of mortality, however, are not so unconscious of this; for they place Berlin amongst the very lowest on their scale. London, with its vast population, has but one annual death in about fifty; Berlin, one in thirty.

In the portico of the Museum, opposite to the palace, we observed Cornelius at work, adorning it with fresco paintings; and we could not but regard it as a curious inversion of things, that the worthy king should have begun to embellish his city with splendid public frescoes, before he had drained off this wholesale sink from his own doors and those of his subjects. A fine fresco on a wall above you, and a rank sink fuming under your nostrils as you stop to observe it, is a somewhat odd conjunction of things. Many gentlemen contended that the drainage of the city was impossible; that the level was so perfect that not a foot of descent could be obtained. But we observed that the Sprey runs through the city very well, and where a river runs, sinks may be made to run into it. We were glad to hear that the king had resolved to attempt it, and had engaged a celebrated engineer to make the necessary survey, and it is to be hoped that this shocking drawback to the pleasantness of so fine a city may be removed. The river Sprey itself, which runs through the city in three different channels instead of one good stream, is often no better than a sink itself. The water is obliged to be hoarded up, by means of locks, in order to swim in and out the boats which navigate it; and one hour you may find a tolerable stream of water, and the next a black, empty, and noisome channel. This is also close to the palace. The royal family, however, does not seem very sensitive to such things. It is a family which is haunted by mills. The mill at Potzdam, which stood close to Sans Souci, and of which the miller, so far from being willing to sell it to Frederick the Great, to enable him to complete his garden on that side of his palace, even threatened to commence an action against him if he attempted to interfere with it, all the world has heard of. Frederick was obliged to leave it standing; its great sails whirling round before his windows, as if in defiance. The miller's descendants having fallen into poverty, the last possessor offered to sell it to the king, who however refused to buy it, saying it was become a piece of national history, and even settled a pension on the man to enable him to carry it on. It has since been purchased by the present king; but still stands close to the garden, though much dilapidated, and probably will not be removed while a piece will remain of it.

But, what is odd enough, there is a mill also in Berlin, exactly opposite to the palace, and no farther off than the width of a narrow street. The mill here is, moreover, of a much more annoying description. It is a water-mill, with steam attached, so that whether there be water in the Sprey, on which it stands, or not, it is still going, day and night; and throws its noise very lustily against the palace. As we have passed by in the night, we have been astonished at the larum it made. Such a thing one could not have imagined as existing for a single day had we not seen it.

But, like the King of Prussia with his frescoes, we are putting the cart a little before the horse; let us look at Berlin as a whole, and that whole is a fine one. It strikes you, as you traverse it for the first time, as the fitting capital of a kingdom so powerful; and when you arrive in the neighbourhood of the palace, you have rarely had a finer scene before you. Here, standing in what is called the Schloss Freiheit, or Liberty of the Castle, that is, a fine ample square, before the palace, you have one of the finest spectacles before you of any city of Europe. On your right hand one great façade of the palace, which is an immense square building including two courts, the front, in fact, looking towards the mill. The palace can boast no great charms of architecture, but is impressive, from its extent and loftiness. This façade is vast and stately. Behind you is a modern church; on your right hand, on the other side of the square, the Museum, a fine Grecian building with a noble portico running the whole length of the front, and which Cornelius is now engaged in embellishing with frescoes. In the centre of the square plays a splendid fountain, and before the Museum stands a gigantic vase of syenite, or red granite, beautifully polished.

Standing thus in this superb square, before you stretches in a direct line the magnificent street called Unter-den-Linden, or Under-the-Limes. This street is at least half-a-mile in length; of great width, and presenting, right and left, the most beautiful buildings which the city contains: and at the far end, over a rich grove of lime trees which run up the middle of the farther half of the street, is the figure of Victory in her car, drawn by four horses abreast, and seeming to be advancing through the air into a city worthy to receive her. On each corner of the front of the Museum,

on your right hand, is a figure of a rearing horse held by a man, and a fanciful eye might imagine that their excitement arose also from observing the approach of Victory.

If you advance, the first building on your right hand is the Zeug-Haus, or Arsenal. This is much lauded by the knowing ones of Berlin as a perfect piece of architecture. It strikes me as too low for its extent, and the heaps of sculptured trophies piled on its top as too ponderous for the height. Then comes the Sing Academie, the Guard-house, the University, and on the opposite side, several palaces, the theatre, and public library. On each side of the guard-house stands a marble statue; one is that of General Bülow, the other of General Scharnhorst. Nearly opposite stands a very fine bronze statue of Blücher, as if in the act of uttering his favourite command, "Forwärts, Kinder, forwärts!" "Forwards, Children, forwards!" The pedestal is richly embellished with bas-relievos of different battles. As you advance under the lime grove, the houses on each side of the street assume a more private character, with various shops interspersed; and as you issue forth at the far end, you are equally surprised at the chaste nobility of the Brandenburg Thor, after the model of the Propylæum at Athens, with the car of Victory upon it; and at the lowness and meanness of the houses around. Old Jahn the philosopher, when master of the school of gymnastics here, was wont, during the war, to ask his boys, as he took them a walk through this gate, what they were thinking of; and if they replied "nothing particular," he gave them a box on the ear, and told them they ought to be thinking that the French had carried the car of Victory away to Paris, and praying to see it back again. It might not be amiss if some second Jahn were to set his boys praying to have some more accordant houses raised in connexion with this fine gate, and at the same time a great nuisance removed from the outside of it. This gate leads into the Thiergarten, a fine park, full of woodland walks; but by the city gate stand quantities of the most wretched Stellwagen, each calculated to hold twenty persons, and yet many of them furnished only with one horse, and such a horse! The Germans are, generally, very kind to their horses; but the hacks of Berlin present a melancholy exception. Nowhere, not even in our beloved city of London, are such lamentable

specimens of living misery and oppression to be seen in public vehicles.

As we diverge from this magnificent street, Unter-den-Linden, we soon perceive that it has concentrated into itself almost all that is fine in the city. The old town, which comes up very near to the other side of the palace, is in comparison mean, close, and dingy. The new extends in enormous lengths of white and monotonous streets. We are glad to return to Unter-den-Linden, with its open and gracious presence. Here lie abundant treasures for the inspection of the curious. The Palace contains many excellent paintings; historical and antiquarian objects, and elegant works of manual art. The Museum has its various and noble halls of sculpture, painting, minerals, coins, books, and engravings. The Gallery of paintings presents nothing like the gems of Dresden, yet many fine productions of the great masters, and is curious for its ample collection of pictures of the Byzantine and old German schools. Convents and churches have here yielded up their ancient treasures; and Professor Waagen, well known for his work on art in England, has arranged these so as to afford to the spectator a clear idea of the progress of painting in these schools. The theatres, Italian and German operas, are all well conducted, and the latter then numbered amongst its singers Mademoiselle Löwe. The stranger who can procure admittance to the meetings of the Sing Verein, held in the Sing Academie, a lovely building presented to them by the king, will find upwards of two hundred of the most respectable young people of the city, there singing the finest pieces of the great masters in a noble style, under the direction of the royal Capel-meister. There is not a more beautiful sight nor a more delightful recreation to be enjoyed in Germany.

The architecture of Berlin owes its noblest features to the royal Bau-meister Schinkel. The people of Berlin claim for him even a higher rank than for Von Klenze of Munich; but, without awarding this, we must allow him great merit, and in nothing more than in his improvements introduced into buildings of brick. There is a church built by him of brick, and also a large building facing the Sprey, near the Hotel de Russie. In these he has introduced friezes, bass-relievos, corbel figures, ornamental window jambs, door-heads, etc., of brick; an original idea, and shewing

what elegance and variety may now be introduced into buildings of this material. These are modelled in clay, or may be made in moulds, and then burnt with the rest of the bricks. Thus the most delicate tracery, leaves, flowers, fruit, living figures, anything which can be hewn in stone, may be also modelled in clay, and burnt, for ornamental architecture, and retains a cleanness and sharpness equal to stone or metal.

Berlin has its public gardens, and its popular music and dances, as well as any other German city; but they who do not care to visit these will find pleasure in walking as far as the Kreuzberg, a little eminence, a novelty here, at a little distance from the city, on which is erected a Gothic cross or monument of metal, in memory of those who died in the war; and figures of the chief leaders in it occupy niches, and the names of all the great battles in which the Prussians were engaged, are exhibited on the different sides. Charlottenburg, a few miles from Berlin, is also not only a charming palace in extensive and pleasant gardens, but of great interest from the reposing statue of the amiable Queen Louise, by Rauch, which is in a little temple in the garden.

But Potsdam is the great paradise of this neighbourhood, as we may be allowed to call it, for though nearly twenty English miles distant, a railway conveys you there in forty minutes. Here the scene is indeed changed! Here, instead of sand and monotony, you have hills, water, woods, every thing which is attractive in nature. What a splendid situation were this for a capital! The city on the plain, backed by those beautiful hills, with every possible variety of site for villas and pleasure gardens. What woods and hills, and the beautiful river Havell spreading itself broad and winding, like a succession of fine lakes. Why was not Berlin placed where Potsdam is? Possibly the Havell, broad as it looks, may not be so navigable as the Sprey, and there may lie the secret, or what a capital would it be here!

Frederick the Great, however, duly appreciated the beauty of this neighbourhood. Here he delighted to retire. Steam has now converted Potsdam into a suburb of Berlin, and pours on all holidays its thousands into it, without which Potsdam were a retirement and a solitude still, for grass grows in its streets. But who cares for Potsdam itself, as it lies in its hollow, with its great old

palace, and great old public buildings and barracks, and avenues of great trees, except that its old church contains the tomb of Frederick the Great, on which Napoleon heaped the incense of his praise, and from which he stole the old warrior's sword. But the hills on the Havell, and the views of the Havell from them, the rich meadows, the wild forest scenes—these are what justify Frederick's fondness for this spot, and who can enough enjoy them? That Frederick enjoyed them, the palaces which he has scattered through them with an extraordinary prodigality, sufficiently testify: the palace in Potsdam, the palace of Sans Souci, the Marble Palace, the New Palace. That the present race enjoy them, various lovely villas, as the Charlottenhof, Grünecke, and others shew. That the last king enjoyed them, the Pfauen-Insel is a charming proof. If any one wishes to find the lost fairyland, he must steer his course along the Havell, through a wilderness of pine woods to the Pfauen-Insel, and there he will acknowledge that he has discovered it. Around amid hills shaggy with forests the Havell pours its deep and dark waters like an inland sea. The world is shut out by the bosky shores and deep pine woods of unknown regions, and in the embracing flood lies the most delicious region which a poet's fancy could conjure up, or which nature and art, in mutual labour, can construct from the ordinary materials of this earth. Shores of softest green, most ravishing lawns, flowers of superbest dyes and in gorgeous masses, trees of stateliest growth and gracefulest beauty of pendant boughs, invite you ever to scenes where you may wander for hours, and every few moments encounter some new surprise. Here feudal towers rise above the flood, with heraldic banners flapping over the battlements; here stately barge and light shallop lie anchored in some lonely creek; here slope sunny uplands under scattered oaks, where the shepherd watches his flock. Here you come upon a noble conservatory, beautiful with the palms and dates and glorious blossoms of tropical regions, and aromatic with their odours. If you would have any illusion to persuade you, beyond the charms of nature and of summer, that you are in a region of enchantment, you have it. You hear the roar of the lion, the cry of the jackal, and the scream of birds unknown in these climates. You imagine that some scene in Tasso or Ariosto is about to be repeated, and find actually wild beasts of all sorts in

different dens and cages in various parts of the island, as if some hero had conquered the place for his own abode, and bound its savage tenants for his daily amusement. Wild deer, wild swine, bears, the ostrich, and many others, of graceful or shaggy shapes, meet your eyes in your wanderings round this island. Such were the amusements of a king here, after he had helped to bind the great wild beast of the age on the rocks of St. Helena; and a more enchanting scene for a day's excursion he could not have left for the pleasure of his subjects.

Amongst the numerous royal palaces we must say a good word for the New Palace, as it is called, although it has been often and much abused. If not in the purest taste, it still possesses a certain grandeur in its enormous extent, and prodigality of colonnades, porticoes, and statues connected with it. It lies low, in the meadow below Potsdam, but has a fine solitude of woods and quaint gardens about it. It is itself a good and cheerful house, and contains many paintings of much merit and beauty. It has also a theatre, in which have recently been represented, before the court, some of the dramatic pieces of Tieck. If this palace were inhabited by the king, with a full and gay court, it would, with the necessary life and bustle about it, produce far from a despicable impression.

Then there is, in the wood near, that little temple containing the second and most beautiful reposing figure of the late Queen by Rauch. We had heard this effigy much praised for its beauty; but the beauty is that of mind and heart. Representatives of far higher physical beauty we have often seen. The somewhat high cheek bones, the shape of the nose, and the general contour indeed of the countenance, depart from the pure ideal of personal beauty, but a still higher beauty distinguishes this charming statue. It is that perfect sweetness of disposition; that spirit baptized in heavenly affection; that wife-like devotion; that high and dauntless, and holy patriotism, dwelling in a meek and lowly nature, which made this excellent queen adored by the people when alive, and which glorify here her image in the cold stone. When we call to mind how she mourned over and strove for the fortunes of her country; how she resisted its tyrant, when kings and men lay prostrate before him; how meekly firm she stood his haughty insolence, when in her he sought to crush the influence of woman and of

virtue against him, though she inwardly bled beneath his base calumnies; how, night and day, she exerted herself to breathe ever new courage and moral strength into a corrupt and demoralized race, and sunk exhausted in spirits and in strength;—we then seem indeed to behold, in this pure face and figure, the real image of her sufferings and her virtues. If ever there was a saint canonized by her sympathy with human sorrows, and by her generous self-sacrifice, it was the Queen Louise. How deeply do we feel the words contained in one of her letters, as we look on this face, “Posterity will not place me amongst its great queens; but if it speak of me at all, it will at least say, that I have suffered much with constancy and Christian resignation.” How well do we comprehend the flame of that indignation which burst from every manly heart in Prussia, as it heard of the death of this angelic woman, and thought of the unmanly Corsican, whose taunts and tyrannies had been heaped on her gentle breast. Never was fuller poetical justice decreed. What his injuries against the nation could not effect, his injuries against her achieved—the people rose in wrath, and he was annihilated. How well, too, do we comprehend the mind of the king when, enjoying once more peace and a free throne, he used daily to stand for hours by this fair image of her who had spent heart and strength to win back for him and Prussia these blessings.

Not far from this palace is Charlottenhof, the beautiful little villa in the Herculaneum style built by the present king, when Crown-prince, for himself. It is fitted up with a simplicity befitting a private gentleman, but with a classical purity of taste which makes all beautiful. But Sans Souci is the great attraction of the neighbourhood. It is a mere villa perched on a hill just above Potsdam, and surrounded by the most lovely views over the meadows and wild woody banks of the Havell. The hill on which it stands is crowned with gardens in successive terraces. As you approach through the fine meadows and beneath a noble avenue of trees, broad flights of steps, ascending from terrace to terrace up to the house, and the lower part of the house half concealed from view by the swell of the hill, give a very singular appearance to the whole. It seems as if the house was surrounded by a piazza, and that those flights of steps ascended to the top, instead of to the

bottom of the building. As we ascended these long flights of steps, successive terraces of the garden shewed themselves right and left, with their vines and fig-trees loaded with fruit, and with quantities of golden gourds, each perfectly round, large enough to fill a wheelbarrow, lying about; and flowers, in richest autumnal hues, glowed around. Arrived on the summit, nothing can be conceived more delicious. The fine views over the lovely country; the gardens all below you; the space before the palace full of beds of gayest flowers, and orange trees standing everywhere in blossom, diffusing through the whole air their delicious aroma. Trees of splendid growth added their beauty to the spot; the mill of the sturdy old miller shewing itself amongst them; and from a circular colonnade, on the other side of the house, a brownish, wildish, burnt-up sort of a country, with windmills, and an artificial ruin of a Grecian temple on a woody hill opposite, constructed with better effect than such things generally are, presented a fit landscape for an old painter.

Every part of this place abounds with recollections of the victorious old Friz. At each end of the garden, in a green plot, are the graves of his horse and dogs, eleven in number, he having ordered himself to be laid there to complete the dozen; an order not complied with. In the house remain many memorials of him; amongst them the clock, which stopped exactly as he died, and his library, in which his own works are conspicuous. One volume of his poems stood open at this curious passage:

Mais, quels sont ces cries d'Alegresse !
 Quels Chants! Quelles acclamations!
 Les Français plein de son yvresse
 Semble vainqueur des Nations.
 Il l'est; et voila qui s'avance
 La Pompe du jeune Louis:
 L'Anglais a perdu sa Balance,
 L'Autricien, son insolence,
 Et la Batave encore surpris
 En grondant bénit La Clemence
 De ce Héros, dont l'indulgence—

The wall of the room occupied here by Voltaire is painted all over monkeys and parrots. They tell you that Frederick, being desirous to have a portrait of the ugly old Frenchman, to which he

would not consent, the king employed a painter to observe him by stealth from the next room whenever the door was opened, which Voltaire becoming aware of, clapped a screen before his table; and Frederick, to mortify him, caused the whole of the walls of his room, the first opportunity, to be thus adorned with monkeys and parrots, as indicative of his person and loquacity. Poor Frederick paid dearly in his lifetime, in annoyance, for his propensity to French philosophy; and his country paid still more so for it after his death. The infidelity which he had introduced grew to such a pitch that it totally demoralized and effeminated the nation. The nobles, who filled all offices in state and army, became sensual, debauched, and worthless, because they had abandoned the principles and prospects of Christianity, and had no higher objects than to live most voluptuously their day. The inundation of the French therefore, even while they were still boasting of the fame of Frederick, and vainly still calling themselves the invincible heirs of his tactics, swept them away like smoke before a wind. The great nation, which had been created by his arms, was thus ruined by his principles; and it was only by the most severe chastisement of Providence, that worthier notions and restoration were acquired together.

In the Queen's room we observed garlands hanging in honour of the birthdays of herself and of the King, which had been brought in by the people of the neighbourhood. These are amongst those simple testimonies of popular affection which are so often to be seen in Germany. And spite of the fact that the king has not better kept his promise made at his Huldegung than the other sovereigns of Germany did theirs, made at the grateful moment of peace achieved by the aid of their subjects, to give their people a constitution; yet he has done so much for the improvement of their laws and social condition, and leads with his amiable wife so simple and open-hearted a life amongst them, that no monarch can be more highly honoured or sincerely beloved. As Prussia, moreover, has now acquired a solid and powerful expanse of empire, he has adopted the true course of political sagacity, and determined to elevate his people by intelligence, and render his reign illustrious through science and art. He has, therefore, called around him many of the ablest men of Germany: Schelling and Cornelius from Munich;

the brothers Grimm, the celebrated collectors of the "Kinder und Haus Märchen," who were expelled from his dominions, with five other independent professors, by the tyrant Ernest of Hanover; Humboldt, Savigny, Waagen, Raumer, Stahl, Ritter, Rückert the poet and orientalist; the Tiecks, the poet and sculptor; Rauch the sculptor; Schinkel the architect,—stand amongst a host of other brilliant names. Arts as well as arms are in the ascendant in Berlin. It possesses the most numerous university in Germany, so that it is difficult to say whether its military or literary character is the most prominent. On Tieck the poet the monarch has bestowed a pension, on condition that he spends three months in the year with him; and we had the pleasure of visiting this oldest veteran of German literature,—this man of many volumes of legend, romance, and novel,—in his pleasant house just below the palace of Sans Souci, given him for his use by the king.

There are one or two peculiarities attributed to the North Germans, and particularly the people of Berlin, which should not be quite passed without notice. They are of mixed origin—Germans, Slavonians, Poles, French, and Jews; and the South Germans will not allow them the name of true Germans, they say they are Prussians. They are also charged with a greater degree of stiffness and coldness of manner than the South Germans. We could observe nothing of the sort amongst the educated classes. In no part of Germany did we meet with more polite yet friendly people; nowhere did we receive more cordial kindness. The same thing, however, cannot be said of the burgher, shop, and working-people. Instead of that alacrity to serve you, that desire to please which such people generally shew, and which is their interest, in inns and shops we often found persons who seemed to think very ill of you for coming in to disturb them, and had much rather, apparently, that you did not trouble them with your demands for their articles. Waiters came carelessly, received your orders with indifference, and went away without a single word to assure you they would execute them. When you entered shops to purchase the most expensive articles, you most probably saw three or four persons in different parts of them, with not a single customer to occupy them; yet these people, instead of approaching to learn your wishes, must be called by you. With great coolness, and

probably without a word, they would take down the articles, leave you to examine them, and retire to their old station. You had to call them repeatedly to ask this and the other. In some cases we have been obliged to open their glass-cases ourselves, and look out what we wanted; and in others, have gone away without purchasing, from utter inability to procure attendance where nothing was doing.

It is often the same at inns and coffee-houses. To Charlottenburg we drove to breakfast. Though we were four persons, besides having a coachman and horses, that required refreshment, the landlord looked out of the door very drowsily, and went in again. A dirty boy went to shew the coachman the stable; and another dirty boy, with a dirty cloth in his hand, set our coffee, after an awful delay, on a dirty table under the trees in the garden. It was with great difficulty that we could obtain eggs, clean plates, a steak, or anything else. It began to rain, and prodigious was the difficulty to get our breakfast conveyed into a portico. Landlord, landlady, servants, went lazily to and fro, and evidently thought us very troublesome people for wanting a breakfast. Yet this was at the best Restaurateur, near the palace. This is the odd disposition which so generally annoys strangers, but which seems to belong to this class rather than to the higher.

The porters of Berlin are a peculiar race, celebrated all over Germany. They are called Eckensteher, or Corner-standers, from their habit of collecting in groups at public corners. They have a badge on the arm, and are readily known by their original humour. They bandy sharp words in their peculiar Berlin dialect with great effect. They are a most un-German sort of fellows—the Irish of Berlin. They have a deal of sly cunning and drollery; a dry manner; will have the last word; and are sure to turn the laugh against their antagonists, be they high or low, educated or uneducated. They carry a bottle of what they call Kümmel, a strong aniseed cordial, of which they are pretty often sipping. They are always ragged, fond of drink, and ready with their repartee. Nante Strumpf, the Sam Weller of Berlin, has been made the representative of this class; and his appearance before the police to lodge a complaint of injuries in a scuffle, has set every stage of Germany in a roar. Nante Strumpf's Posthumous Papers, chiefly satirical remarks on the manners, public buildings, etc. of Berlin, are still publishing in numbers, and really contain much wit.

But there is another sort of papers, not quite so amusing, which must here be noticed. These are the enormous documents of which, on all occasions, the Germans are so fond; and which, amongst other inconveniences, render travelling in this country often ludicrously provoking. Before you can travel, in fact, in Germany comfortably, you must study three or four codes of laws; one for the steamer, one for the eilwagen, and one for the railway.

In coming up the Rhine last summer, I had a chest of household articles, which I was not permitted to take with me as luggage. Having made a declaration of its contents, the officers of the customs at Emmerich assured me it would be delivered duty free at Heidelberg. The carrier, however, to whom they consigned it at Mannheim, sent me a note of its arrival there, and a request to fetch it away. Unwittingly, I complied. I sent a young German, desiring him to pay all demands upon it; which he did, and brought it with him. With the box came a stupendous folio document of eight pages, which contained, amongst a vast mass of printed matter, a written-in list of the contents of the box, according to my declaration. Supposing this a mere form to certify what the chest was, I put it aside. Six months after comes this very carrier from Mannheim with a charge of *two pounds* sterling, in default of not delivering this paper to the custom-house at Heidelberg; and pointing out, amid scores of others, a clause to this effect. It was in vain to state that the chest was duty-free; that he himself should have delivered this box at the custom-house at Heidelberg; that as a foreigner, I was ignorant of the nature of this paper, and had requested, on receiving my box, to pay all demands, and had paid them. It was in vain that I applied at the custom-house; none of my positions were disputed; but I had unluckily fallen into the carrier's trap, and taken my box and this awful document. They shrugged their shoulders; said it was the law; that they did not make it—and I paid.

At Vienna, on taking our places in the eilwagen for Prague, a long paper of twelve rules was put into my hands, one of which stated that only forty pounds luggage each person was allowed; and another, that each package must be of *leather*. As our packages did not happen to be leather, they must be sent by the post-wagen at a high charge. These charges often cost an unlucky traveller

as much as his fare, and therefore he should, in Germany, remember that *there is nothing like leather*.

The formality as to time is equally great. On the railway from Vienna to Baden no tickets are given out within the quarter of an hour preceding the starting of the train. We presented ourselves at the office at Baden half an hour previous. It had begun to rain heavily, and crowds of disappointed pleasure-seekers stood at the window waiting for tickets. Only one man delivered them, and he, with most ominous coolness, every few minutes turned his eye on the office clock. At the moment that the finger reached the quarter he stopped, declared the time up, and refused to deliver another ticket. It was in vain that the indignant throng declared that they had already, many of them, been waiting half-an-hour: he only answered "that was the rule—he did not make it," and the poor people must wait not only the quarter till this train went, but another hour or two for the next. The quarter passed, and the train set out not half filled, leaving the wretched crowd in the rain! Never was the beauty of German formality so beautifully carried out.

But at Berlin came the climax. At the railway office, on accompanying our luggage, a list of *five-and-twenty* regulations was put into my hand, and which now lies before me. Several of these rules consisted of two or three great sentences, and none of the clearest. There was a good hour's work to explore the whole extent of this bill of pains and penalties, to see into what liabilities you run yourself, and in default of what formalities you could not go at all. If you were sickly, you could not travel home though it were to save your life; if you were not in your place in the carriage ten minutes before the starting time, or at the *first* ringing of the bell, you would be locked out. Then, if you had not a right ticket, or had an undated ticket, or had by accident changed your ticket with a fellow-traveller, or had not delivered your luggage at the luggage-office half an hour before starting time—all was full of penalties and losses—till we could not help exclaiming

Alas! what perils do environ
The man who travels on the iron.

And how was a foreigner ignorant of the language to avoid running his head against all these provisos? As soon as my packages

were in the office, the clerk cast his eyes on them—"Only forty pounds weight is allowed!" "These belong to three persons." "Good! but here are more than 120 pounds." "Very well; throw out that box. It can go direct to Heidelberg by the *Frachtwagen*"—the stage. "What is the weight of it?" It was weighed. "It cannot go by the stage. Nothing is allowed to go by the stage under 40 pounds weight; it must go by the *Fahrende-post*"—the packet-post, at a great price. "Well then, clap on that carpet-bag, I don't want it." A man was sent for canvass and string. The package was made *heavy* enough for the stage-wagon; and I imagined we had come to plain sailing. The man put one trunk into the scales. "We are three; weigh them all together." "No," said he, "that is against the regulations," and he laid his finger on the 12th rule of my list. "Every passenger is allowed to take forty pounds free luggage with him; but if two persons pack their luggage in one case, and it exceeds forty pounds, it must pay just the same as if it belonged to one." All above 40 pounds pays as 100 pounds; that is, if you have 41 pounds, you pay for 60 pounds overweight—half a silver groschen per mile.

"What!" I exclaimed, "can so absurd a regulation possibly exist? Cannot a man and wife, two sisters, two boys, two travellers of any kind, pack their clothes together but they must pay as for one if exceeding 40 pounds, and you allow 40 pounds for every individual? If two persons have only 41 pounds *together*, though you allow 40 pounds to *one*, yet they must pay for 60 pounds overweight!!!" The worthy clerk only said, "You see it there; I did not make it." My trunks were weighed separately; and though altogether they did not now amount to 120 pounds for the three, I paid for 60 pounds on one, because it weighed 41 pounds, which was in fact only allowing each person twenty pounds.

Germans who have been in England, and to whom I have related these things, have always strictly denied such things as existing, till I have produced the printed rules themselves; when they have taken at once new ground, and said justly, "But even this precision has its good as well as its annoying side; for it is carried through. Your luggage is made safe, and not only that but your lives." This is true. Throughout Germany, upon all the immense lines of its railways, scarcely such a thing as an

accident is ever heard of, while those of France, and far more of England, make all Europe shudder.

15. THE HARZ COUNTRY—CLIMBING THE BROCKEN.

FROM this great northern point wheeling round, we shall now make a rapid retreat to the south; take a peep at the Harz country and at Weimar, and home. Steam whirled us again over the level plains to Magdeburg, that city of vast fortifications and many sieges; where Tilly in the Thirty Years' War glorified himself in one of the bloodiest massacres in history, and in his account of it to the Austrian court, said he thought there had been no such destruction since that of Troy or Jerusalem, and only wished that the Princesses had been present to witness the vengeance taken by his soldiers on the people; which he thought very fine. In fact, these were some of the most shameful and disgusting brutalities committed on helpless women and children, and were of all things the last to entertain any ladies but those of such a court as that of Ferdinand II. The description of this monster Tilly is itself a horror. He is believed on principle, like Alva, to have studied to render his appearance as terrible as possible. Here he sate on his great horse, a lean figure, in a short slashed jacket of green satin; on his high-pointed hat, a still higher red feather; great yellow eyes under wrinkled brows, under his sharp-pointed nose a bristly staring moustache; spectral, hollow cheeked, with a certain insane expression, which however, with his vanity, seemed only to be assumed. There he sate, watching with delight the ravaging and burning of the city by 40,000 soldiers. The church of St. John, filled with women, was nailed up and burnt. The whole city to 137 poor houses was burnt down before he would listen to entreaties to stop the carnage; 30,000 murdered people lay about or were devoured by the flames. For two days went on this horrible scene, till Magdeburg was a wilderness; and the wives and daughters of the murdered citizens, tied to the horses' girths of the troopers, were dragged after them to the camp. Tilly's flourishes about Troy and Jerusalem were, no doubt, suggested to him by the unbounded flatteries of the address made to him by the Canon Bake, an old school-fellow of his, in order to induce him to spare the cathedral, with its contents of 4000 people, who

had fled into it. "Venit summa dies, et ineluctabile fatum Magd-burgo. Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium, et ingens gloria Parthenopes." He laid on his adulation thick, and succeeded. Never was flattery better employed. We saw with pleasure in the cathedral the fine monument of this clever fellow, who knew so well how to employ his rhetoric so as to save his fellow creatures, and that which now is his real monument, the noble cathedral itself, one of the finest in Germany, full of exquisite architecture, exquisite carvings, and monuments, amongst which the large bronze altar-tomb of Archbishop Ernest, with the figures of the Twelve Apostles, by the famous Peter Vischer of Nuremberg, were alone a treasure to any city.

We wandered also through the extensive and ruinous cloisters of the adjoining monastic buildings, and saw the boys pouring out of the very old school where no doubt Luther was a poor scholar, singing with the city choristers from door to door to enable him to remain there.

From Magdeburg, another level stage, amid manufactories of beet-root sugar, and odours of sugar-boiling and chickory-roasting, and sights of peasants bringing in cart-loads of the beet-roots, and stupendous heaps of these roots lying in the factory yards, brought us to the little old and quiet town of Halberstadt. Two immense churches, one falling to decay and one still in good condition, but both very old and very fine; a little town, with solitary grass-grown streets, and great spreading lime-trees in them, reminded us much of some of our own little cathedral towns, which bear now only the dreamy aspect of their former consequence. But Halberstadt has always been a town of literary taste, and was interesting to us from the recollection of the days when old Father Gleim, as the younger literati delighted to call him, lived here, and made it a point of attraction to all poetically inclined. When he made himself the apostle of literature and friendship, and Halberstadt the little Athens of Germany, encouraging all, and helping all the young with pen, with counsel, and with purse. Bürger, Ramler, Heinse, Michaelis, Jean Paul, Jacobi, and others destined to win high honours, delighted to visit him and correspond with him, and had to thank him, as thousands besides, for the most essential services; and the good-hearted old man, in the simple kindness of his nature,

was charmed with everybody and everybody with him. But Halberstadt is still literary; and in our inn, the Hotel von Preussen, a most excellent one, kept by a friendly old military officer, we actually found a young man entertaining a large body of the inhabitants with reading Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice," in Tieck and Schlegel's translation. The people seemed delighted with the play, though the young man's pronunciation of the Hamburgh dialect, with its ze, za, zo's, would have set Shakspeare's teeth on edge; a dialect, by the way, however, which many of our country people are taught in England, by traders from Hamburgh, under the pretence of its being Hanoverian, and therefore the purest, while it is just the same as if some waggish Englishman should teach Somersetshire dialect for English.

But the Brocken now shewed its bulk in the distance, and called us forward. We plunged at once into the plain on the way towards it. I say plunged, for it was literally so. We had now arrived at what I had supposed had long ceased to exist where any tolerable degree of civilization prevailed, much more where Shakspeare was read—a country without roads; but we had to learn in the following week, that there was still abundance of such country in this part of Germany. From Halberstadt to Wernigerode at the foot of the Harz, we waded and plunged along over the fat and deep ploughed fields in the most extraordinary manner. Ruts which swallowed the carriage to the axle, piles of mud which stood ground up by the action of the wheels like walls, reared themselves on either hand. We ploughed our way through dreary sloughs of sucking mud, through pools of muddy water, jolted over hollows, and swung on this side and on that, in the perilous necessity ever and anon occurring of passing out of one horrible track into another, to let wading wagons pass us. The ladies were no little alarmed; but I bade them look at the driver, who sate on his box as steady as the figure on a ship's prow, and take comfort—it was only what he was used to, had lived through often, and would live through again. After a dismal struggle of several hours, how merrily rolled the wheels once more up the glen of the Ilse, past the lofty castle of Count Stollberg-Wernigerode, and set us down at the capital hotel of the Forelle.

It was now rapidly advancing into October, and everybody had

declared that it was too late to think of an ascent of the Brocken; but that which may not be seen another time, had better be seen late than not at all. It was already past noon as we sat in the Forelle, and good coffee and a pleasant chatty host within, and rain and threatening clouds without, were very seductive. But spite of this we resolved to set out for the Blocksberg if the guide should say it was safe. The best time to see the scenery of the Brocken is not in calm and sunshine, but in gloom and tempest. The guide gave a favourable answer, and we mounted our mules. We were four in number, as a young friend had joined us at Leipsic for this trip through the Harz, and wrapped in grotesque but effective style, with clouds rolling menacingly above us, and winds howling through the woods around, we cantered, with much laughter at our mutual appearance, up the valley of the Ilse.

Our ascent was about twelve English miles; but till we reached the Upper Brocken, a comparatively small part of the way, it was by no means steep. It was through a region of hanging pine wood. The lofty trees, which had been swept and tossed by many a fierce wind, hung from their rocks and steeps over our hollow way with fine effect. The Ilse, a mountain torrent clear as crystal, dashed over the rocks on our left, in foam and thunder. Huge masses of crag, covered with greenest moss, lay tumbled one over another in the steep woods, right and left; the winds sweeping through the ravines and the trees, with occasional breaks in the clouds, and flying snatches of sunshine, made the way as wild as any one could desire. Our guide, a little stout good-natured fellow, ran on by the mules, pointing out all spots of traditionary interest, and relating the traditions themselves.

As we ascended higher, the scene became more solemn. Charcoal fires sent their smoke and very peculiar odour through the forest; the solitude became more deep,—one wide savage region of hills and glens all black with great pine woods. The whole of the gloomy shade beneath the trees was one chaotic scene of masses of crag flung over each other, overgrown with the moss of ages, and beneath them roared descending torrents, of which, however, no glimpse could be seen. The guide told us that here the Ilse took its subterraneous course, till it appeared below where we had seen it, while another stream took its way down the other side of the

hills towards Schiercke. The mysterious roaring and struggling of these unseen torrents were strongly impressive.

Anon the bleak heights of the Blocksberg began to shew themselves on our right, and soon after we issued forth from the woods and began to ascend the narrow and rugged mountain track up the open and much steeper ascent. If any one wanted to have all the wildness of the Brocken, it was here. Night was rapidly descending, and the blackest clouds were crowding up the wind to descend with it. The wind was fierce and howling, driving a thick mist along, through which the bare hills, the thickets, the wilderness of huge crags which lay scattered all around us, shewed dreary and mysterious. The guide warned us that it was necessary to make haste; for the storm would probably become tremendous, and the darkness so intense, that we should have difficulty to find the house, even if we were able to keep our seats on the mules. The momentary changes which take place on these mountains, from sunshine to fiercest storm, from perfect stillness to a furious hurricane which stops your breath, dashes you on the ground, and rends the very clothes from your backs, are notorious. This is by no means to be wondered at when the height at which this Upper Brocken lies above all surrounding hills is considered, and over what hundreds of miles, and in some directions to the very sea, the winds come careering without a single obstacle.

The very intelligent and gentlemanly Wirth, who has lived on the summit of the Brocken since 1834, the year round, not only relates many extraordinary instances of these sudden changes, but has recorded some of them in a little volume—"Der Brocken und seine Merkwürdigkeiten." He tells you that it is owing to these sudden and tremendous hurricanes that the Brocken-house has been so repeatedly burnt down. That such is the force of the winds in winter, that they actually drive great pieces of ice along; shoot them like arrows up to the highest points, cutting off every yieldable thing in their way, and drive the snows positively through the clothing of people exposed to them to the skin. Heavy beams of timber have been hoisted by them from the ground, hurled along like battering-rams, and snapped to pieces like rotten sticks. He relates that his wife and a maid in May 1835 set out in very fine weather to go down on business to Wernigerode. In less than ten

minutes a horrible storm, with drifting of snow, came on. Seeing that it was impossible for them to return without help to the house, as the wind would be in their very teeth as they attempted again to reclimb the hill, he rushed forth in great alarm, and found them dashed upon the ice which covered the descent, at some distance from each other. The wife had her cloak and bonnet rent clear away, and was bleeding from various wounds. She was in a fainting state, and both were half stiff with cold. With desperate exertion he bore her to the house, and returned for the maid, whom he found stiff and senseless. Both were happily restored; but had they advanced further on their way, nothing could have saved them.

With such stories as these in our ears, we endeavoured to push on; but the way was not only rough and dark, but our mules were now nearly exhausted. The storm at every moment increased. Rain and hail drove with such fury that it seemed actually to cut where it struck. We found it impossible to speak if we opened our mouths, and trusted to the guide to see that all were in company, and on their beasts. Thus closely muffled up, and fiercely struggling with the wind, we moved on. If ever the elements seemed alive with the agency of darkness and witchcraft, it was then. The storm hissed amongst the heath and the crags, and growled round us like a continued thunder. As we passed the Witches' Dance-place and the Witches' Wash-basin, the rage of the elements seemed as if it would carry us all away; but presently we found ourselves at the foot of the wooden tower which stands by the Brocken-house, and we gave a shout of exultation.

There was something most wild and dreary in the scene. The tower, the buildings of the little inn, all were exaggerated and made mysterious in the gloom and fog; and the savage character of the scene and the night were in full accordance with our ideas of the Brocken. But the prospect of shelter and a fire were more attractive than external sublimity. We trotted up to the house with loud hollas; the great dog barked; lights appeared; and the host stood in astonishment as he saw us enter. "What!" said he, "the top of the Brocken to-night, and ladies too!" In a few minutes we had cast off our outer garments, found all under dry, and seated ourselves near the glowing stove with lights and coffee.

Here we sat and conversed with our intelligent host, the Herr Nehse; and as we heard his stories, and at the same time the tempests roaring round the house, and called to mind that we were on the wildest and highest habitable spot in Germany, we confessed



that the Brocken had not acquired its name for nothing. It was, no doubt, this superlatively savage character which, thousands of years ago, made the wild natives pitch upon it as the altar-place of their gods, and add there horrors of a cruel superstition to the fury of the elements, which have thus crowned the mountain with its dark and indelible fame. The blood which, for ages, flowed on its craggy and bleak heights, and the thrilling cries of human victims, and the horns and drums of the ruthless priests, have sunk into the heart of the people with a force that neither time nor education has been able to eradicate. They believe as firmly that all the evil spirits of the world assemble here on Walpurgis night, the eve of May-day, as they believe in Christianity. This was, no doubt, a great anniversary here in Pagan times; and the great altar of Crodo, their god, has been converted into the Devil's-pulpit by

the zeal of the first Christian missionaries; and the place where the Pagan dances were celebrated, and the hollow stone where the priests washed away the gore of the sacrifice, have assumed the equally characteristic names of the Witches' Dance-place and the Witches' Wash-basin. The late period to which Paganism still clung to these mountains, accounts too, in part, for the strength with which these superstitions linger here. When Charlemagne determined to convert or extirpate the Saxons, and carried fire and slaughter through their country, for two-and-thirty years, with a sanguinary fury which, more than any other circumstance, has spotted his great name; nowhere did he find a more inveterate resistance than in these hills. The spirit of the brave Wittekind did not animate the rude Saxons more desperately against him in the woods of Westphalia, than the priests of Crodo did here. His soldiers, whenever made prisoners, and even his sentinels, were carried off, and sacrificed with great fires and shouting on the Brocken.

The usual accounts of the Brocken and its appearances by tourists, are not the most correct. The Devil's-pulpit, as frequently asserted, is not at all destroyed. The walls of the inn, which are described as five feet thick, are just half that thickness. It was a former house, whose walls were partly composed of moss and turf, mixed with stone, and cased with wood, which were of that bulk. The Brocken Gespenst, or Spectre, does not confine its appearance, as reputed, to autumn, nor is it so very rare. It is also seen equally at sunrise or at sunset. In 1838, it appeared nine times; in 1839, seven. It appears in all months of the year; and in the last-mentioned season was seen in February, March, April, July, August, November, and December.

These singular appearances occur when at sunset, or sunrise, on the opposite side of the Brocken a dense wall of mist rises from the valley, and yet leaves the top of the Brocken clear. The shadow of the Brocken is then thrown on the wall of fog, and every thing and person abroad is shewn in a gigantic form, which is increased or decreased as the fog is driven farther off or approaches nearer. If the fog is dry, you see not only yourself, but your neighbour; if very damp, only yourself, surrounded by a rainbow-coloured glory, which becomes more lustrous and beautiful the

damp and thicker the fog is, and the nearer it approaches. On a raw fog, in winter, the appearance assumes another form. It assumes then not a circular glory, but three clusters of radiations proceed from the head; one from each temple, and one upright. These are of deep yellow—clear, luminous, and sharply defined. This glory is the most splendid in the coldest weather; and when the particles of mist are frozen in the air, the radiations appear studded with diamonds, so intensely brilliant that the eye cannot long bear them.

The storm did not abate its rigour, yet the Wirth did not despair of a fine morning for us. We turned over the albums kept here, and enjoyed a hearty laughter at the most absurd inscriptions, by men of various nations; none of which, however, were outdone in extravagance by some of our own; one of whom signed himself Bloody Dick; another recorded that he had jumped Jim Crow on the Brocken; and a third, that he had seen German witches fly about it on German sausages! The Wirth is a very superior man. He enjoys his solitary world here above all things, though he complains of the insolent and quarrelsome conduct of many of his guests in summer time. In winter he lives here with his wife, his younger children, and one maid, often blocked up fast in his house for weeks by snow; but he has a good collection of books, and amuses himself with reading and poetry, of which one piece, written by him in the album, descriptive of his feelings and the changes of nature in its annual round, would do honour to any man. As a specimen of his good sense and moderation, I shall rather give a few lines, also there found, in reply to some not very courteous ones, under the form of a parody on the Student's song, "The Pope;" in which the writer boasts of riding in his carriage, while the Brocken Wirth must go on foot, bow, play the agreeable, and be quizzed for his pains:

I thank thee God!
That in my spirit glad and clear,
I live well pleased, the Landlord here.
Here right content, I sit and smile
At the world's treachery and guile.
I live still for myself alone,
As Landlord of the Brocken known.
God, for His strength, I daily bless;
For feet that know no weariness.

Gladly I run, be't far or near,
 To wait on strangers, come they here ;
 Bring strife and riot to an end,
 And act the Landlord and the Friend.
 Though guiltless, if offence I find,
 My conscience leaves me peace of mind.
 Though senseless wrath, ungenerous scorn,
 And haughty insults must be borne ;
 Yet, shew the man whose frown I fear,—
 Here I am Host, and will be here!

But they are our worthy Wirth's prose narrations which shew what arduous duties are connected with his post here, and what activity, humanity and discretion, are necessary in the landlord of the Brocken. The first is a specimen of an ascent in the winter.

Bormann, the well-known guide from Harzburg, arrived at the Brocken-house at nine o'clock at night on the 29th of December 1838, and announced that he had been engaged to conduct a gentleman up who had become quite exhausted beyond the lesser Brocken, and had sunk buried in the snow at the spot called Herrnköthe, and if not speedily succoured must be totally lost.

"Provided with wine and refreshments I set forth immediately, accompanied by my great dog,* and the guide Bormann. We found the gentleman still lying in the snow in the same spot, disabled in all his limbs by frost, and trembling excessively. We obliged him to drink some wine, and eat something. We then got him on his legs, but he had no power to go. We harnessed the dog before to draw him, and ourselves pushed behind; but he was too much exhausted to be able to go more than eight or ten steps at a time, and soon declared again that he could go no further; and the guide Bormann was himself too much fatigued to be able to carry him. I took him on my back, and bore him as far as my strength would allow; but the way was too long, and too heavy with the loose snow, to make much progress. The only chance which now remained was to get a hand-sledge from the house, for which I ran off, and on this we succeeded by about one o'clock in the morning in bringing him to the Brocken-house; where, after his feet and hands had been well rubbed with snow to take the frost

* This fine fellow is of the true St. Bernard breed, and has a singular look, with his double nose, or rather with the centre of his nose, the gristle between the two nostrils wanting, as you see now and then amongst these large dogs in Germany.

out of them, he was put to bed, and the next day was able to pursue his journey to Göttingen without inconvenience. It was a peculiar mercy of God that it occurred on a still, though cold night, or his recovery would have been impossible."

In the summer, however, accidents are not uncommon. "At one o'clock in the night of the 7th of August 1837, a man came here from Braunlage, in the midst of a tremendous storm with thunder, quite exhausted. He said he had set out to conduct two gentlemen and two ladies. The storm coming on with excessive darkness and thick fog near the Königsberg, he had himself lost his way. He appeared to have descended more and more to the left, and therefore deeper and deeper into a morass. The company had, on this account become extremely enraged with him, and threatened to beat him, and on this he had fled, at once, to escape their fury, and if possible, to procure light and help from the Brocken-house. With the utmost peril and labour he had now made his way through thickets, up steep, and over rocks, ever ascending, and by the greatest good fortune arriving at the house, begged most urgently for immediate assistance, or the party in this terrible weather and in the morass must perish.

"As speedily as possible I supplied myself with wine and bread-and-butter, with lanterns and fire apparatus, and accompanied by my great dog and the guide, set out to the place where the man supposed he had left the strangers; but there, alas! we found not the slightest trace of them. The guide, in fact, was so confused by the terrible darkness and his anxiety, that he really knew not where he had left them. With the hound I traversed in various directions that very wet and boggy moorland between the black pine wood and the Ekersprunge, and after many vain crossings and quests, we found, in a tolerably deep and boggy draining channel, the recent traces of people, and soon after the people themselves, who had become aware of the barking of the dog.

"After the most welcome refreshment of wine and bread and butter, we began the really arduous return towards the right track. Wind and rain, snow and hail mixed, raged horribly, and the cold was beside intense. The ladies especially found it difficult to mount, as they had lost their shoes in the morass, and in want of better were obliged to put on some of their stuff ones, which

they had brought with them. For the greater part of the way the ladies were obliged to be carried. With excessive exertion and fatigue, at length, however, the Brocken-house was reached. The guests were provided with dry linen and clothes, with warm foot-baths, and after tea they retired to rest in the warmed chambers, and next day about noon, their linen being in the meantime washed and prepared, and their clothes cleaned from their plastering of clay and bog-earth, they were rejoiced with the sight of sunshine and a clear prospect, and left the Brocken quite merry and satisfied with their visit."

The Wirth now turned to more tragical events; and first mysteriously and reluctantly alluded to the fate of two young people who, as it appeared, in the course of an elopement made a short visit to the Brocken, and there, in a fit of despair at the consequences of their rash act, resolved to destroy each other, and carried their plan into effect near the Glasshütte, Jacob's-moor. Escaping from this subject, which seemed to be connected in his mind with particular horrors, he proceeded to describe what stands nearly in these words in his own account of the Brocken.

"On the 10th of January 1837, I went to Schiercke on matters of business. One of the maids, Karoline Heyder, begged that she might go with me, in order to get measured for articles of clothing which she wanted making. Though I was reluctant, yet I granted her request, because neither the ways nor the weather were bad. We set off after eight o'clock in the morning, and reached Schiercke about ten o'clock. At two o'clock, our respective concerns being completed, we set out back again. At a quarter past four we reached the upper Brocken. Here came the other maid Karoline Kuhlemann, to meet her fellow-servant, and to help her to carry the basket with two loaves of bread which she had brought with her. As Karoline Heyder was weary, and as the two girls probably wished to chat over together the news the one had picked up in Schiercke, they begged me to go on without them. As the Brocken-house was now only a few hundred yards distant, and as they were together, I went on before, but not without warning them not to be long, as the weather began to look somewhat threatening.

"Scarcely had I arrived in the Brocken-house, when I became uneasy at their stay, and went back again. But how great was

my horror to find neither of them on the place or the road, and to receive no answer to my repeated calls, while there set in at this moment a furious tempest of wind and driving snow, which prevented any possibility of my getting a sight of them. I ran here and there, and shouted repeatedly, but in vain. I then ran back to the house, in the hope that they might have arrived by another direction; but I found only my wife, who wrung her hands in an agony bordering on despair, and in whose cries of consternation the children joined. Leaving them again in their distress and in their fears for my own life, I hurried forth, having my two hounds in a leash, and provided with my double-barreled gun. I traversed the surface of the Brocken in all directions, shouting and discharging at intervals the gun. It was all in vain! The weather growing every moment more terrible; the snow driving continually thicker and thicker, till it scarcely permitted me to breathe or keep open my eyes; the darkness growing deeper and deeper, and the cold having fallen to 19° of Reaumur, compelled me at length to seek the house, which, by help of the dogs which I had in the leash, I found, though not till nearly stiffened with the frost, and scarcely in my senses.

“After a little rest, my anguish drove me forth again to ever fresh and ever equally fruitless researches. So went through that whole, long, indescribably horrible night. The next day too was spent in attempts as little successful, which through the continuance of the tempestuous weather and the drifting of the snow, every hour was made more difficult. At length, some four hundred yards on the north side of the Brocken-house, the basket with the two loaves of bread was discovered, and this led us to push with greater assiduity our search in that direction, which proved, nevertheless, to be the wrong one. It was not till the second morning that the bodies themselves were found near the Fahrwegs Wiese (the Highway Field), by the Schiercke road. They lay some twenty paces from each other, and were covered with ice and snow.

“With the help of people fetched from Schiercke, they were got down on two sledges, and every means to restore life used, but in vain. They were buried in Schiercke. Great was the loss of those two honest and industrious girls; terrible the situation of my wife and myself in our comfortless solitude; and though the time which

has since elapsed and the solace of religion have abated our bitter grief and regret on this subject, yet our hearts bleed anew whenever we think on that day of misery."

In the picturesque and romantic *Reisebilder* of Blumenhagen, this serious accident is related in another manner; and moreover it is therein said that the father of one of these unfortunate maidens is a veteran with a wooden leg, who has a good pension for the loss of his limb in battle, and that the loss of this, his only daughter, occasioned him from the feeling of his grief to resort to the Brocken, and take up his abode in the niche of the tower. This is an error. Neither of the fathers of these damsels has been a soldier, nor has lost a limb, nor therefore has any pension. One is a shoemaker at Wernigerode, and the other a carpenter in Elbingerode, both with families. Neither of them has ever ascended the Brocken.

A relation of our Wirth's, of a different kind, which appeared to us aimed at some of our own countrymen, though it was not distinctly declared, may serve to divert our thoughts from these sorrowful passages, and amuse our readers as it did us.

"Two gentlemen, from countries beyond sea, one of them with a very large volume of *Travels in Germany*, in a foreign language, under his arm, inquired on entering the Brocken-house for the Witches' Wash-basin, whither they were immediately conducted. Arrived at it, they tasted the water, which had collected from several days' rain and fog in this scooped-out stone, and pronounced it insipid. Whereupon they returned again to the house and were shewn to their room. Soon after, one of them, provided with a mug and napkin, returned to the Witches' Wash-basin, scooped out the water, and wiped the hollow quite dry with the cloth, and this business being satisfactorily finished, returned to his room. One of the maids having observed this proceeding, as she was on the way to Gerlachsbrunnen, to fetch water for the use of the house, as she returned thought there would be no harm in pouring a little water again out of her bucket into the Witches' Wash-basin, as she saw neither of the gentlemen near. After the gentleman had had some coffee and eggs, he set out again to the Witches' Wash-basin, and saw to his delight that the water during his absence, in the brightest atmosphere and sunshine, had again collected; fetched again a mug, drank some of the water, and

pronounced it superlatively excellent; once more scooped it out, and posted himself with his watch in his hand, in order precisely to determine in what time the Witches' Wash-basin would again fill itself.

"Some of the guests being apprised of the proceedings and evident ideas of this gentleman, they immediately with one voice declared that he must by some means be removed from the stone, and it once again filled with water. To accomplish this, one of the gentlemen rushed out of the house with loud cries, and ran towards the Wolken-Häuschen, exactly in the opposite direction, and the other gentlemen went hastily after him. The philosopher at the Witches' Wash-basin, seeing this, and imagining something very remarkable was to be seen, left the observation of the basin, and ran too. Great, however, was his mortification, when the other guests only received him with loud laughter, and assured him that they were merely in good spirits, and had a mind to make some observations on the Wolken-Häuschen. In the mean time the same maid had again filled the Witches' Wash-basin. The philosopher casting glances of scorn on the other parties, returned to the basin; but his wrath was converted into delight, as he observed that exactly in ten minutes and forty seconds the water had re-collected itself. He now ordered a table and chair, paper, pen and ink to be brought, in order to note down the particulars of this great natural phenomenon, and after finishing his article, protested that his book of travels had on this point declared the truth. Therefore he asserted that this was the greatest curiosity which he had seen in his travels in Germany, and that it alone was sufficient inducement to an ascent of the Brocken. He lamented only that this remarkable stone should receive so little attention; it ought to have a little house built over it, and the water only be appropriated to curative purposes.

"The philosopher was left in possession of his faith, the consequences of which have been that many of his countrymen have eagerly inquired for the Witches' Wash-basin, and admired it as a wonderful rarity. One disadvantage, however, has resulted from this—since in dry weather it is necessary to be at the trouble, occasionally, of filling the Witches' Water-basin, as the girl filled it before."

The Wirth had orders to see that we were called very early in the morning, if there were the least chance of seeing the Brocken-Gespenst, or even of the sunrise; but when we awoke, the storm was still raging round the house as furiously as ever. As I opened the window, and then the outer shutter, to have a look at the morning, the wind burst in with such a force as nearly to dash me down, and the window was not closed again without great difficulty. Never was a scene more dreary. All was one dense mass of grey fog, while the hissing and howling of the winds had a most cheerless and hopeless sound. Not even the cheerful face of the Wirth, as he brought us in a dish of roasted Kramets-vögel (field-fares) to breakfast; nor the equally cheerful faces of his boys, who were busy in the hall making new snares to catch fresh Kramets-vögel in the woods, could induce us to believe that we should get a peep at anything from the top of the Brocken. These boys were making their traps of twigs of willow tied into rings about eight inches in diameter. On each they tied bunches of scarlet berries of the mountain ash, and amongst them snares of string, so that when the birds, which are very fond of these berries, come to peck them, they are caught in the snares. These hoops the boys hang on the low boughs of the pines in the woods, and take abundance of Kramets-vögel. They were confident that they should be able in an hour or two to be off to the woods with the snares; and in truth, just as we were about to retreat from the Brocken in despair, away flew the mist, and one of the most amazing scenes opened like magic before us. It was the vast extent of country around us, including a circle of nearly 500 English miles. Around and below us were mountains from which the clouds were rolling like the smoke of large cities on fire, and leaving all their dark ridges, and rocks, and forests clear, and solemn and startling in their suddenness. Glens full of black pine, green valleys running down here and there, with flashing waters and clustered cottages gleaming white in the distance. And beyond, far around as the eye could reach, lay spread the immeasurable plains, with their smoking cities and towns and villages, rivers winding and glowing bright like trails of silver, and here and there grey ridges of distant mountains, with naked rocks and castles abruptly hoisted into the sky.

Such is the scene around the Brocken! How is it that people

ascend it and see nothing? Truly they may ascend many a loftier and sublimer mountain, but nowhere can they behold so immense and airy a landscape. It is not the regions of the Alps and Apennines that afford such, for these are giants that with their very eminence shut them out. It is only a peak like this of the Blocksberg, which rears itself above all in its neighbourhood, and where no others of equal height lift themselves for scores of miles within their circuit, that can style itself truly an "earth o'ergazing mountain." Much, however, depends on the weather. If a person ascend in still summer weather, which is generally hazy, he sees no great prospect, and the Brocken itself appears almost commonplace, especially if he ascends by the comparatively tame route from the Harzburg. I must therefore regard ourselves as peculiarly fortunate on our ascent. We had all the impressive accessories of storm and gloom, and then as sudden a clearance, throwing the world below with startling effect on the eye.

What the expanse of prospect here is may be imagined when we say that it includes, as observed, a circle of nearly 500 English miles; inhabited by from five to six millions of souls. A part of Prussia, Hanover, Saxony, Hesse, Weimar, Brunswick, Gotha, and most of the little princedoms of Anhalt-Dessau, Köthen, and Bernburg, Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, and Rudolstadt, Lippe-Detmold, Schaumburg, and Waldeck, etc. The cities of Halberstadt, Magdeburg, Brandenburg, Wittenberg, Halle, Leipzig, Göttingen, Hanover, Brunswick, Wolfenbüttel, and very many others, with the castle in Gotha, the cathedral in Erfurt, the whole chain of the Thuringean forest hills, and, in fact, castles on the heights in almost every direction, and to the vastest distances, including 89 cities and towns, 668 villages, fortresses, and hamlets, from a height above the level of the sea of 3633 feet.

16. THE HARZ COUNTRY.—WEIMAR AND JENA.

WE descended the Brocken on foot, and pursued our way to Elbingerode, through Schiercke and Elend, the Valley of Fear and Misery—and by the way which Faust and Mephistophiles are supposed to ascend the Brocken. This scenery may have been formerly, or may now, to the imagination, in night and tempest, be invested with supernatural wildness and horrors; but to us, in

sunshine, nothing could be more agreeable; and seldom have we traversed a valley, or passed through villages, with less appearance of wretchedness about them. The rocks, with various terrific names, the Snarchers, or Snorters, on the hills on our right; the Feuerstein, or Firestone, aloft in the pine wood on our left, looked picturesque, and nothing more. The whole scenery had a very peculiar, but to us attractive aspect. Sweet green valleys, with rapid clear streams hurrying down them, with wild woods and hills around, amid which the charcoal-burners pursued their solitary business; cottages amid their old orchards; children watching their goats; and mills, and forges, worked by the mountain streams, gave everywhere a primitive but living character to the country. As we advanced farther through the Harz district, we found it like so much of the north of Germany, bare and ploughed. Yet, amid its common-place and half-savage scenery, the wildest rocks rising, and the most romantic valleys running; as the Bodethal and the Selkenthal; and everywhere mines, forges, smelting furnaces, shewed us that we were in a country of metallic wealth, of smutty industry, of cobolds and superstition.

Blankenburg, belonging to the Duke of Brunswick, took wonderfully our fancy. It is like one of the pictures in Tonson's edition of Spenser's "Faery Queen." The castle of the Duke stands perched aloft on its rock, with its round towers, extinguisher-shaped spires, and antiquated battlements and gables; and as you looked from the windows you imagined yourself in a place described by Froissart, and expected every minute to see some gay troop of knights, with glittering hauberks and fluttering pennons, ascending to the gates. The garden lay below in various terraces, with summer-houses and beautifully scattered trees. Deep at their feet lay the little grey, clustered town; and opposite to the windows, at some distance, ran a high ridge of a hill, out of which stood upright a jagged wall of rocks, very aptly called the Teufel's Mauer, or Devil's Wall. Behind hung slopes of fine trees, descending into an immense park; right and left stretched vast, solitary, flanking woods, the haunt of the red-deer and the boar; and out in front expanded itself one of those great bare plains, with naked white villages, and others of those savage eminences of naked rocks, the most peculiar features of the country. In the castle we were

shewn the portrait of the White Lady, who haunts this and many other castles in Germany,—and truly there was something mysterious in her look; and beneath the Teufel's Mauer our postillion pointed out, as we passed, the entrance to the cave where the Vehme-Gericht used to hold its sittings. In truth the whole neighbourhood had an air of past wildness, now sufficiently softened down to be peculiarly piquant to the imagination.

The Rosstrappe is a wild heap of gigantic granite hills and vast woods, to which we were again driven over a ploughed country without roads, through crag-strewn rivers, and along the most hanging slopes. Here the Bode rushes, resounding between precipices of five hundred feet high. The name Rosstrappe, or Horse's Foot-print, is derived from the legend of a Princess Brunhilde, who being pursued by a giant, leaped across a ravine from one mountain top to another, at least a furlong asunder, on her horse, whose feet luckily had been just before blessed by a friendly bishop. The princess lost her crown during the leap, which fell into the depths of the Bode, where it yet lies. The giant, in attempting to leap after Brunhilde, also fell in here, where he remains in the form of a black dog, guarding the crown. The bishop now stands aloft on the summit of some inaccessible rocks, as if turned to stone at the sight of these amazing events; and a wonderful freak of nature he is, with his mitre and crosier, all most admirably and venerably perfect. The horse, of course, on alighting on the opposite cliff, made a deep dent in it with his fore-foot, which yet remains, and has, moreover, the additional merit of being on the very loftiest and most tremendous spot of the scene, where a sheer precipice reveals the river foaming and roaring at an awful depth below. From this aerial point you shudder to hear that more than one person has in excitement or distress of mind sprung headlong into the horrible abyss. A footpath, which conducts thither, is the preferable descent; and once below, you will probably confess that you were seldom in a more impressive scene.

At the pretty little watering-place, Alexisbad, we found but one solitary guest lingering—the celebrated composer Meyerbeer. Thence, by various wanderings through wild valleys, amongst mines, mills, and forges; in eilwagens—so called—daily travelling over ploughed fields, where yet never was a road since the days of

Adam, much less of M'Adam,—we rejoiced to set foot in the good town of Erfurt, and on a solid pavement. Having duly visited Luther's cell in the Augustine monastery, and the fine minster, we drove to Weimar.

How great is our wonder as we first set eyes on that little capital of far-spread literary fame. In a naked corn country, from a bleak height, you see on the plain below you a little country town. And is that Weimar? Can that be Weimar? Is this bare and almost featureless country the once abode of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, and Herder, and a host of the most famous spirits that Germany has produced? Is that little town, which, in England, with its 10,000 inhabitants, would scarcely catch a passing traveller's passing attention, the capital which has made such a figure in our imaginations as the court of the enlightened Grand Duke and Duchess, with their mighty poets about them? How immensely can mind magnify with its greatness and its glory an insignificant spot of earth! or rather, how little is the spot, and how little are the means necessary to create a world of intellectual splendour, where there is a soul in the ruler. Without this liberal and amiable pair, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Weimar, Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Wieland, would have still flourished, and scattered their imperishable laurels over the Fatherland; but Weimar would have been—nothing. But now, here have lived these great men; here was formed a little court of intellect and taste, so beautiful and unique, that it seems, amid the common-places of this commonplace world, rather a dream of the romantic ages than a reality; and here lie the tombs of these illustrious poets, towards which the feet of pilgrims will be directed age after age.

Wieland lies, indeed, not in Weimar, but in his garden in Osmanstadt, a little on the left of the way going from Weimar to Jena. Herder lies in the Stadtkirche, near the remains of the Grand Duke Bernhard, the noble hero of the Thirty Years' War. This church is adorned with a fine altar-piece by the great native artist Lucas Cranach, containing portraits of himself, of Melancthon, and Luther. The sacristan, as it was cold, obligingly requested me to keep on my hat, observing "Luther would not take it ill." The remains of Schiller and Goethe lie in the vault of the new cemetery, with those of their friends the Duke and Duchess. The

sacristan admitted us to a view of them through the fanlight over the door, and we could see that the coffins of the poets had recently been hung with garlands of evergreens. In the cemetery, which lies high and commands a wide view over the country, we noticed also the grave of Falk, the literary friend of Goethe.

The sexton, a superior man of his class, appeared proud of being the keeper of the remains of the two great poetical lights of Germany. "Many," said he, "have seen their place of rest, *but I laid them there.*" He had assisted to remove the body of Schiller from the Stadtkirche where it was first interred, to this vault, when it was prepared for the Grand Duke. He shewed us, what is now frequent in Germany, the Todten-Haus, or House of the Dead, connected with the cemetery. Funerals in Germany take place very quickly after death. By law, in most states, they must, at farthest, take place on the third day, but those who have the slightest apprehension of a possibility of revival, can have the body removed to this house. Here they are laid in a sort of basket, and are supported in a recumbent position with pillows. To the fingers of the right hand is attached a string connected with a larum, so that on the least motion in the hand the larum is set loose, and those on the watch rush in to see if resuscitation has taken place. The larum hangs in the adjoining apartment, and there the sexton sleeps. His family live also in the house, so that in the daytime, when he is out, some one shall always be within hearing of the alarm. In the night, when a corpse is lying there, the police come frequently and knock at the window, and if the sexton gives no answer he is severely fined, and on a repetition of his neglect would be dismissed. The medical man attends, and the body is not interred till he has announced that unquestionable symptoms of decay have appeared. I am not aware whether any persons have revived under these circumstances, but here the man assured us there had been no case of resuscitation since the establishment of the Todten-Haus; I believe about seven years. There was at this time a very lovely child of about two years old, with rich golden locks hanging round its pale face, the sight of which was very touching, as you saw that its little fingers would never have to pull the bell. Its grave was already dug in the cemetery,

and two young, sorrowful-looking people, whom we had seen standing by it, the sexton told us were its parents.

From this interesting but melancholy scene we returned to the town, and visited the houses of Schiller and Goethe. How exactly did their respective aspects correspond with the fortunes of the two poets. Schiller's, a modest and somewhat common-looking house, was that of a man who had neither the worldly tact, nor a life sufficiently prolonged to rise out of the narrowness of poetic circumstances. That of Goethe was, on the contrary, the handsome abode of the cosmopolitan old Geheimrath, who had as much of the man of the world as of the poet in him; who knew the world and made it serve him; who lived long to enjoy it, and left some of its goods to his descendants.

It was a great pleasure to find our excellent young friend Mr. von Goethe at home, and to receive the cordial welcome of his mother, the Frau von Goethe, one of the most lady-like and interesting women in Germany. It may be imagined with what interest we surveyed this house, which is at once handsome and yet unimposing. It seemed to us as if Goethe was still living, and might at any moment walk into the room where we happened to be. Here was his drawing-room, with the last and best portrait of him, full of spirit and character. His bust, taken in his youth, with flowing hair, and uncommonly handsome; by which the Frau von Goethe had set a cast of Lord Byron, which she said she feared at first would have been too great a trial for the Goethe, but which she now thought he stood very well. There was his study as he left it, with the breakfast-table of Schiller, which the son of Schiller gave to Goethe; a small oval table with a high rim round it, evidently calculated for a solitary student breakfasting, not with his family, but alone amid his books; and probably used when working too intensely at some of his more absorbing dramas, to quit his room for a moment. Here was the hall, filled with some of the finest casts from the antique, giving a very classical aspect to the house as you enter; and behind the house, the little retired garden where Goethe used to walk daily for hours, working out the progress of the compositions on which he was engaged. This interesting house was formerly opened to strangers, but the great inconvenience to the family has compelled the restriction of this privilege to their own friends.

Jena, a stage beyond Weimar, over an equally bleak and bare country—what a spot is that too, to have made itself so wide a notoriety! As we descended the celebrated Schneckenhill, where the French, in 1806, gave the Prussians so severe a drubbing, there lay Jena deep in the valley below, a cluster of dark houses surrounded by the most naked and desolate hills imaginable. Scarcely a tree, except here and there on the slopes masses of black pines, or a blade of grass, seemed to grow on these hills. They had the colour of bare earth, and the baldness of a most ancient sterility. Than the town itself, nothing can be imagined more old-fashioned. A little old market-place, with one very old dark inn, the Sun; an old town-house, in whose tower a band of very ancient-looking musicians appeared at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and flinging open the windows, played for an hour to the market-people and the students below; the latter of whom, in very short coats and very long hair, there assembled, walked about, drank beer, and fenced. A few narrow, old streets, a very ancient, heavy and dingy university, with musty library, and grass-grown courts—such is Jena. One cannot imagine a more out-of-the-world, wild, primitive place for a seat of education. Spite of the multitude of celebrated men which it has numbered amongst its professors, and of the excessive cheapness of everything, it musters now but about 450 students. No doubt this may, in a great measure, be accounted for by the wild notoriety of its Burschen, who have been more celebrated for their visits to the neighbouring villages of Wöllnitz and Lichtenhayn than to lectures, and for more copious draughts of the celebrated beer of those places than of the professional Helicon. Their headlong plunge into revolutionary politics, and their dangerous mode of duelling by lunging, have also had their effect in this respect.

In Erfurt, we encountered another of those odd regulations regarding travelling which the desire of the governments in Germany to monopolize the profits of it introduces. We had taken a man with his carriage to Weimar and Jena and back again. As we were the next morning about to proceed to Gotha, another man with whom we had agreed to take us, both on account of the greater comfort of his carriage and reasonableness of his demands, announced to our great astonishment that he was not allowed to

go with us. That there was a law, that having engaged one Lohnkutscher for a stage, unless we staid four-and-twenty hours in the place, at the end of it, we were bound to take him on. We could not credit so absurd a law, which left you at liberty to make a bargain with a private man for a certain distance and sum, and when you had run the distance and discharged him, yet compelled you to take on the same man *ad infinitum*, unless you staid four-and-twenty hours in a place, and whether you like the man and found his carriage comfortable or not. But the landlord shewed us the printed regulation of Prussia as it hung up in his inn, and said that it was the same also in the other states. That this was the regulation regarding the government post traveling we well knew, but that it extended to the private Lohnkutscher, or men who let out private carriages, we could not have believed. The object, however, is the same; it is to throw you into the hands of government. We could take a carriage from the post. The man had been round to all those of his own profession, and not one of them dare take us. On the contrary, as they imagined us strangers in Germany, and not aware that we could proceed by post, they were all assembled in the square before the inn, to see whether we should not be obliged to go on with the man who had made this unreasonable demand; and they appeared not a little disappointed when they saw a carriage from the post, drive up and take us away.

Shortening days and cold nights at the end of October warned us to make a rapid retreat home. We therefore hastily mounted to the great, but by no means handsome castle of Gotha, which overlooks the little town and a wide naked country; were shewn the portrait which Queen Victoria sent before her marriage to Prince Albert; and a fine picture of Charles IX. of France, sitting at a window after he had fired the signal given for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in which the expression of a weak nature, overcome by the sense of the horrors which he had thus let loose, is admirably depicted.

Hastily we traversed the beautiful regions of the Thuringia hills and forests, amongst which lies the lovely Reinhardsbrunn, the favourite hunting-seat of the Grand Duke of Saxe Coburg, the father of Prince Albert, which is represented on our title-page; passed the castles of the Drei Gleichen, where once lived

the knight and Moorish lady, whose story has been so widely read by the lovers of romance—the lady releasing the knight from his captivity in the East, and flying with him to Europe, where the knight's wife, in gratitude, consents to her husband also marrying his deliverer. The Pope grants a dispensation; the two wives afterwards live together in the highest friendship; and the knight, with one on each hand, eventually is buried in the cathedral of Erfurt. This story, which was come to be regarded but as a romance of the Minnesängers, has been recently confirmed by the opening of the tomb of the Drei Gleichen, where the evidences of one lady having been European and the other Oriental were too strong to be disputed. The skull especially of the one lady was of thoroughly Eastern contour. Hastily we mounted from Eisenach, to the Wartburg, gazed over the glorious scene of forest hills around; saw the apartment of Luther, in which he lived in the old castle as Junker Georg; saw, and believed as much as we were able, the dint and black stain of the inkstand on the wall, which the stout old Reformer flung at the Devil's head; and paced with pleasure the old banqueting-hall, whence the holy Elizabeth used to convey so many good things to the poor, and when met by her more stingy husband, and asked what she had got in her mantle, told that pious fib that they were only flowers which she had been gathering; on which her husband pulling the mantle open, lo!—charity, amongst the multitude of sins, had even covered the sin of lying—and, to her own astonishment and her husband's great edification,

Instead of sly cribbage of bread and meat,
Lilies and roses were showered at their feet.

We were glad to see this venerable hall in progress of faithful restoration, and good paintings of the good deeds of Elizabeth; of the renowned contests of the Minnesängers here; and of other of the romantic acts and personages of the court of Thuringia, hung on the walls. Thence fled we by eilwagen, through Fulda, Hanau, and other places full of literary and historical reminiscences, to the stately and substantial Frankfort; visited the house, of course, in which Goethe was born; the Jews' quarter, made so interesting in his "Wahrheit und Dichtung," and now fast disappearing; the

elegant Ariadne of Dannecker, in Bethmann's garden; and the hall of the Römer, where the Emperors used to be crowned, and where nine full-length portraits of them, by eminent living artists, enrich the walls. Thence, through the too quiet Darmstadt, along the feet of the lovely vine-clad hills of the Bergstrasse, to our home of two years, Heidelberg. It was to us a great pleasure, as we once more approached the garden-like Pfalz, to perceive the country grow continually more cultivated; the way-sides more richly bordered with fruit trees; the plains more intersected and diversified with the same; and everywhere, on hill and dale, a more clothed and genial air; and as at length the little city of Heidelberg, with its old castle, vine slopes, and enclosing forest hills suddenly opened upon us, we were glad to acknowledge that grander scenes we had seen in Germany—many; but more smiling and home-like—none.

CHAPTER XIX.

LITERATURE.

WE have now, in strictness, terminated our subject. We have taken a pretty extensive view of the social, picturesque, and country life of Germany. But, in order to present our readers with a somewhat more complete idea of the German people, we will add some passing remarks on the present state of literature, education, and religion; and conclude our account, by some observations on the condition, present and prospective, of the nation at large. These matters, treated fully, would themselves occupy a volume; but that would both exceed our plan, and the relative interest in these matters in the reading population of England.

The great feature of general literature, at the present period, as it is elsewhere, is rather that of prolific production than of much novelty or creative power. The Germans themselves complain that the long continuance of peace, and the consequent growth of a disposition to mere social amusement, have rendered the literature of the day light and trifling. The fact is, that in all ages and countries, as is very evident to those who have considered the subject, extraordinary intellectual development has been coincident with periods of extraordinary political excitement. These periods have passed over the earth like waves, by whose rush men have been startled out of their lethargic state of enjoyment, and in their necessary struggle for life, country, and honour, have put forth all their energies, and have achieved deeds which have astonished themselves, and much more the ages which came after them. These periods, too, have come sometimes like recurring seasons, in which the earth seems to throw out its internal heat, and to create on its surface a sudden exhibition of life and beauty inconceivable; by which a new climate has seemed, for a time, to be

created; trees, flowers, all vegetable and even animal organizations to receive a strong stimulus from the glowing bosom of the common mother; and blossoms, teeming harvests, and a rejoicing prosperity everywhere to appear. But more commonly the grand spur to the intellectual vigour of the human race has been a period of trouble and revolutionary struggle. Oppressions creeping on during years of peace pave the way to the outbreak of insurrection and war. The masses, with minds embittered by the memory of long indignity and cruel usage, burst forth with fury. The framework of society is dashed to pieces; every species of passion—anger, revenge, terror, expectation, and ambition, started forth in their strength; deeds of bloody astonishment are done; constitutions and thrones are overturned; conquerors, clad in strange success, come forth; the human mind, with all its hidden hoards of force and feeling, is flung into the highest excitement; and, under this excitement, spirits of superior energy are expanded to their utmost amplitude, and that in every varied direction. It is then, that not only warriors and statesmen, but orators, poets, romance-writers, painters, and musicians, equally feel the great spirit of the time, and stand forth in unusual greatness, and leave behind them works so much above the common scale, that they become, in fact, the bold landmarks and memorials of these intellectual inundations.

Those who choose to amuse themselves with tracing out the accuracy of this opinion, will be surprised to see the great proofs of it as they proceed. It was amid such commotions—menaces from without, and excitements within, threatening the very existence of civilization—that all the finest works of art and literature in Greece were created. It was in such, that Moses, David, and Solomon, and the great prophets appeared in Israel. It was amid such that Christ and his Apostles planted the Christian religion. In our own country, Shakspeare and Milton stand fast bound with the spread of the Reformation, the Spanish Armada, and the greatest convulsion that ever shook England—the destruction of the Monarchy and the establishment of the Republic. And what an outburst of mind in all quarters attended the progress of the French Revolution! As there is in history no political and social revolution at all to be compared to this in intense violence and far-spreading consequences, so there is no period in which the human

mind has displayed before the whole world such evidences of its inexhaustible treasures of strength, of terror, and of beauty. In France and in England, what a host of poets, philosophers, men of letters, statesmen and warriors, sprung up to prepare the way and to carry to its extent this astounding effervescence of human nature. It were a long catalogue to enumerate the very names of wonderful men, the product of this convulsion. Napoleon and his generals; Mirabeau and the orators; Rousseau, Voltaire, the literati and philosophers, with the women, De Stäel and Roland, amongst them. In England, Pitt, Fox, Burke, with the other great parliamentarians; Nelson and Wellington; and in literature what a galaxy of glory,—Byron, Shelley, Scott, Wordsworth, etc. etc. In Germany, Schiller, Goethe, Lessing, Richter, Herder, with a host of great cotemporaries in all the varied fields of science and letters. Here are the natural products of this wonderful period, which grew and ceased with it. Our giants are dead or dying, in England, and we cannot pretend to say that we yet descry above the sea of time heads of equal Titanic grandeur emerging. Genius we have in abundance; but it seems rather to be the product of the yet unexpired vibrations proceeding from that great centre of agitation, than to bear any proportion to the great shapes and full growth of that wonderful season.

It is the same in Germany. Schiller and Goethe stand aloft, the colossal figures of the world of German poetry. Their Wolf, Kant, Fichte, Hegel, are dead; and Schelling stands almost a solitary remnant of their great philosophical creation. Their Michaelis and Jacobi; their Winckelmann, Niebuhr, and Heeren, are gone. In all those departments, however, which demand rather plodding industry than creative power, Germany still most conspicuously holds aloft her head. In classical and oriental researches, and in all the accomplishments of professorial acquisition, her learned men go on as steadily plodding as the bauers with their ploughs or with the dressing of their vineyards. In history, at the present time, they boast distinguished names,—Ranke, Leo, Raumer, Schlosser, Gervinus, Kortüm, Lappenberg, historian of the Anglo-Saxons, Menzel, and others. In music there are, however, no Handels, Mozarts, Beethovens, Haydns; but painting presents a brilliant contrast in the able artists of the Munich and

Düsseldorf schools. In all other regions of the imagination, however, the evidences are rather those of great enjoyment of it in the works of others than a splendid exercise of it in themselves. Uhland and Tieck, of the race of the old giants, still live and write; and a numerous body of young aspirants claim their share of public attention in poetry and romance and novel writing. But these seem generally rather to indulge than to exert themselves. They possess much fancy and feeling; but if they have wings like the old eagles their fathers, they do not put them forth so daringly. In fact the great convulsion, with all its attendant demonstrations, is over; and we live now in the interval between its termination and the arrival of another, in which the lovely rather than the gigantic may be expected. The world must have its pauses of rest, as well as its moments of intense action. In these pauses we look back at what has just been done, rather than around us in expectation of what will immediately arise. We are rather in a state of wonder and of reflectiveness, than in a mood to be startlingly aroused by fresh miracles. In these intervals such apparitions would be unnatural, and therefore they are not. Great attempts, without an accompanying greatness of events and of public spirit, would appear rather convulsive than admirable. They would be out of proportion with the times. Neither the influences on the public mind would be great enough to produce them, nor to dispose to their favourable reception if produced. We have for a time subjects enough for wonder; we seek rather those of amusement. How very much is that the state of our literature at home. How is everything put forth in a periodical form; in gentle and oft-repeated doses; not too violent, and not too seldom, lest our delicate powers of digestion should languish. This is much the same in Germany. Poetry abounds, but it takes most commonly the lyrical and occasional form. There are much elegance, fancy, and feeling; yet, generally speaking, but little grasp of subject, or exertion. If you take any of the volumes of the living poets, you are amazed at the huge table of contents,—the short and scrappy nature of their effusions. Even in Uhland's one volume of 550 pages there are 270 pieces; Justinus Kerner's one volume of 376 pages contains 248 pieces; Freiligrath's volume of 512 pages, 146 pieces; and the somewhat thick volume of Rückert, 741 pages,

has no less than 671 pieces of poetry. The same is the case with the poems of Heine, Anastatius Grün, Lenau, Schwab, or of the very recent poets, Hebel, Tiedge, Chamisso, Immerman, etc. etc. These writers seem rather to give way to involuntary snatches of song, than to put forth with heart and soul a powerful voice, or to plan a comprehensive work. They appear rather like birds to sit and sing in the sunshine, and amongst the green bushes and flowers, than like eagles soaring aloft in their pride, and with loud alarms ready to do battle in defence of their eyries. For the English taste they are often too quiet,—though, again, many of them possess much passion, pathos, and delicate fancy; but in juxta-position with the sinewy compositions of Byron, Shelley, Burns, or Ebenezer Elliott—

Who learnt in sorrow what they taught in song—

and with their indignant contemplation of political and social sufferings in their fellow-countrymen, such as the Germans have no conception of, would appear somewhat insipid, especially when many of our countrymen have found too little passion and stir in many of the compositions of Schiller, Goethe, and Lessing. But the Germans are more sentimental, and more easily satisfied; and poems which in an Annual in England would be admired and forgotten, in Germany establish a reputation. They live in a less agitated sphere, and a less degree of passion is more sensitively felt by them.

Yet there are amongst them young writers perceptible, who in a more heated political or social atmosphere would start speedily up into a magnitude astonishing to themselves. They are full of native vigour, and breathe a fervour of political freedom which amazes one, in connexion with the existence of the censorship. Such are Herwegh, now a refugee in Zürich, author of "*Gedichte eines Lebendigen*," just published; Dingelstädt, author of "*Cosmopolitische Lieder eines Nachtwächter's*," and "*Tscherkessische Lieder*." Anastatius Grün, the Austrian poet and nobleman, besides his other poems, has published the bold, and indeed revolutionary "*Spatziergänge eines Wiener Poeten*," from which most of these other fiery bards date their inspiration; and Hoffmann von Fallersleben, lately professor at Breslau, but stripped of his professorship

for his "Unpolitische Lieder," has been threatened by the Prussian minister with prosecution, and not only his poems, but all the publications of his publishers, Campe and Hoffmann, in Hamburg, forbidden by the king entrance into Prussia. Since the fire at Hamburg, the Prussian monarch has taken pity enough on these publishers to remove this proscription, but accompanied with a solemn warning and an expectation that they will publish no more such spirit-stirring lays.

But more than all, I should say Ferdinand Freiligrath possesses the life and vigour with the fiery aspirations of the young poet, which more than justify the enthusiasm with which his productions have been received all over Germany. They stand amongst those of his cotemporaries with bold and prominent effect, and make you feel that he needs nothing but the recurrence of a more stirring period, the stormy dawn of an eventful day, to spring forth in a greatness equal to the occasion. The originality and fire of imagination in him are prodigious. You feel that there lies in his bosom a well-spring of them, that only requires the jar of a social earthquake to send them spouting up like Geysers into the glittering air. He is an inspired painter. His words are colours—and those of the rainbow, of the sunset, and of the seas and sands of the burning tropics. In want of high and fitting theme enough at home, he goes wandering round the earth, gathering heat and intensity, with which he clothes the Indian and the Arab in their native wilds till they glow again, warm as their own rocks and deserts. There is a power of language in him which makes the hardest German flow like metal in a furnace; and sets desert tents, mosques, an army in march, or the negro in his lion-chase before you in such life, that you do not read, but see and are present. Even with the most insignificant matter, in his hand, such as Moos-Thee—that is, an Infusion of Iceland Moss—he brings round you the wildest regions in the most vivid reality. The very titles of his pieces indicate the character and propensities of his genius. "Bible Pictures," "The Steppe," "The Lion Ride," "The Vision of a Traveller," "Under the Palms," "Leviathan," "Mirage," "The Emigrant Poet," "Henry, the Sea-Voyager," "The Dead in the Sea," "Shipwreck," "In Congo," "The Scheik at Sinai in 1830," "The Swordmaker of Damascus," "The Songs of the

Pirates," "The Burial of the Bandit," "The Watcher in the Wilderness," "The Negro Prince," "The Greek Woman in the Slave Market in 1833," "The Emigrants," etc.

In all these he flings himself with such vitality into the scenes and characters, that you are in the midst of them in all their truth and colour. "The Negro Prince," in particular, is magnificent; and the "German Emigrants," especially the Schwarzwald girl, with her long plaited hair, and German jug in her hand, going not to her native well in the Black Forest, but to one in Missouri, where the brown Cherokee comes to drink; are so graphically brought before you, that no English eye which has seen the original scenes and figures can behold them without admiration, and no German one, I should imagine, without tears.

The King of Prussia, with his usual discernment, has bestowed a pension on this young and every-day rising poet, and if the elements of political commotion, which even to a casual eye appear at work in Europe, break forth over the present generation as briskly as there is but too much reason to augur that they will, there is no writer in Germany who, without being himself political, we may prognosticate will ride more loftily on the swell of the agitated waters of life, making even wrecks and breakers beautiful with his genius. The power with which he describes the destruction of the world bound to a comet's tail, like Brunhilde bound by Clothaire to the tail of the wild horse, and the burning feelings and fancies of a man in fever, shew what he would do in the midst of an atmosphere on fire with all that stirs the heart and energies of man.

But Freiligrath's translations from the English are not less admirable in their way than his original compositions. In these he throws himself as completely into his subject, and exercises the same masterly power of language. You forget, when reading his translation of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, that you are not reading the original. The same may be said of the songs and poems of Moore, Lamb, Keats, Burns, Southey, and Scott, which he has translated. "The World is all a fleeting Show," and "The Pibroch of Donald Dhu," are truly wonderful. We hear that he is now engaged in translating Mrs. Hemans' poems, of which one little gem, "The Better Land," appears in his own volume.

Freiligarth is well acquainted with English literature; and by translations and criticisms, particularly in the *Morgenblatt*, he makes Germany acquainted with it. It was he who first, through this means, awakened the Germans to a knowledge of the excellence of Burns, and now they have three translations of that poet. He is a great admirer of the poetry of Mrs. Howitt and Ebenezer Elliott, and has introduced various of their poems to his countrymen.

In the German prose works of imagination, much the same qualities prevail. The dreamy and speculative turn of the people is conspicuous in the greatest of their Romance writers; amongst them Jean Paul Richter, Goethe, La Motte Fouque, Musæus, Hoffmann, etc., to such a degree, that to general English readers very few of their stories possess a sufficient interest. Of all Fouque's writings "*Undine*" alone has become popular in England; of all Richter's none, some fragmentary articles being translated, and they only esteemed by people of very imaginative minds. They are too fanciful, wild, and extravagant. Those of Richter are too dark, both in style and idea, for the ordinary reader. Most of them have too little of the stir and passion of real life for us. These characteristics prevail equally in the living, or recent authors. Hauff's *Tales* present, perhaps, the most popular exception, in some of which, taking the hint from Walter Scott, he has engrafted historical subjects on fine scenery in his native kingdom of Würtemberg with great effect. In others, however, as the *Memoirs of Satan*, and the *Rathskeller in Bremen*, the German taste prevails. But German life is too quiet and uniform to furnish a fertile source of romantic and novel fiction, and therefore they fly to other countries for a supply of these articles. England, France, and even America, pour them in in abundance. It is a singular circumstance, but a perfectly natural result from the different national characteristics, that while we rarely translate a German book, and read comparatively few of them in the original, whole cargoes of ours are every year translated into German, and devoured with avidity. There is scarcely a work of imagination, of any note, which is not immediately translated, or, at least, reprinted and circulated to a great extent; though our best modern poetry and works of more solid literature are very little known to the general reader. To such an extent is the translating and

reprinting of novels carried, that there appears very little discrimination used; and while Bulwer, Boz, Marryat, and James, are the great favourites, you also find the trashiest wish-wash of Lady Blessington, or even more slipshod writers, just as much in vogue. In fact, the position of England, the free spirit of its constitution and public life, its multiplied and multifarious connexions with other countries, with the sea, and with colonies; its sailors, its merchants; its working-classes in their half-starving masses, and its aristocracy with their pride and splendour; all these things give a piquancy and variety of subject, scene, and character, which are not readily exhausted, and offer a most agreeable contrast to the quiet monotony of German existence. Their tales of the Middle Ages; of knights, castles, monks and ghosts, are worn out, and in default of real variety of modern life, they are too apt to run into wildly grotesque scenes amongst modern characters, which exist nowhere but in the writer's head. In others they are fond of indulging in a species of story half-miraculous, half-poetic, very ideal, very beautiful in sentiment and feeling, but which would only please the really poetical of English readers. Such are many of the *Novellen*, or little tales of Tieck; the *Heimatlosen*, or the Homeless of Kerner, and many others which might be mentioned. These, in fact, border on their popular *Märchen*, or traditions of the people, in which the old and more amiable superstitions are retained,—in which good as well as bad spirits prevail in nature; the good, however, possessing a decided superiority of influence, and a strong sympathy for whatever is true and beautiful in the heart of man. This same sympathy likewise lives throughout nature, and is strongly testified. All that is lovely in children, or in old age, lives and is embraced livingly by this mother-heart of nature. In deep woods children wander, awed by the solemn spirit of the place; but good eyes are upon them, and angels guide them on their way. In the sunshine of flowery meadows, by the glittering gush of crystal wells, angels and fairies whisper heavenly thoughts to the spirit of lovely children. Flowers are full of the same heavenly life and soul, and spring up and bloom in the most poetic and sympathetic beauty. They are actual revelations from God; emanations out of his paradise; fac-similes of things which grow there in the everlasting radiance. In old chapels, and on

crosses, and in niches by the way-side, the figure of the Saviour and Virgin, of saints and angels, are not mere stone, but possessing a mysterious animation in this living sympathy. Dreams and visions of heavenly glory come to young maidens, who are too fair and fragile for this earth. Birds fly and sing, inspired by over-watching natures for the warning and guidance of the good. The intercourse which, in the earlier ages of the world and of the church, was maintained between heaven and man, is maintained still, but with the veil of nature drawn, and scarcely drawn between. Trees, in their vernal leaves; flowers floating on the breezy bough, or on the waters; the summer sounds of the forest and the glen,—all are full of the life, and agency, and poetry of this but dimly-concealed world. The children of this poetical faith walk already in alliance with the world of spirits. Warnings, presentiments, and apparitions, are as richly conceded to those who live thus near to God, to heaven, and to their departed kindred, as ever they were. Mothers and sisters appear in morning dreams, circled with celestial halos, and standing in the golden sunshine of heaven, to call their children or friends from earth. Bells ring out mysteriously; aerial music summonses away the dying—and old and young steal so easily out of life, dissolve, as it were, but into a purer and sunnier medium; and leave behind remains stamped with a grace so saintly, that death is stripped of its terrors, and seems a change as ardently to be desired as the bursting from the chrysalis sarcophagus of the jewel-winged moth.

But this enchanted world, which, according to these writers, is still this world of ours, only that our hearts are become too gross through pride and self-greatness to perceive it, we having alienated ourselves from Nature, and not Nature withdrawn herself from us—this world has also its evil influences; witches, cobolds, devils, spirits of mountain, forest, and marsh, ready to make league with the unwary or the base, who forsake the heavenly natures; and these work often in the shapes of witches, owls, ravens, he-cats, snakes, goats, which last seem to be in particular alliance with Satan, and finally step-mothers; against whom, justly or unjustly, the German stories are universally very bitter. On the contrary, certain animals are regarded with peculiar favour, as in alliance with the good influences of nature; as the hare, the stork, the dove,

the little shining lizard, what is odd enough, the ass and the bear, and a variety of singing birds. The cock plays a conspicuous part in all these stories, and you can scarcely read them without seeming to lie amid woods, and hearing the cocks crowing lustily in the silent villages.

These writers generally belong to the Catholic church, and have, many of them, more than a poetical faith in what they write. They seem to believe every creature endowed with a soul; and we may perhaps trace to this poetic and even religious feeling, thus inculcated in legend and story so generally into the minds of the children, that much greater regard for the comfort of many animals than we see in England. The most abused of creatures, the ass, is never here seen the miserable object which he is with us. That most barbarous sight, so continually to be seen in summer in England, and especially in the neighbourhood of large towns, the wholesale dragging out of birds' nests, many of them full of young ones often without a feather, which undergo the worst of tortures, the being stuffed with unnatural food, and chirp and chirp till they are dead, and are as often ruthlessly dashed against posts or on the ground, is never seen here. A boy with a bird's nest in his hand would be looked on as a monster. Governments do not disdain to legislate for such small things as wrens and finches, and a fine of from one shilling to five, in different states, is levied on the plunder of their nests.

Coleridge probably learned here to feel that spirit which prompted him to write his Sonnet to an Ass—"Poor little foal of an oppressed race!" That which has been so unmercifully ridiculed in England would have excited a very different feeling in Germany. Justinus Kerner, a popular poet, a good physician, and a very gentlemanly man, can even see in the meek large eye of the calf, as it is driven by the butcher to slaughter, a spirit of mild patience, which will cry for judgment against him who unnecessarily misuses it. But, indeed, Kerner walks amongst spirits as commonly as amongst his fellow men. They pass in and out of his house at Weinsberg familiarly. He sees trains of angels on the Weibertreue, the castle-hill opposite his house, celebrated as the spot where, when besieged by Conrad III., the men being all vowed by him to the sword, but the women offered the liberty to march out with what they prized

most, they came forth, each carrying her husband, her lover, or her brother. Devils enter also, and he finds it hard work to expel them; nay, one inveterate imp has taken possession of a tower belonging to his house, and defies all processes of ejection. In his poems, many of which are very beautiful, and in his singular work *Die Seherin von Prevorst*, you have all these notions forcibly given, and yet in all else Justinus Kerner is a perfectly rational, a jocose, and a shrewd man.

We have spoken in a former part of the volume of the comparatively little encouragement of female writers in Germany, yet that the German ladies in the present day increasingly cultivate literature, and plunge more adventurously into authorship, the following list of those who now are, or were recently living, will very agreeably testify.

Maria Sophia Christina von Plessen has written under the name of Maria, various romances and novels, which appeared in the years 1819-24. Is probably yet living.

Sophie Fried. Elizabeth Mayer, under the name of Sophie May, wrote twelve volumes of tales, and translated many of Scott's novels. Has been some years deceased.

Frederike Brun, wife of Privy-councillor Brun, of Gotha, wrote some beautiful poems. Deceased.

Philippine von Metting.

L. Mühlbach, wife of the author, Theodore Mundt. She has written romances and novels which are very popular. She is living.

Rosalie Müller has written various novels.

Benedictine Naubert has written many romances, and particularly *Märchen*.

Henriette Ottenheimer has written poems and tales. Yet lives.

Caroline Pichler. Her collected works, consisting of poems, romances, dramatic pieces, and prose essays, appeared in Leipsic from 1820 to 1835, in fifty volumes. She lives yet in Vienna, and is as popular as she is voluminous.

Frau von Paalzow has written the romances *Godwie Castle* and *St. Roche*, which have created a very great sensation. Living.

Louise von Plönnies writes poems, and translates English poetry into German.

Johanna Neumann, under the name J. Satori, born Hiesse, has written a great number of romances, and is probably yet living.

Johanna Schoppenhauer. Her collected works, principally romances, appeared in twenty-four volumes in the years 1829-32. She is very popular.

Amalie Schoppe, born Weise, wrote many popular romances.

Wilhelmine Sostmann, born Blumenhagen, has written poems, novels, and romances. These four, if not living yet, are deceased within the last few years.

Franziska von Stengel has written many volumes of historical romances. She lives in Mannheim.

Adelheid von Stolterfoth, a canoness in a convent on the Rhine, has written various epic and other poems, particularly "Sagas of the Rhine." Yet living. Her poems are characterized by great vigour, and tender and beautiful feeling.

Fanny Tarnow has written a great multitude of tales and romances. If not living, only recently deceased.

Antonie Friederike Varnhagen von Ense, born Rachel Levin, and under the name of Rachel has acquired great fame by her splendid letters.

Frau von Weissenthurn has written many very beautiful dramatic works. Lately deceased.

Agnes Franz has written romances, saga, and poems. Living.

Charlotte Birch Pfeiffer has written several dramatic works and romances, and is now directress of the theatre at Zürich.

Louise Brachmann wrote romances, poems, and novels. She drowned herself.

Sophie Brentano. She appeared first as a writer under the name of Sophie Mereau. She wrote romances and poems, and translated novels from the English. Is probably deceased.

Bettina Brentano, now Bettina von Arnim, has written "Correspondence of Goethe with a Child," and "The Gûnderode," a romance in letters. She yet lives a widow in Berlin. Her writings, especially "The Gûnderode," are extremely wild and extravagant; but at the same time full of fine thoughts and beautiful feeling, and are by many, especially the young and the ladies, extremely admired.

Wilhelmine Christiane von Chezy, born Klenke, has written romances and poems. Probably living. A writer, I think Sapin, made the following epigram on her:

Helmine von Chezy
Geborne Klenke
Ich bitte Si', geh' Sie,
Mit Ihrer Poësie
Sonst kriegt sie die Kränke!

The point and puns in this are not readily conveyed into English. The pith of it is that the wag advises her to away with her poetry, or she will grow intolerable.

Anette Freiherrin von Droste-Hülshof writes very beautiful poems, and lives in or near Münster.

Caroline, Baroness de la Motte-Fouqué, born von Briest, has written a great many romances and comedies. Probably yet living.

Amalie Winter, yet living, is author of novels and tales.

Regina Froberg, born Salomon, has written many romances and tales. Probably yet living.

Wilhelmine von Gersdorf, yet living, has written a great multitude of romances, novels, and tales.

Frau Elise Philippine Amalie Hohenhausen, yet living, writes sketches of travel, novels, and tales.

Henriette Hohenhausen, yet living, writes poems and novels.

Ida, Gräfin Hahn-Hahn, yet living, is a very celebrated writer of poems, romances, and sketches of travel.

Henriette Wilhelmine Hanke, born Arndt, yet living and very popular, is author of many tales and romances.

Amalie von Hedwig, born von Imhoff. She is author of many romances, tales, and poems; one of the last an epic. Her well-known Saga of the Wolfsbrunnen near Heidelberg, was taken bodily possession of by Grattan, author of "High-ways and By-ways," who lived some time very near the scene of the Saga. His "Legend of the Wolfsbrunnen" is literally that of Madame von Hedwig, except that he has inverted her story, putting her first part second, and the second first.

Sophie von la Roche, born Gutermann. She lived in the time of Wieland, and wrote many tales.

Friederike Lohmann wrote, in 1794, poems; and her daughter, Emilie Friederike Sophie, wrote, under the name of Friederike Lohmann, many romances and tales. The last is probably living.

Caroline Lyser, improvisatrice and poetess, is yet living.

Henriette Hülle, born Hoffmeier, yet living, has written poems and a romance.

Sophie Ludwig wrote, 1799-1817, many tales.

Ida Freiligrath, wife of the celebrated poet, is said also to possess high literary talent, and to be at present engaged with her husband in the translation of the "Forest Sanctuary," and some of the minor poems of Felicia Hemans.

The daughter of Tieck the poet possessed great genius, and translated some of the Plays of Shakspeare, in the edition of Tieck and Schlegel.

Louise Manzoll.

Elise von Recke, Reichsgräfin.

Amalie Sophie, Princess of Saxony.

Therese Huber wrote several distinguished novels and tales. The romance "Ellen Perry, or Education by Chance;" the story of "Hannah the Foundling," etc. Is probably deceased.

CHAPTER XX.

EDUCATION.

THE Germans deserve in nothing greater thanks from mankind than for their efforts in behalf of education. For their deep and sagacious inquiries into its real nature and true objects; for their planning and organizing an effective system; for their admirable classification of the schools; their internal arrangement—but far above all, for the extension of them to the whole population. They have been the first to exhibit the true thankfulness for the blessing of knowledge, by making, as far as their power extended, all mankind partakers with them. In this respect they have been the first to act on the great Christian maxim, of doing as you would be done by, of loving your neighbour as yourself. As George III. wished that every man in his dominions might never want a Sunday's dinner and a Bible to read after it, so the Germans have wished that every man, woman, and child, should have an education; and they have not only wished it, but decreed it. This glorious advance in the true science of government has raised no little sensation throughout Europe, and has created a large party in England who, ashamed of our own neglect, ashamed of the stride which Germany has made ahead of us in this respect, are zealous to achieve the like grand object. The fears, however, that religion should not be taught in a national system, or should be taught by the wrong persons, scared away vast numbers from the project, and as many others shrunk back in terror, lest general education of the working classes should prove a general ruin of them as workers and servants.

As to the religious alarms, the slightest inspection of the working of the German schools in this respect would satisfy the most scrupulous. Nothing is so simple and so satisfactory. The ordinary

teachers do not meddle with religion, this is taught to the children by their own minister on days set apart. All goes on as smoothly as a locomotive on a good railway, in which nobody troubles himself about proselyting his neighbour. Here are no fears, no jealousies, no proselyting, nor growth of any particular evil, except what some of our countrymen consider the greatest — general education. As to spoiling the working classes, however, or filling their heads with any idea of leaping out of their own class and proper pursuits, this is just the point on which such timorous persons would be the most astonished. In fact, the general results of universal education, beyond the promotion of universal order, are very different to what we would *à priori* have imagined.

As far as the education of the higher classes, and of all those proposing for office, is concerned, nothing can be more excellent. There are, it is true, heart-burnings and disputes between the Bürger schools — those for the education of citizens and lower officials, and the Gymnasia, or schools for preparation for an academic course — arising from the natural desire of the burgher class to have the classics, which the Gymnasia consider it as their proper business to teach, introduced into the Bürger schools. But beyond this, all is thoroughly harmonious. Education in all German schools alike has this general character. It is methodically, actively, and perseveringly pursued. The children are kept hard at work. Their business is admirably arranged, and such a circle of languages and branches of instruction taught as would astonish the greater part of our parents and teachers. Having not only observed for myself, but watched the progress of my own boys, I can speak confidently on this head. Thus are habits of diligence and acquisition laid, which are so marked a feature in the German character. The young men of the higher classes are in consequence a thoroughly well-educated class; and possess besides, the accomplishments of music and singing almost universally, to a degree very uncommon amongst our young men of a similar station.

In the Bürger classes, who naturally take away their sons at a much earlier period to business, the circle of science is, of course, not so ample, nor so far carried out, but the instruction in the particular branches more necessary to them, is pushed as far as the time possibly admits. After all, I would not pretend to say that

this class, or the upper ones, are more able or intelligent than the corresponding ones in our own country. I should say that the Germans are more methodically and thoroughly instructed in the schools than the English; but that the English generally, in the progress of life, acquire a greater mass of general knowledge. The education of the German seems to cease, in a great measure, with his departure from school or college. Each man passes into his office or his shop, and smoking his pipe and enjoying the society of his friends, lets fall, perhaps, much which he has acquired; pursuing only with a sort of military precision the track of his profession, and its adherent information. The education of the Englishman on the contrary, merely, on leaving school or college, undergoes a change. The world, commerce, politics, parliament; the various courses of life which are open to him; the various interests with which, by party, by property, by speculations, he becomes connected,—all are courses of education to him, in which he acquires a varied mass of knowledge such as individuals of few other countries possess.

It is the same with the manufacturing and shop-keeping classes. The various pursuits of trade, of politics, in which they engage; the various interests which they possess in machinery, lands, houses, gas-works, water-works, roads; the various committees of which they are members, to conduct public and private affairs; the management of the poor, societies for various social objects, etc. etc.; almost all of which, in England, are carried on by private exertions and individuals, and not by government,—these are, each and all, great schools. The Englishman of this class has often received a less regular and thorough education than his peer in Germany; in many instances of great success in life, scarcely any at all; but the mass of practical knowledge and the activity of mind in the two, are not to be compared. In all that relates to the understanding and management of the business of life, the Englishman stands first. We frequently, between him and the German, see often demonstrated the difference between education of the schools and self-education. In the one case all is done for the person, and therefore he does little for himself. He acquires no spirit of enterprise, of self-reliance; he becomes the creature of forms, and walks leisurely and by rule. In the other, so little is done for the person

that he feels every hour the necessity of doing for himself. He is thrown into a stirring world, where he feels that there is no medium between fighting his way and being trodden underfoot. He has a thousand obstacles, and but little scientific guidance; but he takes his little talent in his hand, watches all the chances of life, and finds it grow like a snow-ball flung down a hill. Like a man wanting an ear or an eye, his other senses and faculties become proportionably sharpened. The necessity of exertion invigorates the whole constitution of his mind. What he wants in early discipline, experience becomes to him; what he lacks in methodical science he gains in quickness and adaptability of genius. Thus it is that even too much may be done for individual success; and while nothing can excel the learnedness, method, and completeness with which the German lectures on all kinds of art, science, and management; of agriculture, government, and administration of justice, including the business of public offices, posting and police; it is nevertheless true, that in three months in London, in shop, warehouse, office, or in any branch of physical science, the German would acquire more practical knowledge than he now learns from generation to generation.* They have admirable

* I have often spoken of the formalities of German offices. In the mere matter of sending a parcel, which any coach-office in England would forward without delay, if only wrapped in a bit of brown paper, and tied with a string, what difficulties meet you in Germany! A parcel must be wrapped in a certain way. It must have so many seals upon it. Its contents and value must be written outside. If of one weight, must go by one conveyance; if of another, by a second; if of another, by a third. It must under certain circumstances be wrapped in an oil-cloth. Failing any one of these formalities it cannot go. It is returned, or sent from one office to another, till more time is consumed than is necessary to take it to its destination. A title-deed was sent from England for my signature, which was urgently wanted back by return of post. Though signed and sent to the packet-post the same day, under the directions of our German banker, yet so many obstacles arose that, after several days delay, we sent it by the omnibus proprietor to the Steam Company at the Rhine. Two months afterwards, the sender in England wrote, in great distress to know why the deed was not returned; and on inquiry at the omnibus proprietor's, we found it still lying in his house! The Rhine Company had not dared to take it because it belonged to the Packet-post department; and the poor man could not tell to whom to return it. He had even advertised it in the little Heidelberg newspaper, which we never see; but though there were only about six English families in the place, and he knew it came from one, it had never occurred to him to send round and inquire. A common hostler, or boots, in England, would have done it in ten minutes. *In four months* the parcel reached England!!

lecturers on chemistry, pharmaceutics, mechanics, and physics; but in all chemical and pharmaceutical preparations, and in mechanical practice, how far, in general, stands Germany behind England. The activity of mind, the sharpening of his faculties, the facility of his movements, both bodily and mental, which the free constitution of England, and the conducting of most, if not the whole of the economy of society by individual enterprise, instead of by government, and the perpetual discussion in newspapers, journals, and conversation of every possible point of political science, of religious dogma, and every question of social interest, give to the Englishman, are his grand education. It is a fact, too, that notwithstanding the large libraries to be found in the large cities and university towns of Germany, and the liberality with which they are opened to the public use; yet in other towns the subscription libraries are generally very inferior to what we have now in our provincial towns, and therefore the facilities for substantial reading amongst the mass of citizens are less. This amongst the lesser tradesmen and mechanics applies with still greater force. The artizan has his library in most English towns, and now makes great use of it. He reads and discusses every point of politics, and acquires thereby a vivacity and activity of mind very striking when compared with his peer in other countries. Thus, in the burgher class in Germany, though we should perhaps find more who would read Schiller and Goethe than of the same class in England who would read Milton and Shakspeare; yet in the Englishman, with a less intellectuality of taste, a far greater mass of political knowledge and vigorous adaptability of mind exists. A survey of the libraries from which the shop-keeping class in England and in Germany derive their respective books, would shew a curious contrast. The Englishman of this class has evinced a growing disposition to become a member of a subscription library; even if it were only of the artizan's library. In either of these he reads more and more of travels, of history, of the best fictions, and works of a miscellaneous character; and he has of late years bought largely of the very cheap reprints of our standard authors, which have been so extensively circulated. Here, the lower we go, the wider becomes the difference between the spread of general information in the two countries. In both, the common circulating

library is, to use a country phrase, pretty much of a muchness. It abounds with the worst of trash; but while to the lower class of tradesmen and artizans in England the subscription libraries furnish a large and rational resource, in German towns the circulating library is too much left to be the resource of the lower burgher and mechanic. And what a world of wild and horrific matter is that! With a thin sprinkling of the best authors, Schiller, Goethe, Richter, Herder, etc.—what bombastic and horror-breathing titles meet us on all sides! “The Wandering Spirit;” “The Enchanted Dagger;” “The Blood-red Death-torch;” “The Subterranean Blood-Doom of Barcelona;” “Drahomeia, with the Serpent-ring, or Nightly Wanderings in the Dungeon of Horror, at Karlstein, near Prague;” “The Ghostly Mother of the Rock of Gutenstein;” “The Flammen-ritter, or the Death-dance in the Wienerwald;” “The Prophetic Dream-shape;” “The Bandit from Honour and Misanthrope;” “Rauhenstein, or the Blood-bath in the Hellenen-Thal, near Baden,” etc. etc.

Here then we come to the point of the most surprising and singular peculiarity in the educational provisions of the two countries. While England has been bitterly upbraided, and not unjustly, for the neglect of the education of its working classes by government, there is no country in which so much has been done by the people themselves, and by the press, for the diffusion of popular information, and for supplying intellectual aliment to all as fast as they become educated. With our cheap books, periodicals and newspapers, we have even outrun the progress of our schools, and the moment a man can read, he finds knowledge lying all round him like a manna. While Germany, on the other hand, has done so much for universal education, there are few countries which have done less for carrying out the legitimate purposes of education, by supplying the great mass with sound sources of information as fast as they are prepared for it.

The English mechanic has his library, his newspapers, and his cheap and yet handsome editions of standard authors. The German mechanic has few or none of these. The English mechanic finds in his library a multitude of the best authors in his language; but the German, if he found them, could not read them. Our language, simple in its construction, and written in a popular

style, is as intelligible to a tolerably sensible mechanic as to a lord; but it is very different with the German. This language is most artificial in its construction, and involved in its style. The common people cannot pretend to speak, or even to comprehend its grammatical niceties; and as it is written by the standard authors, it is as much Greek to them as Greek itself. This is a great obstacle to the spread of intelligence amongst the multitude. They must be educated far beyond what they are at present, to comprehend the best writers of their native language. For this reason, we see no such cheap re-prints of all the best authors in Germany, as we see in England. They have, it is true, their Penny Magazine and Penny Cyclopaedia; but these do not go amongst the multitude, as do our Penny Magazine, Saturday Magazine, and Chambers' Journal. Their minds are not quickened by politics, for that is a dead region to them. Their newspapers contain a scrap of news from all parts of the world; more from other countries than their own. Discussions of political topics, bold callings in question of their government's acts, there are none. The world of politics, with all its mind-stirring schemes, is shut to them; and if they venture into it, they soon knock their heads against so many posts-and-rails of government prohibition that they are glad to walk out again.

But this is still more vastly the case in the country. Here lies the great difference between English and German society; here lies the great difference between the facilities for the spread of popular information between the two countries. In England a mixed population lives throughout the whole country; rich and poor, all classes live there: but as we have earlier remarked, the case is totally different in Germany. There is nothing like our English rural life there. The great mass of the population of Germany is agricultural, and therefore lives in the country; but that mass is almost purely and exclusively a peasantry. In each village is a clergyman and a doctor, with perhaps an official of one kind or another; and all besides are of the Bauer-stand, the rank of peasants, be they rich or poor. They most of them possess land, and all are to a degree educated. But they have no politics to rouse them; and with few exceptions, no examples of greater elegance of life, or greater intelligence, to excite their emulation.

They are all alike, they see no necessity for an advance in mental cultivation. All work hard, smoke hard, many drink hard, and the young dance hard; and so they go through the world.

What then is the state of education amongst this great and prevalent class—amongst what, indeed, may be called *the people* in Germany? All go to school, *i. e.*, in winter all the children go to school the greater part of the day. In summer they go from six in the morning till eleven, which is their dinner-time. This, with an interval or two for play, is their school day in summer. In the afternoon they go to the fields and woods to labour. At twelve or fourteen years of age they quit the school altogether; and all work—father, mother, brothers and sisters—in the fields. Their life, as we have seen, is a life of incessant labour. What education they therefore acquired in school is all that they do acquire. This consists of a little reading, writing, arithmetic, and singing. This is their education, and here it ceases. They never pursue it farther themselves. They have no time, and no inclination. Whatever might be the case in England,—however there a universal education might set all heads on fire; turn ploughmen into poets, fillers of carts and fellers of wood into philosophers, millers into metaphysicians, and patchers of soles of shoes into preachers to souls of men,—there is not a glimpse of such an effervescence in Germany. The working people are artizans and Bauers, and nothing more. There can be no greater proof of it than, though they once had a glorious old poetical shoemaker, Hans Sachs, they yet have no Burns, no Hogg, no Allan Cunningham, no Clare, no Bloomfield.* But there is still a more curious proof of it, and that is in the books which this class, this universally educated class of Germany, actually read at this moment. These may be seen by any one on the stalls of any fair. This is a curious spectacle, and deserving of the most particular notice of the friends of popular education. In Germany, the country of this universal education, where this has in some States been established for these twenty years and more, behold the book shop from which the bulk of the working population derive their supply of reading!

* In Carlsruhe there is a Baker-poet, of some reputation; and an Austrian common soldier, Hilscher, is said to have made an admirable, if not the very best, German translation of Childe Harold. He died neglected and in want!

Justinus Kerner, a man as well acquainted as any with the people of his own country, thus introduces the popular book-stall in his "Reiseschatten." "A booth with Folks Books and Folks Songs drew me forward. The Jäger and the miller youth were already there. The Jäger sought for the song 'The Jäger from the Palatinate;' the miller bought the pamphlet entitled 'The Miller's Garland of Honour.' The maidens from the next fountain were all got round the stall, and the vender was assaying the newest songs for them with the accompaniment of a dulcimer. The Jäger, a handsome young man, kissed one of the maidens after another, and they did not take it ill. The miller youth would have done the same, as I well saw, but he was young and not so confident. Perhaps he was already in love, for he purchased the song 'Oh! were I but a Bird;' and hummed aloud, 'Greet my Love a thousand times.' But the Jäger looked on the girls like the roes in the forest, as all belonging to him, and therefore he clasped two in each arm.

"It was at this stall that were purchased fine pictures, hearts filled with rhymes, and printed love-letters, which

Were written in the city,
Where love doth never tire,
And written in the year
When love was all a fire.

Probably many a dear child stood here who purchased a painted heart, and found in her bosom a love-warm one. Most of the damsels purchased 'The Holy Genovefa.' 'That,' said one, 'is out of the Bible—the greatest love of a book.' 'Nay,' said another, 'the Horned Siegfried is much more to my taste.' 'Ah!' because thy lover is a soldier,' replied her neighbour; and the maiden laughed and reddened, shewing that she had been rightly hit.

"'Ah, have you now? Is it there yet? God be thanked, there it hangs,' cried a youngster crushed through the throng, and tearing from the string 'The Four Heymon's Children,' flung down the money, and away."

This favourite stall of the country people is, in fact, hung all round with prints, coloured in flaming style, of Christ, the Virgin, Saints, Buonaparte, etc. Numberless songs flutter on wretched paper; there, painted and gilt hearts, with verses printed in them,

lie in heaps with the printed love-letters, amongst which every one finds one expressive of his feelings, and purchasing, encloses in a cover. There are also plenty of kalendars, mostly in the shape of a boy's copy-book. Every peasant buys a kalendar, which, besides all almanac matters, is adorned with wood-cuts, and enriched with a miscellany of selected matter for fireside reading. Folks kalendars, of a much more handsome description, are sold in the shops, but are bought rather by the other classes than the Bauer.

Besides these, are piles of little books, the popular literature of all agricultural and hand-working Germany; and even great favourites amongst the poetical of all classes. Most of them are on wretched paper, with wood-cuts of the rudest kind. Some are for the Catholic population; and did we not see it, we could not have believed that at this time of day in any country, much less in that of Protestantism and popular education, such childish trash could be read and credited. But that these are read and heartily believed, their constant and extensive sale at the stalls is sufficient evidence. In the more thoroughly Catholic states we repeatedly asked the booksellers whether the peasantry purchased many books. The universal answer was—"Not a book, except kalendars and prayer-books." These books present by far too striking an exhibition of the state of mind and intelligence in a Catholic population, even when living surrounded by and mixed up with Protestants, *and educated in the same national schools* with them, to be passed over without some marked notice. One of these little books, "*Geistliches Gnaden-Brünnlein mit Zwölf Röhren*"—Little spiritual Fountain of Grace with twelve Pipes—contains this, amongst a heap of equally marvellous matter:—"A little girl tended cattle in Bavaria, in fields where stood an old stone image of the Mother of God. The Virgin appeared to her and offered to teach her a prayer, on condition that she taught it to others. The little maid, however, kept the prayer to herself. She died, but could not rest in her grave. Being demanded by the priest why she walked, she replied because she had kept this prayer secret, and now she must have no rest till every man was made acquainted with it. Of course every good Christian must be anxious to give the poor girl rest by spreading this important prayer, and here it is: 'God greet thee, Mary. God greet thee, Mary. Oh, Mary, I greet thee thirty-

three thousand times! Oh, Mary! I greet thee as the archangel Gabriel greeted thee. It rejoices thee in thy heart, and me in my heart, that the archangel Gabriel has brought the heavenly salutation. Ave Maria!’ ”

But the most extraordinary is the—

ROMANUS BÜCHLEIN

Vor

Gott der Herr bewahre meine Seele,
meinen Aus-und Eingang; von
nun an bis in alle Ewigkeit.
Amen. Halleluja.

~~~~~  
Gedruckt in Venedig.

The Little Roman Book. Before God the Lord keep my soul, my going out and my coming in, from now till all eternity. Amen. Halleluia. Printed in Venice.

This little book of forty-eight pages consists of a number of prayers and recipes to put down and bless us from all evils; and if it only verified a hundredth part of its assertions would be the greatest gift to mankind that ever came upon earth. There is first a morning prayer which a man must pronounce when on travel, and it will preserve him from all evil. If a man has a sore mouth and throat, let him use this form and it is a certain remedy. Job travelled through the country: he had his staff in his hand. God the Lord met him and said, “Job, why art thou so sorrowful?” “Ah, God!” he answered, “how can I be otherwise than sorrowful, I have such a sore throat and mouth.” God said to Job, “There runs a stream in the valley there which shall heal thee, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen.” This must be pronounced three times in the morning and three in the evening; and as you say “It shall heal thee,” you must blow three times into the child’s mouth. Let no mother henceforth suffer her child to smart with the thrush. But that worst of mortal pains the tooth-ache is equally easily got rid of. St. Peter stood under an oak bush. Our dear Lord Jesus said to him, “Peter, why so sorrowful?” Peter said, “Why should I not be sorrowful, for I have a horrible tooth-ache.” “Go down to the earth,” said the Lord Jesus, “and take water in thy mouth, and spout it out again upon the ground. Cross thyself three times.



Amen." Here is a defence against fire. "Take a black hen out of its nest, morning or evening; cut off its head; throw it on the earth; cut out its stomach; leave its contents in. Take a piece of a maiden's chemise, as large as a plate. Wrap these together. Take heed that thou get an egg that was laid on Good Friday; roll these things altogether with wax; put them in a pipkin, cover it, and bury it under thy door-sill; and, with God's help, so long as a piece of this remains in the house, though fire was raging both before and behind it, not a spark should injure thee or thy children. Or if a sudden fire burst out, take a whole maiden's chemise, roll it up, and fling it into the fire. It is a certain remedy. Or write these cabalistic letters on each side of a plate, and throw it into the fire, and it will immediately and obediently go out.

|      |    |    |    |     |
|------|----|----|----|-----|
| " S. | A. | T. | O. | R.  |
| A.   | R. | E. | P. | O.  |
| T.   | E. | N. | E. | T.  |
| O.   | P. | E. | R. | A.  |
| R.   | O. | T. | A. | S." |

This form of letters is an equal protection to cattle, written up over their stall, against witchcraft and devil's work. To free and make secure both man and beast from witches who bewitch the cattle, from bad men and spirits who in the night plague both old and young people, affix this on the stall, or write it on the bedstead—"Trottenkopf, I forbid thee my house and my yard, my stable and cowhouse. That thou comest not into my house, begone into another, or climb every hill in the country, count every hedge-stake, walk over every water, before thou returnest; then will the dear day come again into my house? In the name of the Father, etc. Amen."

To drive away ghosts and all sorts of witchcraft, this form is invincible—

|                   |
|-------------------|
| I.                |
| N. I. R.          |
| I.                |
| Sanctus Spiritus. |
| I.                |
| N. I. R.          |
| I.                |

Let this defend us here, in time and in eternity. Amen.



Against all ill-luck and danger in the house—Saint Mattheus, Saint Marcus, Saint Lucas, Saint Johannes.\* To preserve house and yard from sickness and thieves,—

Ito, alo Massa Dando Baudo, III. Amen.

I. R. N. R. I.

If any evil person has caused a cow to go off in her milk, give three spoonsful of the first milk to the cow, and say, "If any one asks thee what has become of the milk, say, Nimmfam has been here, and I have eaten it in the name of the Father, etc." Or write on three strips of paper,

J. Kreuz Jesu Christi Milch goss.

J. Kreuz Jesu Christi Wasser goss.

J. Kreuz Jesu Christi Haben goss.

Take these three strips, some milk from the ailing cow, a little powder scraped from the scull of a poor sinner; put all in a pot, boil it well, and the witch must cry out. Or take the three written strips in the mouth, go before the cowhouse, pronounce the words three times, step into the stall, and all the witches will not only be seen, but the cow will be well.

Against fever :—Pray early. Twirl your shirt by the left arm three times round, saying three times these words, "Shirt twirl on, fever begone!" Name the name of him who has the fever, and it will leave him. To bann a thief so that he must stand still, be he where he may, and cannot move from the spot till you release him, "Three-and-thirty angels sat together, they sate about Mary, then said St. Daniel, 'Good wife, I see thieves. They will steal thy child, and I cannot hinder it.' Then said our dear Lady to St. Peter, 'Bind, St. Peter, bind!' St. Peter said, 'I have bound with a band, with Christ's own hand; if they steal my goods, in house, or fields, or woods; in vineyard, orchard, garden-ground; in chest, or meadow, they are bound.' Our dear Lady said, 'Let him steal that will, but make him there stand still; like tethered goat, or like a stock, till he has counted every rock; every rock, and star, and stone, that over heaven and earth are strewn, etc. etc.'" This must be pronounced on a Friday morning before sunrise;

\* To protect houses from thieves, witchcraft, etc. you see written on the doors, the names of the three kings of Cologne, thus—Kasper + Melchior + Balthasor.



and to loose the bann, you must call on St. John. It is equally effective, to cry out upon seeing a thief making off, "On our Lord God his grave, three lilies wave; the first is God's high word, the second is his blood; the third is his will, so thief stand thou still." If the goods are gone, it is likely that you will wish them back again. This then is what you have to do. You must go in a morning before the sun is up to a juniper bush, bend it towards the east with the left hand, and say, "Juniper bush, I bend thee and oppress thee, till the thief brings the stolen goods back." You must then take a stone and lay it on the bush, and on it the skull of a sinner † † † (here you cross yourself thrice). As soon as the thief has brought the goods, you must give especial heed to lay the stone back in the place where you picked it up. Of the sinner's skull, the form says nothing further. As, however, juniper bushes may not be so plentiful as thieves in some places, there is another remedy for you. You have only then to go to a pear-tree, taking three nails out of a coffin, or three horse-shoe nails quite new, and smeared with the fat of a malefactor. Hold the nails towards the east, and say, "O thief, I thee by the first nail constrain, which I strike into thy forehead and brain; by the second through liver and lungs; by the third through thy foot; thy wrongs, with the pains of Judas, Pilot, and hell, shall follow where thou goest, and well, torment thee in foot, and liver, and brain, till the goods thou hast stolen, thou restore again."

These valuable recipes are worth knowing to the Associations for the Prosecution of Felons. They must save them much in advertising, and rewards for discovery, and by-the-by, offer infinite advantages over prosecutions in our courts, where you get heavy lawyers' fees, but seldom your goods again. Here you have the goods and save your costs. But the comforts of this Catholic faith are infinite, and if the English once become aware of a tithe of them, O'Connell will certainly yet live to see high mass in Westminster Abbey. In this one little book you have remedies for all mortal evils. If you want always to win at play, you have only to bind on the arm with which you throw, the heart of a bat with red silk. There are forms for you against all—shooting, cutting and maiming, housebreaking, robbery, murder; against all evils that can happen to your cattle. You can bless your gun, by "Christ's



five wounds good, and his rose-coloured blood," so that it shall always kill, and you can bind off anybody from killing your game. You may so cut a stick, saying the proper formula at the time, that it will thrash your enemy let him be where he will, and as far off as he will. You can compel a Judge to judge your cause aright; no trifling matter. You can stop the most inveterate bleeding by writing the names of the four rivers of Paradise—Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Phrat; and laying them in the first book of Moses, second chapter, and verses 11, 12, 13, and 14. To bless weapons and make them invincible you must call on the three kings, Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazer; the archangel St. Uriel; the Twelve Patriarchs; the whole host of heaven, and the saints who are numberless; concluding this extensive, but invaluable invocation, which probably was the secret of all Buonaparte's wonderful success, with these words—Sapa. R. tam. Tetragammaten Angeli. Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judeorum.

Such are the contents of the books which at this day are bought, read, and believed, by the Catholic peasantry of Germany. Who shall, after this, fear the education of the people, for all these people are taught in the national schools? Kerner, who has gone amongst the people as their doctor, and is particularly interested in these things, says that nothing has surprised him so much as the firm faith still of the German peasantry in everything belonging to witchcraft, appearances of the devil, and belief in hidden treasures. Even in villages newly settled, this last point of belief is singularly as strong as in the oldest ones.

Besides these books, are plenty of "Dream-books," "Books of Fate," "Fortune-telling Books, by pricking with a Pin;" "Egyptian Secrets for Man and Beast;" "Love-letter Writers for both Sexes," etc. They have scores of cheap little books, such as "The Invaluable Lock in the African Cave Xaxa;" the "History of Dr. Faustus;" "Dead Laughter," a German Joe Miller; "Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew;" "The Three Miller's Daughters," a dreadful Blue-Beard story; "The Atrocities of the Turks against the Greeks;" "The Wars of Buonaparte," equally popular; "Schinderhannes the Robber," etc. etc.

With such wild, dismal, and dreadful stories, do the German Bauers *amuse* their long winter evenings. But besides these they



have a class of a much higher character. Stories which have come down from the good old times of simplest faith and chivalrous adventure, and which, while they are as romantic as possible, are full of a fine poetry, and of exalted sentiments. Such are "The History of Griseldis and the Mark-Graf Walther;" the Patient Grizel of Bocaccio and Chaucer; "The Holy Genoveva;" "The Emperor Octavianus;" "Fortunatus with his Cap;" "The Horned Siegfried;" "Tristan and Isalde;" "The Beautiful Melusina," a sea wonder, and the daughter of King Helmas; "The Fair Magelona;" "The Four Heymon's Children;" "Roland's Three Pages;" "Schneeweisschen," etc. etc. So beautiful are these old stories, that Tieck, Immermann, and others, have re-written many of them, but the people still prefer their old versions. Not only they, but children of all ranks, read them with the utmost enthusiasm, and you may see the faces of grave and learned professors kindled with great animation as they recal the rapture with which they used to read of the Four Heymon's Children riding forth on the good horse Beyard; of the trials of Genoveva, or Griseldis; how Octavianus avenged himself on the traitor who brought so much trouble on his empress and his children; or how Peter with the silver keys, after all his wanderings and adventures, won his beautiful and good Magelona, and lived long with her, as the noble Graf of Provence.\*

When the simple people have wept and wondered enough over

\* Stilling, in his *Life*, describes the effect which these books had upon his imagination, and it is easy to see in the plentiful feeding of the minds of the German children with all this mass of Romances, Sagas, and Märchen, the origin of the dreaming, idealizing, and compared with the English, less matter-of-fact character of the German. "Stilling was allowed to read pleasant histories, easily comprehended by a child, as 'The Emperor Octavianus with his Wife and Sons,' 'The Beautiful Melusina,' and the like. Hence came it that his whole soul began to entertain itself with idealities; his imagination was excited; the heroes of old with their over-charged virtues became his models, and crimes inspired him with abhorrence. In the orchard, and a strip of wood adjoining, where he daily played in fine weather, he created utterly ideal scenes. There was an Egyptian wilderness; a bush was exalted into a cave, where he represented St. Anthony, and prayed enthusiastically. In one part of this imaginary region was the Well of Melusina; there was Turkey, where the Sultan and his daughter, the lovely Marcibilla lived; there the castle of Montalban, in which dwelt Reinhold, etc. To these places he made daily pilgrimages; no creature can imagine the pleasure he enjoyed. His spirit flowed over; he stammered forth rhymes and had poetical fits. This life continued till his tenth year." pp. 66-7.



these, they read others over which to laugh. "Tyll Eulenspiegel," or as in our old translation, "Howler-glass," the mischievous wag who puts the whole country into confusion by taking every one literally at their word; "Renard the Fox;" "The Seven Swabians," a good-humoured quiz on Swabian simplicity; "The Schildburgers," the story which we have naturalized as "The Wise Men of Gotham." A new and much handsomer edition of these is now publishing, more, however, for the general reader than for the Bauers.

These, with "Tales of Giants," "Henry the Lion," "Hirlanda," "Helena," "Joachim and Anna," "Duke Ernest," and others as romantic; with their Legends, Sagas, and Märchen innumerable, are the people's literature of Germany. They certainly form a striking contrast to what is circulated amongst the people in England, and we doubt whether the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge would not awfully shake its head at them. They belong, however, to the history and genius of the people, who find enough of the dry and common-place in their daily labour, and certainly spread a simple, high, and unworldly feeling amongst them, if they do nothing more. To all those who have augured the most astonishing revolutions from the general education of a people, they present a subject of curious cogitation.



## CHAPTER XXI.

### RELIGION.

Ach! Lieb und Treu ist hin, die Gottesfurcht erkaltet,  
Der Glaub ist abgethan, Beständigkeit veraltet.

JOHANNES RIST, 1667.

Ah! love and truth are gone, the fear of God waxed cold,  
Faith is worn fairly out, and stedfastness grown old.

THERE is nothing in Germany which surprises an Englishman more, or is less satisfactory to him, than the state of religion. One is not prepared to find the sober, domestic, imaginative, and philosophical Germans like the light, and by their philosophers unchristianized, French, comparatively little regardless of the decorum of keeping the Sabbath. But the first things which strike us are the open shops, the mechanics at work, and the crowded theatres, public-houses, and dancing-rooms. Shops, though not generally kept open, are so in most towns; in some more, in some less; in some to a very great extent. This is neither religious nor philosophical, for a Sunday, as a day of rest and relaxation, is one of the most wise and salutary of institutions, independent of religion, which can possibly be adopted, and of which every labouring creature ought to have the benefit. But, besides in shops, a great deal of work goes on. Painters and joiners you find very soberly at work in the houses. A great number of tradesmen seem to choose this day especially for sending out all sorts of things for your approbation, particularly parcels of books; and in company, ladies are as busy with their knitting as ever. Theatres on those days give their best pieces, and dancing-saloons and public-houses are crowded to excess.



These are things which shock the ideas of our countrymen; but so far as amusement is concerned, the Germans, who regard religion as a thing cheerful in itself, and intended for the happiness of man, hold it more natural that a day more particularly set apart for God's worship should not the less be devoted to the enjoyment of his creatures. That, according to Christ's own declaration, the sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath. However far these notions may square with ours, we begin to look a little further into religious affairs, and we are again surprised. Instead of that numerous variety of sects, as amongst us, we find almost the whole population included under the two great denominations of Catholic and Protestant. In some states, as Austria and Bavaria, Catholicism prevails; in others, Protestantism; and again in others, the two parties are pretty equally balanced. Pietists they have, in the north, a great number; but these are merely people of more lively religious feeling and devotional practice, still belonging to the Protestant church. They have some settlements of the HERNNHUTERS and some ANABAPTISTS; and these are nearly all the separatists from the established Protestant church, though the HERNNHUTERS, like the Methodists in England, do not allow themselves to be separatists. Formerly they had the old Lutherans, who retained the old papal gown and burnt lights on the altar, and the Reformed Lutheran; but these, with a sequacity amazing to us, have voluntarily, or on the recommendation of the respective governments, or under a certain degree of compulsion, mostly united under one form, and are styled the Evangelical Lutheran church.

To our ideas, accustomed to see the pugnacity with which every different shade of opinion is maintained in England, the fire of religious zeal there, and the habit of deeming the difference of opinion in a single dogma or rite a sufficient ground for a separate sect, it is marvellous that men holding many different opinions on religious subjects can consent to preach from the same pulpit, or to sit under such a ministry. But the Germans hold mere variety of opinion on different points as belonging to the right of private judgment, but not as authorising a variety of separations. Still this is wonderful to us; and we regard it as a greater evidence of the spirit of conformity impressed on them by long obedience to



arbitrary government than of their religious zeal. When we look a little deeper, we see other causes, and still less satisfactory ones. There is a vast amount of indifferentism and disbelief.

The fact is, that, to an awful extent, the Germans have become philosophized out of their religion. The Illuminati of Germany boasted of having systematized infidelity, and of being the real preparers of the French Revolution. The French have boasted of this for them. In a pamphlet of 1795, "*Cri de la Raison*," it is said of them, "*Ces Illuminés d'Allemagne, dont les Jacobins de la France ne sont qu'une émanation.*" Till Mirabeau had imported the Illuminatismus from Germany, where he had actually been as a spy of the French ministry, and where he had fallen in with the Illuminati of Berlin, with the celebrated bookseller Nicolai at their head, and with Mauvillon in Brunswick, the French had no organized corporation for the propagation of infidelity. Their wits and philosophers maintained a sort of random and disconnected fire—a sort of guerilla war of ridicule and mockery on Christianity. But the Germans had, in their usual methodical and earnest manner, gone more unitedly to work. Already in 1776 the Society of the Illuminati had been founded by Professor Weishaupt at Ingoldstadt; and this body was now actively and widely in steady operation when Mirabeau was introduced to it. He conveyed the grand machinery to France. It was eagerly adopted, especially by Philip Egalité, the father of the present king, and Holbach, the author of the "*Système de la Nature*;" and in that hour Jacobinism had its birth. What a retribution did Germany receive for this fatal gift! What a monster that Jacobinism soon grew into! The volcano of the revolution, into whose inner heart the infernal fire had thus been first thrust by German hands, kindled, heaved, thundered, burst forth, and with its fiery ruin not only covered all France, but Germany and all Europe. No people however suffered more humiliation and devastation than the Germans. They were slaughtered like sheep; their ancient military fame laid in the dust; their ancient independence annihilated; a haughty conqueror stood over them, and turned their dishonoured swords against one another.

Yet, spite of this terrible chastisement, the Germans have still clung with a fatal fondness to this passion for Paganism. From



the moment that Kant promulgated his doctrines of Experience\* and Pure Reason, they have pushed those doctrines, legitimately or illegitimately, to the utter extinction of Christianity, especially their philosophers Fichte and Hegel; while others, like Schleiermacher, have endeavoured to Platonize it. Those sects which have ceased to be discernible in the outward form of the church, have flourished nevertheless amongst the philosophers and theologians. Rationalists, or those who renounced all belief in the miraculous portions of the Scriptures, have been arrayed against the Supernaturalists, or those who retained more or less of this belief; and fierce war has raged from pulpits, philosophical chairs, and the press. But the Rationalists have gradually gained ground. Paulus, who published a "Life of Christ," in which it was endeavoured to reconcile the Christian faith with the explanation of the scriptural miracles on natural principles, has been cast into the shade by Strauss, whose "Leben Jesu" (Life of Christ) has collected and arranged all the most celebrated arguments of the sceptics against the miracles, and has, according to his disciples, for ever levelled the whole fabric of scriptural revelation to the dust.

It is melancholy to discover to what a vast extent these doctrines have spread amongst the rising and student generation of Germany. These take their opinions of the Christian religion not from the pulpit, nor the Bible itself, but from the philosophical chair; and those who are aware how great is the veneration of the German for anything in the shape of philosophy, and how sensitive he is to public opinion, ought not to be surprised at the ravages which Rationalism has made amongst the educated classes of Germany. This trial and sifting of Christianity is beyond all question the most severe to which it has ever yet been subjected. The French attacked it by witticism and ridicule—sharp and dazzling weapons, but no arguments. They produce a vivid influence on the imagi-

\* Kant's doctrine, that we should proceed in philosophical and especially metaphysical inquiries on the firm basis of our own experience, is in itself, and so applied, a sound axiom; but as pushed by others, and applied to the historical proofs of a religion, amounts to the gross absurdity of denying the existence of every thing which moves or lives beyond our own narrow circle. On this principle, a toad in the heart of a rock or of an oak tree, where, as it has often been found, it must have lived for many years, probably for ages, must be pronounced a great philosopher if it concluded that there was no world at all.



nation for a time; but when the earnest mind comes to search steadily for itself, that effect vanishes. When, however, a deep-thinking, solemn, and philosophical people, like the Germans, set all their strongest intellects to root out every belief in revelation by the shrewdest and most subtle philosophical arguments; when they collect from every nation the most tried weapons of scepticism; when the Encyclopedists of France, and Bolingbroke, Hobbs, and Hume, of England, are enlisted in the cause; when all, in fact, which has been urged with most effect against scriptural revelation is laboriously built up into a system, and solemnly honoured with the name of Philosophy—who cannot perceive to what a wide and permanent extent the mischief must take root? What young German student, with the German fear of public opinion and philosophic ridicule tremblingly alive in him, when he hears that Christianity is unphilosophical, that the greatest minds of his nation have pronounced miracles to be but the fables of ages of superstition and barbarism, will dare to believe Christianity any longer?

But there is no occasion to attack Christianity openly, and with the bitterness which the French did, from press or cathedra. This would not become the quiet decorum of German manners and German philosophy, and is besides unnecessary. Throw down the scaffolding of revelation, and it falls of itself. The Germans, therefore, still admit and admire the moral code,—the great doctrines of Christ; just as they admit the fine psychology of Plato. It is easy to see that a more fatal and effective assault on Christianity never was made than by this German philosophy. Accordingly, you hear every day the young men speak of it as a *Mythe*, like those of Greece, Rome, Persia, and India; and of Christ as a great religious philosopher, like Confucius, Budha, or Zoroaster; only greater and more successful, as he benefited by their going before him, and by his greater conception of the true nature and needs of man. The admixture of miracle in the history of the Jews is owing exactly, say they, to the same causes as that in the early histories of Greece and Rome. It is that incident to all people in distant credulous ages, and in their early career, before the sufficient advance of science and civilization. But you do not merely hear this daily in conversation,—you trace it in the literature and habits



of the people. Between the English and German literature there is no greater difference than in the religious tone of the two. In the English, in works of all kinds, you feel a high but healthy religious spirit. In all our great poets, not excepting Byron and Shelley, professed sceptics, you feel it. Byron and Shelley furnish some of the noblest passages of a religious and worshiping tone in the language. In all our miscellaneous works, not professedly religious, you feel the same. But it is very different in the German. Many are much surprised to find no trace of Christianity in Heine; but this is by no means wonderful—it would be a wonder were it there—for Heine is a Jew; and what is very remarkable, the greater part of the writers styling themselves *Das junge Deutschland*, *The Young Germany*, in imitation of *La jeune France*, are Jews. But no one who has read much of the German poetry and general literature but must have remarked the absence of that religious tone which prevails in the best authors in England. Who finds it in Goethe or Schiller, in Lessing or Uhland, or a host of others? Much fine fancy and feeling, much worship of freedom and romantic chivalry, but very little worship of another kind. Herder is an exception. But the general rule is, that German books are either purely literary, or purely and professedly religious. The truth is, that in books as in common life, from the scepticism and *pure reason* which prevail, anything which assumes a tone of religion is immediately ridiculed as Pietism or Muckerism, as every thing of a more zealous kind used to be dubbed in England, Methodism.

Step out of books, and enter the Protestant churches. Who are the hearers? A great body of ladies—for luckily the ladies are not philosophized—whose truer interests and more devotional temperament keep them still adherents of the sublime and consolatory truths of Christianity; a considerable number of the common people; and a very, very thin sprinkling of gentlemen.

This anti-christian philosophy then, is the great corroding canker of Germany. Much of its growth may be attributed, no doubt, to a conscientious but erroneous inquiry after truth amongst its philosophers; much more to the great ambition of creating a philosophical reputation—of becoming the founder of a system, and the head of a school. If we look, therefore, through the history of German philosophy, what a succession of bursting



bubbles it is! Every few years has its great gun of philosophy; the new man, with his new system, which explodes all before it, as the next, in a few more years, explodes it. Little reputation for acute genius or originality is to be acquired by merely illustrating and maintaining what is already known and excellent; to acquire a name it is necessary to start a new wonder. Hence every ten years has its new system of metaphysics, and yet when we have gone through them all we find that we know very little more than we did. That we have certain faculties, and feelings, and passions, was no secret to us; of their origin, mode of existence, and duration, each man has his theory, and in this world we get no warrant for its being anything more than his theory. As to the theological philosophers of Germany, there never were words which more strikingly applied to them, than those of the book they fight against: "men who darken counsel with many words without knowledge;" and, "hewers of cisterns, broken cisterns which hold no water." When they have created a whole legion of these cisterns, or systems, we find not one in the heap worth an empty nut, when compared with the grand philosophic system of Christ. He is still the great Philosopher. In his system you find all so sublime, so lucid, so simple; so admirably adapted to all the wants and to the very constitution of human nature; so coinciding with our best feelings; so animating to the pursuit of all that is noble in life and consolatory in death—that no other philosopher is fit to carry his shoes after him. He who would take this system, and boldly expound its doctrines—not as now metamorphosed and politically disguised in modern churches; but as they stand, pure and glorious, in the New Testament itself—who would exhibit them as the great principles of human freedom, human benevolence, human purity, and ennoblement of our whole moral and intellectual being, might not gain a fleeting popularity as the best cistern-hewer of the day, but would render more service to genuine science and the general interests of man, in one age, than all the speculations on our intellectual constitution will render to the end of time. Even on the Kantian principle, that experience is the test of truth, there is no truth so great or beneficent as that of the Christian religion; for there is nothing to which the experience of all the civilized world bears such testimony, as to the magnificent



effects of the Christian doctrines on the advance of civilization itself, and on the establishment of every principle of political and juridical justice and social virtue.

To what a condition this sceptical tendency has brought philosophy itself in Germany, we may learn from the first Lecture of Schelling, at Berlin, already published. He asserts that the public does not trouble itself about philosophy while it is in its infancy, or in its general progress. The philosopher makes it the business of his life—all others wait till philosophy arrives at its end; then it is that it first becomes important to the world through its conclusions. That the most utter inexperience cannot imagine that the world is prepared to receive any result which is offered to it as that of a profound and strict process of science, without regard to the nature of that result; or it must, according to circumstances, subject itself often to essential immorality, or to doctrines which tear up the very foundations of morals. Nobody expects this, and there never has been a philosopher who has imagined such a thing. The world does not pretend to understand the principles, or to follow all the subtleties and intricacies of evidence; but it satisfies itself simply with maintaining, that a philosophy which arrives at pernicious conclusions cannot possibly be sound in its principles.

“Was römische Sittenlehrer vom Nützlichen gesagt: ‘Nihil utile nisi quod honestum,’ müsse auch von dem Wahren gesagt werden. Was nun aber in Bezug auf das Sittliche jeder zugesteht, das muss auch von allen anderen, das menschliche Leben zusammenhaltenden Ueberzeugungen, also vorzüglich von den religiösen gelten. Keine Philosophie, die auf sich etwas hält, wird zugestehen, dass sie in Irreligion ende. Die Philosophie befindet sich nun aber grade in der Lage, dass sie in ihrem Resultat religiös zu seyn versichert, und dass man ihr diess nicht zugiebt, namentlich ihre Deductionen christlicher Dogmen nur für Blendwerk gelten lässt. Diess sagen selbst einige ihrer, getreuen oder ungetreuen Schüler. Wie es sich verhalten möge, ist vorerst gleichgültig: genug dass der Verdacht erregt worden, die Meinung vorhanden ist.

Das Leben behält aber am Ende immer Recht, und so droht denn zuletzt von dieser Seite wirklich der Philosophie selbst Gefahr. Schon stehen sie bereit, die gegen eine bestimmte Philosophie zu



eifern vorgeben, aber im Grunde alle Philosophie meinen und in ihrem Herzen sagen: Philosophie soll überhaupt nicht mehr seyn."

"What the Roman moralist says of the useful: '*Nihil utile nisi quod honestum*,' must also be said of the true; and what each asserts in regard to the moral, that applies also to all those other convictions which bind together human society, and pre-eminently to the religious. No philosophy which has any regard to its own reputation will assert that it will end in irreligion. But philosophy finds itself at this moment in exactly this situation, that it asserts its conclusions to be religious, and that this is not conceded to it; but its deductions of Christian dogmas are suffered only to pass as jugglery. This say even some of its true or untrue disciples. How far this is really the case, is at present of no consequence; it is enough that the suspicion has been raised—that the opinion is abroad.

"But life always in the end receives its due; and thus comes now, even from this side, danger to philosophy itself. Already stand those prepared who profess only to aim at a particular philosophy; but, at bottom, mean all philosophy, and in their hearts say there shall be no more philosophy at all."

Schelling announces, like an old prophet, that he believes Providence has preserved his life that he may raise philosophy out of this degraded and perilous state. That he will give up no single inch of moral ground which philosophy has gained, but hopes eventually to shew where it has swerved from its own principles. We shall see. In the mean time, it is fortunate that the truth of Christianity is a question not of metaphysics, but of historical and moral evidence; and, whether Schelling succeed or not—whether philosophy, so called, shall stand or fall—men of sound mind and plain common sense will take up the Bible, and judge whether it contains sufficient proof of its being an authentic history. Whether that series of prophecy which so wonderfully commenced with the commencement of the race, nearly six thousand years ago, and so wonderfully was carried on, from age to age, through the mouths and pens of so many different men, could be the invention of any individual of a genius however prodigious, or the conspiracy of a number; and whether in Christ these prophecies meet their legitimate fulfilment. The man who can read of Moses laying down



to the Israelites, before they were, in fact, a nation, before they entered their promised land, the whole history of that nation, and describing the very horrors which should accompany its end and the destruction of its capital, and can doubt the authority of the Old Testament and the legitimacy of the New, will not believe Schelling's finest reasoning. He has Moses and the Prophets, and if he believe them not, neither would he though one should rise from the dead. He who renounces the miraculous portion of the Jewish history, renounces the whole; for it is built entirely on a miraculous foundation: Take that away, and you connect its great actors with madmen or impostors. The attempts to do this are vain, and may well inspire the public with a contempt for such jugglery. There is no half-way house on this path—it is the *facilis descensus Averni*; and therefore the Catholics find sufficient occasion to say that Protestantism is but a slippery highway to Deism. The German philosophers are so conscious of this, that they tell us that the English will become as sceptical when they become as philosophical. Luckily we have already gone through the deistical fermentation of Bolingbroke, Hobbs, Tindal, Hume, and the contagious atmosphere of our lively neighbours across the Channel, and the sound sense of the nation has preserved it. The time, too, we may hope, is not far off when the same disease will have run its course in Germany. The Germans are a people who carry everything to an extreme; and this comfortless philosophy has probably nearly reached its acme.\* Nothing can be a more auspicious augury of this than the intense interest raised by Schelling's lectures, and the jubilation of a large party who see in him the apostle of a more sound and honourable philosophical faith.

\* The crisis has arrived. Since writing this, it is announced in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, that a numerous body of the disciples of the new philosophy in Berlin and Holstein have resolved to declare themselves. To separate publicly from the church, and unite themselves into a society called "Die Freien." The Free. They do this on the avowed ground that, disbelieving Christianity, they should justly incur the charge of hypocrisy were they longer to continue in apparent adherence to the church. They declare their conviction that the miracles of the Scriptures on which Christianity is based, are fictitious, and that the human understanding has itself sufficient sagacity to direct it in all spiritual matters. This is well. It is one thing to write, and another to act. Infidelity has no common principle of union. Its disciples always have, and always will, render themselves ridiculous when they band together openly. The French infidels rendered themselves worse—monsters of anarchy and carnage.



## CHAPTER XXII.

---

### CONCLUDING REMARKS.—POLITICS AND PROSPECTS.

---

WE have traversed a good portion of Germany, and taken a comprehensive glance at its people and their life; and we must testify that few finer countries lie on the face of the earth. A land of noble rivers and beautiful hills; of forests free to the foot of the wanderer, lovely in the sunshine of summer; their green glades rich in traditions, and their leaves whispering poetry in every wind. A land of plains cultivated like a garden; and of simple, swarming, indefatigable people. Germany is a country which, as the land of a distinguished portion of our ancestors—as the ancient, common source of much of our language—of the spirit of our constitution, and of many of our legal and social institutions, must always be interesting to us. It is a country which, to the British poet, antiquarian, and philologist, must ever be a rich mine; for we cannot now live long in it without every day seeing more and more, in the practices and speech of the people, the origin of many of our ideas, customs, and terms, which was before unknown to us. In the language of the common people, and especially in the Platt-deutsch, it is astonishing to find, after a lapse of a thousand years, how much remains which has been transplanted into and exists in ours, especially in the language of the common people of England. But it is when we look on the map of Europe, and consider the location, the extent, the population, and character of this country, in reference to these circumstances in the other nations of Europe—it is then that we see how important it must be for England to cultivate a memory of the ancient kinship, and an alliance of friendship, as well as interest with Germany. Of all the Continental countries, it is with Germany that we have been oftenest compelled to alliance by the intrigues and assumptions of other nations. It is with



Germany that least of all, through our whole history, have we had wars and rivalry. Across the Channel lies restless France; a nation like ourselves, too active and ambitious to live so near us without perpetual heart-burnings against us. But France is at the same time the nation which has not merely bickered with us, but has been the grand lump of leaven in the kneading-trough of Europe. Vain, fond of martial glory, ambitious of dominance, France has been from age to age also something more than leaven; it has been the political volcano of Europe, hurling forth on all sides its burning cinders and scalding lava. No country has felt this so much as Germany: it is probable that none is destined still to feel it more. Whether war, however, once more be waged, or the better knowledge of national and international interests shall prolong peace, nothing is more obvious than that at present it is the life only of Louis Philippe which gives Europe quietness; and that the moment that his firm and wise hand drops from the reins of government, the fiery spirit of France will burst forth in extraordinary forms. By the union of England and Germany, however, must peace be then achieved, or war successfully waged. It was by this union that we lived through the most terrible explosion which France ever made; it was by this that we put down the most terrible conqueror that it or any country ever sent forth.

But besides this, there is no other Continental nation with which, spite of our national dissimilarities, we have so many points of coincidence; or so kindred a character in literature, science, and social life. In mercantile matters how much better had it been if we had earlier adopted a more liberal system towards this country. With a population of forty millions—if we include the states of Austria, exclusive of the Italian ones, of sixty millions—almost the whole of which are agricultural, and by no means naturally disposed to manufacturing, what a field was here for our commerce! We had only to consent to feed our hungry manufacturers with their corn and cattle, and they offered in return their sixty millions of backs to clothe, besides the importation of various of our colonial articles of produce. By the grossest political stupidity we have shut out their corn, and starved our millions of spinners. We have excited a system of counteraction: Germany has closed itself to us, and become a rival manufacturing country. Every



town of our manufacturing districts stands at this moment a frightful spectacle, upbraiding us, in the attitude of Chartism and the language of despair, with our irremediable folly.

To those of our countrymen who now visit Germany—and how numerous are they every year—Germany must nevertheless still present itself as our most desirable political ally. It has now started actively on a new career. The dispensations through which it has passed during the last half century seem thoroughly to have aroused it. It aims to strengthen itself by internal union, and to raise itself by the promotion of manufactures, commerce, and scientific improvements. This is what it calls its physical tendency, in contradistinction to its long metaphysical one. Not only the sufferings of the past, but the menaces of the present, compel it to union. The pressure from without creates this tendency. France in the south and Russia in the north keep alive the salutary fear which binds its states together. The Bund, or Confederation, established at the Congress of Vienna in 1815, in which the nine-and-twenty states of Germany that survived the concussions of the Revolution united themselves, supplies the place of the old Imperial union;—as far as outward defence is concerned, no doubt, should it come to be tried, much better; for before the French Revolution the empire had become a mere figure,—a country which contained as many independent princes as there are days in the year, and nobles nearly as independent as these princes to the amount of two thousand. The Bund constitutes also a court for the maintenance of internal unity, of arbitration of claims and settlement of disputes amongst the associated states. True, the people say that this is a confederation of princes, and not of states; for the people have no representatives in it—no second chamber. It is therefore regarded with jealousy, rather as a dangerous machine of despotism than of popular defence; and this feeling has been justified by the fact, that notwithstanding the establishment by a Minister-Congress at Vienna in 1834 of a Schiedsgericht, or Court of Arbitration, between prince and people, yet it has never been found that the Bund would seriously entertain the complaints of a people against the prince, as was strikingly demonstrated in the destruction of the constitution of Hanover by the king.

But placed in a better posture of external defence, the progress



of Germany in political and social prosperity will assuredly be rapid. Already the Zoll-Verein, or Union of Duties, originally proposed by Bavaria, but carried into effect by Prussia, and now including nearly all the German states excepting Austria, Hanover, and the city of Hamburg, has done wonders by the abolition of internal impediments to the free circulation of goods from state to state, and the equalization of all duties between them, both for general prosperity and the growth of a feeling of real union in the nation. Already their railways completed, in progress, or decided upon, present such an extent of lines of communication, intersecting the nation in all directions, as is startling to those who have been accustomed to regard the Germans as slow and unenterprising. These are carried on with a spirit and rapidity quite admirable; and as fast as they are completed are crowded by the people, who shew every disposition to an extensive survey of, and mutual intercourse with, each other. Austria, with its cautious exclusiveness, shews itself as zealous in the laying down of railroads as any of the other states. In a few years Bohemia and Hungary will be traversed with them. The railroads already in action in Prussia and Saxony will unite both those of Austria and Bavaria, of the south and western states. There will be no great tract which will not be intersected by them, and connected with great lines from Paris to Petersburg, from Holland to northern Prussia, in one direction, and to Switzerland and Italy in others. Bavaria has united the Danube and the Rhine by a canal; and not only on these great streams, but on almost every river of Germany, steam is actively plying. Here is a sudden waking up to gigantic efforts!

But this is only one out of many ways in which Germany has shewn a new spirit of life and growth. It is resolved to manufacture for its own great population, and is making rapid advances in this department, for which they have to thank us and our corn laws. Having now tasted the sweets of manufacturing, without having yet had the possibility of feeling the evil of its overgrowth, they are determined not to be allured by any changes which we may now make in our commercial system, to a relaxation of their course. On this head, however, there is reason to believe that the mutual attractions of a wise international system might do much to restore or to save to us no contemptible commerce with this



populous and wide country. But in the elation of manufacturing success, and of the success of their Zoll-Verein, they begin to plan a fleet, and hanker after colonies. These are all signs of a new spirit and a new era in Germany. It is already one of the most prosperous countries in Europe; and the spirit of enterprise, added to the indefatigable industry of its people, will ensure it a steady and distinguished advance. The days of its mercantile greatness, when, before the Thirty Years' War, its Fuggers and Welsers of Augsburg extended their commerce from the East Indies to the West, and its Hanseatic towns were connected with the business of the whole world, seem once more dawning.

Nor is the ancient spirit of freedom the less awake. There scarcely is or ever was a people who won their freedom with their arms who have not been cheated out of it again by the Feather-foxes, as old Blücher most expressively called the diplomatists, and especially by those of their own governments. The Germans have been notorious for yielding in this way the good fortune they have won with their swords. When they stood in Paris with the weapons of victory in their hands, they treated with the French rather as a people still their masters than as lying under their own feet. That was the moment to demand restitution for all damages done by the French in their invasion and twenty years' plundering of Germany; for all their bloodshed and their insults. That was the moment to take indemnity for the past, and security for the future, by so loading and exhausting France, as should keep her quiet at least for a century. The opportunity was lost, and already they have been threatened by the French with another invasion. They did stipulate with the Dutch, as the price of their independence, that the Rhine should be free to their trade; but they suffered themselves to be juggled out of this essential right by a slip of the Feather-foxes' pen—by the words *free to the sea—jusqu' à la mer*, which the Dutch choosing to interpret to the sea, but not into it, clapped on enormous duties at the river mouths. In like manner they demanded from their respective princes, in reward of the restoration of their thrones with their blood, free constitutions; but princes are faithless stewards, who, as soon as they get into possession of office, tread on their masters' necks, and become themselves the lords;—they yet look for these constitutions in vain. Even



the King of Prussia, who made a similar promise on ascending the throne long afterwards, has never kept it.\*

This point still continues a subject of heart-burning and discussion amongst the people. Some contend, like the prohibited Burschenschaft, for the restoration of the Empire, as the only genuine means of thorough union, and for the establishment of free state constitutions. This, it may safely be asserted, will never come to pass. Besides that the old Imperial government was itself of too loose a form, and pregnant with abundant evils, for under it grew up all that host of separate states and interests which paralysed Germany, and eventually laid it at the feet of France, Prussia is now become too great and ambitious to stand second in the Empire. Austria or Prussia must be annihilated before one or the other can be dignified with the imperial crown of Germany. Were one of these proposed, the lesser princes would, for the sake of their own thrones, oppose that power; and the result would probably be a war as destructive as that of the Thirty Years, and the falling of the whole country again an easy prey to France. Moreover, was the Empire actually established, the most probable consequence would be a great military despotism, instead of a free state in which offices and advantages were equally distributed.

The aim of another party is to achieve free constitutions for the individual states, with a Bund to act and arbitrate for and between the whole, in which both princes and people shall have their representatives. This is the scheme which will probably eventually take place—a scheme which seems at once to preserve every individual state, with its prince, constitution, and offices, and at the same time binds the whole into one great and effective empire. In fact, this plan carried into effect would give to the constitution of the German nation a very near resemblance to that of the United States of America. They would have their separate states' governments and their federal government. The only difference would be that they

\* One of the best witticisms of the Eckensteher, Nante Strumpf, is made to turn on this. The King of Prussia, after his promise, said, "Und dass ich mein Wort erhalten werde, gelob ich, schwör ich." Some one who did not hear well what the king said, asked Nante, and he gave it in Berlin dialect, thus: "Und dass ick mein Wort erhalten werde, glob ick schwerly;" which, though sounding something the same, instead of "and that I will keep my word, I promise, I swear,"—It means, "and that I shall keep my word, I hardly believe."



would have princes in their separate states, while the Americans have none. But these princes in such a constitution must be strictly limited in their prerogatives, could not be expensive, and their permanence as governors of the individual states would prevent the intrigues of parties and the bickerings of elections. Indeed, with such a government it is not easy to see what a people can desire more. But even this must be the work of time. The great powers are now all despotic. Those of the lesser grade which have a constitutional form of government are still awed by the greater powers, which watch them narrowly; and these, again, are watched by Russia, which dreads the progress of free opinion in Germany. In no state is the press or speech free; and there are so many circumstances in favour of the princes, that any one may see that they will not be readily overcome. In fact, the prosperity of the nation is inimical to its emancipation. The princes, though despotic, are not surrounded by a splendid and powerful aristocracy like the monarchy of England. These were swept away or reduced by the revolutionary war. The princes, therefore, with no such body-guard to stand between them and the people, are obliged to govern with mildness. They are isolated, and responsible, at least morally, for their own actions; and no prince in modern times has once dared to run violently counter to the sense of an educated people. If we make the King of Hanover the exception, the German sovereigns are popular in their own persons, and this is a great persuasive to obedience and acquiescence in a form of government not the most favourable to real freedom. Then there is no distress in the country; no mighty body of destitution and misery, as in our manufacturing districts—millions in desperation, and menacing change. Here, as in all Europe, exists a certain degree of poverty, a certain pressure of population which seeks relief in emigration; but on the whole, there is no country where the great mass of the people live in greater comfort and content. Such an extent of luxury, such a glittering aristocracy before their eyes, the restless ambition of mounting from rank to rank, have not, as with us, destroyed the ancient spirit of quiet enjoyment. All live well, but not splendidly. The greatest portion of the people, the peasantry, live on their own property,—live in the country all alike, and fully occupied with their labours. The middle classes



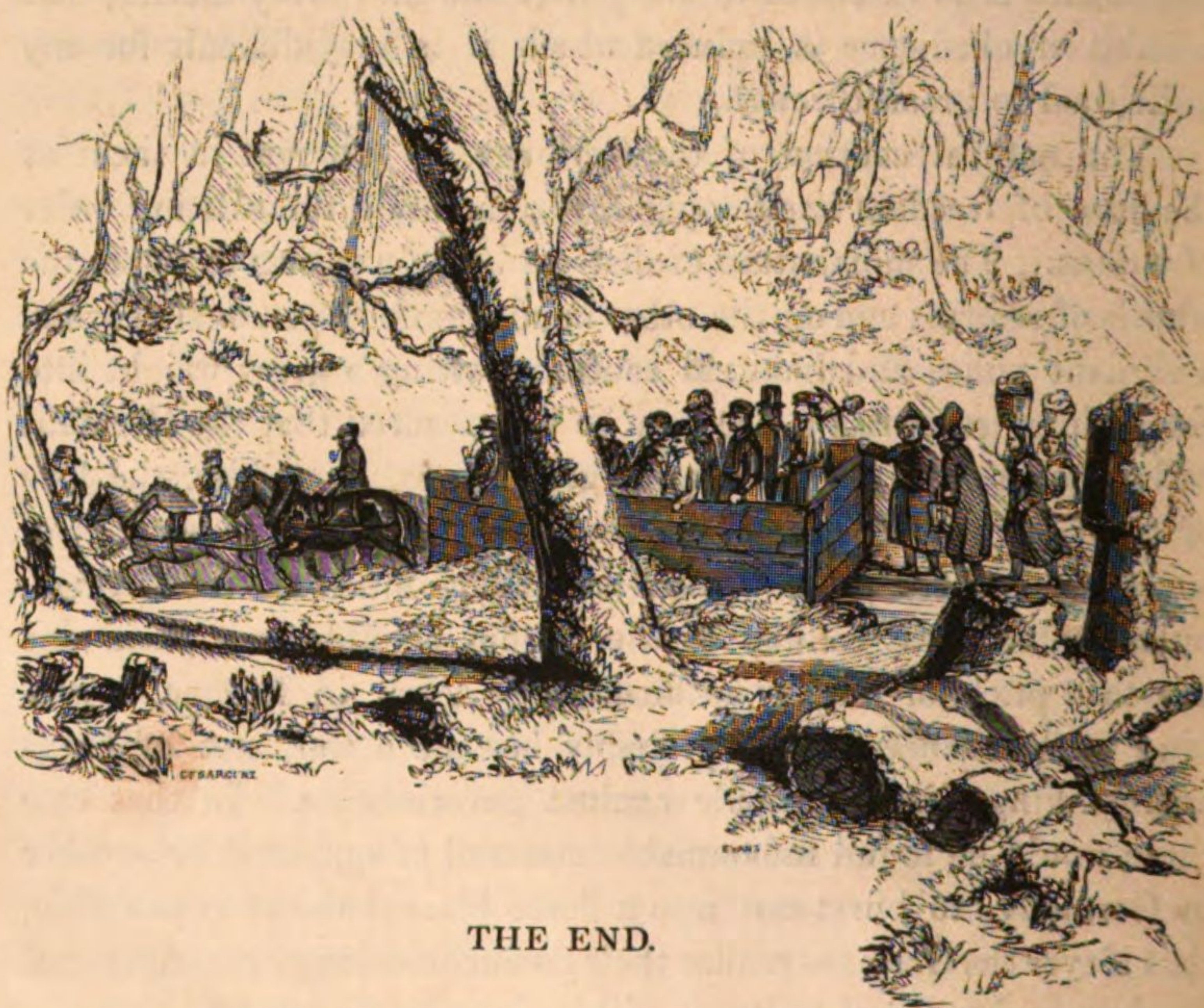
again, depend, in great numbers, on government for offices in the state, in all departments of the administration of justice, posting, police, management of woods and government lands, collection of duties and taxes, in colleges and schools. When, therefore, there is no great mass of distress to create a bitterness and coalition against the government, but on the contrary, a great body deriving substantial benefits from it, who shall be the first to sacrifice his present enjoyments for the more intellectual luxuries of a free tongue and press? Who shall quarrel first with the constitution which affords him solid advantages, because it does not extend to him and others still more? The country is not commercial enough to have created such a wealthy middle class as shall be independent enough of government, shall have cause of grievance enough and influence enough to lead the multitude to an attack. On the other hand, the government police is so complete, its cognizance is so extended to every part and into every matter, that a habit of obedience is induced which it is very difficult for any individual to break through.

The natural caution of the Germans, as inherent in them as the love of freedom itself, operates to maintain the existing order of things. The momentum of distress being wanting to impel the wheels of reform; and on the other hand, comfort, personal benefits, a vigilant police and habitual caution, casting a great weight into the scale of government, we may be well assured that the Germans will go on for years, perhaps for generations, cherishing the love of freedom, writing and singing its songs, sighing for freedom of speech and of the press without advancing much nearer to them, unless some great conflict of the nations should rouse them one day to a pitch of mighty enthusiasm. A war in Europe, beginning with France, would probably become a war, not of kings against kings, but of people against governments. In that case there would be found inflammable material of one kind or another in Germany, to burst out into a fierce blaze; and it is probable, that if ever the Germans realize their favourite vision of constitutional freedom and national unity, it will be in such a moment.

For the present, we may safely assert that there is no country in Europe in which there is so great an amount of comfort and contentment enjoyed. All are industrious, moderate in their



desires, and disposed to enjoy themselves in a simple and unexpensive sociality;—music, books, the pleasures of summer sunshine and natural scenery, are enjoyments amply offered and widely partaken. The hurry and excitement of more luxurious countries; the oxygen atmosphere of such overgrown cities as Paris or London, have not reached even their largest capitals. Between the wild extremes of manufacturing misery and aristocratic splendour, their life lies, like one of their own plains, somewhat level; but full of corn, and wine, and oil; and however the track on which they are advancing may lead them nearer to national greatness, it cannot add greatly to the national happiness. Well for the people, if for some acquisition of wealth and refinement they do not pay a high price in simple satisfaction.



THE END.

LONDON: Printed by Manning and Mason, Ivy Lane, St. Paul's.



# WORKS BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

## I.

### THE RURAL LIFE OF ENGLAND.

*New Edition, medium 8vo. with Engravings on Wood, by Bewick and Williams.  
Uniform with "Visits to Remarkable Places," price 21s. cloth.*

"To those who have read the Book of the Seasons we do not know how we can more emphatically, and at the same time honourably, recommend these volumes, than by saying that we consider them even to surpass that work in variety, the completeness of their form and method, their curious scrutiny into odd corners and old customs, their graphic descriptions, their wisdom and mild philosophy, and the rich relishing spirit that runs throughout, colouring all with the glorious tints of love and enthusiasm. Not merely a charming but an ennobling work."—*Review of First Edition, printed in Two Volumes.* THE ATLAS, Dec. 31, 1831.

"There is or was but one man in the kingdom capable of having excelled this work, and that is, Professor Wilson."

METROPOLITAN CONSERVATIVE JOURNAL, Jan. 6, 1838.

"A work of great merit, extensive research, much minute enquiry, and containing a faithful, accurate, and we may add elaborate history of rural life, rural pastimes, and rural manners."

SPECTATOR, Jan. 7, 1838.

"Thrice beautiful—beautiful in its subjects, beautiful in its literary execution, and beautiful in the getting up."

ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE, Jan. 2.

"A valuable work, and cannot fail of becoming popular."

LITERARY GAZ. Jan. 20.

"One of the most healthful, vigorous, fresh, and English-spirited of Mr. Howitt's productions. It is a work for all classes, rich and poor. It is written with good sense and good feeling."

COURT JOURNAL, Jan. 20.

"Only inferior to Nature herself. English farmers, farm servants, life in the Dales of Lincolnshire and Yorkshire and Lancashire, scenes of wild and lonely cottage life in the Highlands, and the country pleasures and pursuits of our mechanics, are all drawn and descanted on with singular happiness."

ATHENÆUM, Jan. 27.

"In a noble and enthusiastic and liberal spirit has this work been conceived. In its execution, the work is in its best sense national: every page too offers traces of character; and they are all of them welcome for their individuality and genuineness. He is always fearless and earnest; often excellently graphic; frequently nervous."

LONDON AND WESTMINSTER REVIEW, Aug. 1838.

## II.

### THE STUDENT LIFE OF GERMANY.

(From the unpublished MSS. of DR. CORNELIUS).

*Medium 8vo. with 24 Woodcuts and 7 Steel Plates, price 21s. cloth.*

"Mr. Howitt is right in his remark, that, taken as a whole, the volume contains more that is entirely new and curious than any one which has issued from the press for years. . . . It will be felt as a most charming addition to the book, that the music of all the songs (in themselves a delightful series) is given with, in every case, the original words."

EXAMINER, Oct. 16, 1841.

"This Work is a public benefit, and as such it cannot be too cordially or earnestly recommended to our readers. . . . It is elegantly 'got up,' and does credit in its appearance to the taste, liberality, and spirit of the great publishers who have ushered it into the world. As the only complete treatise on the subject of which it treats—the only complete treatise, be it remembered, in any tongue—its value is incalculable and inappreciable for certain purposes."

OBSERVER, Oct. 16.

"To this book, dismissing all previous prejudices and prepossessions, and scraps of imperfect information, we earnestly recommend the serious attention of everybody who is desirous of obtaining at one view a faithful panorama of the most picturesque class of educated life on the surface of Europe."

ATLAS, Oct. 23.

"It gives a description of an university, a sketch of education, and a general as well as a closer account of studentship, as these exist in Burschendom."

MONTHLY REVIEW, November 1841.



III.

**VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES.**

OLD HALLS, BATTLE FIELDS,

And Scenes illustrative of Striking Passages in English History and Poetry.

*New Edition, medium 8vo. with 40 Illustrations by S. Williams, 21s. cloth.*

"One of the most charming volumes we have chanced upon during many years—a book that is likely to be read a century hence with as keen a delight as it is sure to be read now while the interest of its publication is fresh. It was a felicitous thought in William Howitt to undertake so poetical a pilgrimage, for which he is so admirably, and, we had almost said, peculiarly qualified by the character of his mind, the purity of his taste, and his deep love of old traditions and their picturesque and historical associations. We can confidently recommend the volume as one of the most delightful works of its class in the language. It is richly embellished with woodcuts by Mr. Williams, whose talents are evidently of a high order."

ATLAS, Jan. 4, 1840.

"A book for all seasons."—EXAMINER, Dec. 29, 1840.

"It was a happy idea which induced William Howitt to choose Remarkable Places for the subject of a book. His pages will call up agreeable reminiscences to those who have already visited them, and be a guide-book to those who may so hereafter. The subjects and their treatment are both well-varied; history, antiquities, and old family biography, with touches of the mysterious or the extraordinary, alternate with notices of painting, architecture, and sketches of landscape, in Howitt's best style."

SPECTATOR, Jan. 12, 1840.

"Contains much matter to suit travellers of every class and humour."

ATHENÆUM, Jan. 11, 1840.

"Of all charming books Mr. Howitt has conferred upon his generation, we are disposed to give the first place to 'Visits to Remarkable Places.'" MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

IV.

**VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES.—SECOND SERIES.**

CHIEFLY IN THE COUNTIES OF DURHAM AND NORTHUMBERLAND:

WITH A STROLL ALONG THE BORDER.

*With upwards of 40 highly finished Woodcuts. Medium 8vo. 21s. cloth.*

"A continuation, prompted by the success of the first; this second series of Visits to Remarkable Places has the rare good fortune of equalling, if not excelling, its predecessor."

SPECTATOR, Jan. 1, 1842.

"William Howitt has produced a volume that will be garnered up while the language lasts in the localities to which it is dedicated."

ATLAS, Dec. 11, 1841.

"A rich treat for all genuine lovers of literature, historical antiquities, and natural scenery. The most delightful book which the present fertile season has yet produced."

UNITED SERVICE GAZETTE, Jan. 1, 1841.

"It may be truly said that William Howitt's works are essentially English, for he writes upon subjects, and speaks in a manner in regard to which the people of England entertain a peculiar favour. The lovely in scenery, the antique in costume, the delightful and tender to the memory—all that is fair and bright, brave and noble—whatever is engaging, gentle, or arousing about romance, poetry, and legend, he makes his own, and garnishes it with the eloquence of a venerated and accordant muse."

MONTHLY REVIEW, Jan. 1842.

"An exceedingly agreeable book. To heighten the charm of the designs, they are all from the pencils of eminent northern artists—men of talent, full of enthusiasm for the natural beauty and ancient fame of their native region; so that the 'Visits to Remarkable Places' forms one of the most elegantly embellished books of the season."

TAIT'S MAGAZINE, Jan. 1842.

"A book which has afforded us much gratification: a good one to sit down to on a winter's evening. By turns romantic, homely, antiquarian, anecdotal, light, and clear, and thoughtful, the author will make himself acceptable to most readers."

JOHN BULL, Dec. 4, 1841.

\* \* \* \* The sentiments expressed are those of a mind thoroughly imbued with pure religious feelings, which has gathered up much knowledge of a high order, and which has accustomed itself to intelligent and just trains of reflection."

BRITANNIA, Dec. 11, 1841.



## THE BOY'S COUNTRY BOOK:

BEING THE REAL LIFE OF A COUNTRY BOY, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

*Second Edition, 1 vol. foolscap. 8vo. with about 40 Woodcuts by S. WILLIAMS, 8s. cloth.*

"A volume that children will delight to read." ATHENÆUM, Feb. 16, 1839.

"One of the neatest and most instructive presents that a boy could receive."—  
SUNDAY TIMES, Jan. 30, 1839.

"It is with no common satisfaction that we introduce to our readers this little book—a book which is the very best adapted to fill, occupy, and fascinate the leisure hours of the young." ATLAS, Jan. 26, 1839.

"A delightful book, full of enjoyment and information, anecdote and adventure, such as boys like, told in a simple and hearty way, as one schoolfellow would talk to another." SPECTATOR, Jan. 20, 1839.

"A work which is really useful to the youth of the present generation."—  
MESSENGER, Jan. 20, 1839.

"We confess that we never perused a book which gave us such genuine pleasure; our pony, our garden, our fireside games, hair-breadth 'scapes, school pranks, the rent-night supper,—all arise before us! In a word, this is a good as well as an instructive book, and ought to be in every boy's hands." AGE, Jan. 20, 1839.

"The style is healthy and animated, and sufficiently plain to meet the capacity of boys at school, whilst the numerous lively incidents, and the various congenial topics introduced will rivet his attention, and afford him a wide field for gratification."—  
CONSERVATIVE, Jan. 20, 1839.

"The most delightful little volume for juvenile readers which the season has produced, and one every way worthy Mr. Howitt's graphic and popular pen."—  
UNITED SERVICE GAZETTE, Jan. 20, 1839.

"We can recommend to parents no better present for our young readers than the work before us." COURT JOURNAL, Jan. 26, 1839.

"The 'Boy's Country Book,' the production of one whose name is associated with all that is pure and excellent in human nature, is the most perfect specimen of its class that the press has yet given us. Let every father put into the hands of his son this admirable little manual." SPORTING REVIEW, Jan. 1839.

"An honestly, purely, simply written book; the illustrations are as perfect as if Stothard, with all his genius, knowledge, and taste, had forsaken Boccacio for Burns, Spenser for Clare, Italy for an English hedge-row."—  
NEW SPORTING MAGAZINE, Feb. 1839.

"There is not in all England a more competent editor for such an autobiography as this, than the author of the 'Book of the Seasons;' nor are we aware that any other 'real life of a country boy' could ever have been more naturally, spiritually, and heartily described. We see him in every passage and in every scene,—we actually hear him, or feel as if we did, telling his story to a loved companion of kindred disposition. . . . Every boy in the British Empire should have a copy of this book."—  
MONTHLY REVIEW, March, 1839.

"We know of no book which we should be more apt to select as a present for a young person in whom we might feel interested." CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL, March, 1839.

"We have read this book as if it were some fairy chronicle of boyish days of our own, and have closed it with a sigh for the memory of those brief but sweetest pleasures which boyhood only knows." EXAMINER, April 6, 1839.

"One of the most fascinating fictions for young and old, but especially of the former, that has ever graced our literature." MONTHLY CHRONICLE, July 1839.

"A very amusing volume—one of the best boy's books we have seen."—  
LITERARY GAZETTE, Feb. 16, 1839.

"One of the most bewitching little volumes which we have read for a long time; full of the history of juvenile adventures; and of the information—sterling, varied, and of lasting value—which mature years have picked up. Though intended for the young, it will have, we venture to prophecy, many seniors among its admirers."—  
ECLECTIC REVIEW, April 1839.

"A more agreeable volume for relaxation we have not taken up for a long time."—  
METHODIST MAGAZINE, April 1839.



## COLONIZATION AND CHRISTIANITY:

A Popular History of the Treatment of the Natives by the Europeans  
in all their Colonies.

*Post 8vo. price 10s. 6d. cloth.*

"The volume is full of a painful and tragical interest: it enforces a terrible lesson upon the consideration of the people of this country. . . . We know not, indeed, how any man could sit down to such a narrative calmly, and few men could have conducted it to a close with so much ability and discretion." ATLAS, July 7, 1838.

"We earnestly recommend this volume to the notice of our readers as a most masterly compendium of correct intelligence on all subjects connected with colonization, the slave trade, and slavery." EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE, September 1838.

"The style of the narrative is eloquent and impressive."—

UNITED SERVICE GAZETTE, June 30, 1838.

"To those who take a deep interest, and the number is great, in the matter of the total abolition of slavery, this volume will be an agreeable present."—

SUNDAY TIMES, June 30, 1838.

"There is enough to strike ever feeling heart with horror and detestation, and to call aloud for remedy and redress." LITERARY GAZETTE, July 14, 1838.

"We have no hesitation in pronouncing (this volume) in its object and scope, the most important and valuable of any that he (Mr. Howitt) has yet produced."

TAIT'S MAGAZINE, August 1838.

"Nothing can better become us than to be instrumental in propagating the facts, the inferences, and the doctrines which our author has with singular earnestness, ability, and force of eloquence laid before us." MONTHLY REVIEW, Aug. 1838.

"The publication of this volume will, we think, do good service."—

CHRISTIAN REFORMER, August 1838.

"A large debt is due to Mr. Howitt for the diligence with which he has collected facts illustrative of the Colonial policy of Christian countries, the care and ability with which he has arranged them, and the fearless and effective manner in which they are presented to the public eye; a valuable addition to modern history."—

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

"We cannot dismiss the volume without expressing our deep sense of its value, and of the service its publication will render to the cause of humanity."—

ECLECTIC REVIEW, December 1838.

---

## LIFE IN SWEDEN:

JUST PUBLISHED,

*In Two Volumes, Post 8vo. price 18s.*

## THE NEIGHBOURS,

A STORY OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

•• The Authoress may justly be termed the "Miss Austin of Sweden." Her works have been extremely popular in her native country, and in Germany alone three editions of them have appeared in rapid succession.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,

PATERNOSTER ROW.











Howitt, William

The rural and domestic life of Germany with characteristic sketches of its cities and scenery, collected in a general tour, and during a residence in the country in the years 1840, 41 and 42

London 1842

It.sing. 1506 q

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10470121-4